Louis-Ferdinand CÉLINE

TRIFLES FOR A MASSACRE

AN UNPUBLISHED ENGLISH FIRST EDITION

BY TRANSLATOR ANONYMOUS

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The "massacre," in the thinking of the author, which he foresaw in 1937, is evidently that which transpired upon the outbreak of the Second World War.

Contrary to rumor, the pamphlets[1] are not forbidden by law, regulation or tribunal. They have not been reissued by reputable publishing houses because the author, having returned to France, wanted to retain the authority on the reissue of the books which he had written, in order to gain his subsistence.[2] This measure of opportunity is no longer a consideration, following the passing away of the author in 1961. No one has the right to impede the legitimate curiosity of subsequent generations concerning he who was the incandescent nexus of French literature of the Mid-Twentieth Century.

After his demise in 1961, his widow, Lucette Almanzor, a dancer, banned any reprinting of the boo and sued in courts those who tried. She still does. We believe the motivation of the widow to be private and do not accept to have such a masterpiece removed from the knowledge of our time. Readers, and citizen at large, have the choice to read and to know. Nobody can take this right away from them, from us. (aaargh)

TO EUGÈNE DABIT

TO MY CHUMS AT THE "THÉATRE EN TOILE"

[1] Refers to the various "anti-Semitic" works of Céline, of the later 1930s, which in addition to *Bagatelles* would include *A School for Cadavers* and *A Fine Mess*.

[2] This is a tendentious explanation of events. It would be more accurate to say that the author "sat on" the reissue of this and similar works, in order not to exacerbate the conditions of ostracism to which he and his works were subject, following the Second World War. Also, his original publisher, Denoël, had been assassinated during the War.

He is wicked, he will not go to Paradise,
he who dies without having settled all of his accounts
– Almanach des Bons-Enfants

The world is full of people who call themselves refined but are not, I declare, the least little bit refined. I, your servant, fully believe that I myself am refined. So it is! Genuinely refined. I was reluctant to admit it until recently…I resisted… And then one day I gave in… Too bad!… I am all the same a little embarrassed by my refinement… What is one going to say? Pretend? Insinuate?

A valid man of refinement, refined in terms of rectitude, of dress, of social station, ordinarily must write at least as do M. Gide, M. Vanderem, M. Benda, M. Duhamel, Mme. Colette, Mme. Fémina, Mme. Valéry, the "French Theater"…to delight in nuance…Mallarmé, Bergson, Alain…to ass-ream the adjective…to Goncourtize[3]…shit! to ass-ream a gnat, to wax hysterical over Insignificance, to babble-on while dressed in royal purple, to pose for the gallery, to crow into the microphones… To reveal my "favorite records"…my conference projects…

I would be able, I myself would easily be able to become a veritable stylist, a "relevant" academic. It's a matter of effort, over the course of months…maybe years… It would be accomplished…as the Spanish proverb goes: "A great deal of Vaseline, and even more patience, the elephant ass-ream the ant."

Yet all the same I am too well-traveled, too advanced, too jaded along the ill-advised route of natural refinement…to turn back now, after a hard career as "a hard man amongst hard men"! and then proceed to apply for the examination in doily-making! It is not possible! And therein lies tragedy. How I was bound-up with emotion…through my own refinement? Here are the facts, the circumstances…

I recently poured my heart out to a little buddy of mine, a worthy young doctor in my own specialty, to wit, one Léo Gutman, whose tastes are extremely vivacious, pronounced, virulent, I would even say absolutely despotic, when he talks to me about dancers… I asked him his opinion… What was going to become of me? me, with a family to support! I confided everything about my all-consuming passion to him…

[3] Refers derogatorily to the Prix Goncourt.

[4/] “In the leg of a dancer the whole world, its waves, and all of its rhythms, its irrationalities, its aspects are inscribed!… Not simply jotted-down!… The most nuanced poem in the world! …moving! Gutman! Everything! That ineffable poem, warm and delicate which is a dancer’s leg in balanced movement is in touch, Gutman my friend, with the soundings of the very greatest mystery, which is God. Which is God himself! Quite simply! That’s the gist of what I’ve been thinking! Beginning next week, Gutman, after the end of the term, I no longer want to work save for the dancers… Everything for dance! Nothing outside of dance! Life has laid hold of them, pure…has taken them away…given the least impetus, I would go off to lose myself amongst them…for the rest of my life…scintillating…undulating…Gutman! They are calling me!… I am no longer myself… I give in… I don’t want to be tossed away unto eternity!… but unto the source of everything…of all the waves… The reason for the world is there… nowhere else…

To die by dancer!… I am old, I am going to die soon… I want to crumble away, keel over, dissolve, evaporate, turn into a cloud…in arabesques…in the void…in the fountains of the mirage… I deserve to perish in the most beautiful way… I want her to whisper upon my heart… It will cease to beat… I promise you! See to it Gutman that I am close to the dancers!… I want to pass away well, as does everyone, you know…but not in a chamber pot…but by a wave…by a beautiful wave…the most dancing…the most touching…”

I well knew the person to whom I was speaking, Léo Gutman could understand me… A well-born colleague, Gutman! …endowed with a clientele that few others could match…rubbing shoulders with all of Parisian high society…what connections! …subtle, optimistic, insinuating, knowing, fine as amber, a ladies’ man, knowing more about female disorders, venereal diseases, and baronesses to great detail, as well as alkaline drugs, acidic drugs, famous assassinations, false ailments, false breasts, specious ulcers, and little-known glands, than twenty notaries, five Lacassagnes, eighteen police commissioners, fifteen confessors. In addition to that and all by himself, he had more libido than thirty-six cops, which didn’t spoil anything, and facilitated enormously his comprehension of things.

“Ah!” he said in reply, “Ferdinand, you have a new vice there! you want to ogle the chicks? at your age! that’s a fatal inclination!… You don’t have much money… Considering that you will prove to be somewhat repulsive…in view of your physique… I regard you as being poorly put together… Considering that you are not distinguished… Considering that your books are so grotesque, so dirty, that that will surely work against you, and that it would be best not to show them, even more so than your face… I will begin by presenting you incognito… How does that strike you?”

“Ah!” I protest, “but Gutman, I thoroughly agree! I embarrass myself enormously! I want to be completely clear… I myself prefer to remain in the sentry box… To espy those lovelies, shielded by a heavy curtain… I don’t at all intend to reveal myself personally… I only wish to observe the darlings ‘at the bar’ in the utmost secretiveness…to admire them in their exercises as one would the religious objects in a church…from a good distance… Not everyone receives the Communion!…”

[G.:] “That’s it… That’s it all the same! don’t show yourself! You’ve always had the head of a satyr… Dancers are very skittish…very easily frightened. They are like birds…”

[F.:] “Do you think so?… Do you think so?…”

[G.:] “The whole world knows that.”

[5/] Gutman was overflowing with ideas. Here's a convenient intermediary… He thought it over…

"You aren't some sort of poet, so to speak? by chance?" …he asked me point-blank.

"You've taken me unprepared…" (I'd never even asked myself that question.) "Poet? what can I say… A poet?… A poet like M. Mallarmé? Tristan Derème, Valéry, the Exposition? Victor Hugo? Guernesey? Waterloo? *Les Gorges du Gard*? Saint-Malo? M. Lifar?… Like the entire Spanish Popular front? Like M. Bloch? Maurice Rostand? In a word a poet?…"

[G.:] "Yes! In a word a poet!"

[F.:] "Hmm… Hmm… That's very difficult to answer… But in all candor, I think not… Such would be seen as… The critics would tell me…"

[G.:] "The critics have said that?…"

[F.:] "Eh! Not at all!… They have said that as a treasury of shit one couldn't do any better…in either hemisphere, in the whole round world…than Ferdinand's fat books… Which are truly veritable dogs… 'Mad, terse, and hard, they have all been written, out of a most willfully obstinate desire to create a verbal scandal… Monsieur Céline disgusts us, tires us, without astonishing us… A sub-Zola without flight… A poor imbecile with a mania for gratuitous vulgarity…a flat and funereal grotesqueness… M. Céline is a plagiarist of outhouse graffiti…nothing is more contrived, more vain than his perpetual research in the ignoble…even a madman would tire of it… M. Céline isn't even a madman… This hysteric is a mountebank… He counts upon the silliness, the naïveté of aesthetes…as forced and as warped as possible, his style is an out-flushing, a perversion, extravagantly distressing and gloomy. There's no sort of light in this sewer! …not the least let-up…not the least poetic flower… One only has to be a snob "of bronze quality" in order to find two pages of this mad reading distasteful… One must pity with all one's heart, those unfortunate mail carriers who are obliged (out of professional duty!) to pass through, with some effort! such scattered garbage!… Readers! Readers!… Keep yourselves well away from buying a single book by this pig! You have been forewarned! You would have everything to lose! Your money! Your time!…, and then an extraordinary disgust, perhaps decidedly for all literature!… To but one of M. Céline's books at this moment when so many of our authors, of great, vigorous and honest talents, superabundantly gifted, who honor to our language (the most beautiful of all) fully in their possession of their most excellent mastery, would suffer, would despair over such a cruel short-selling!' (that, they know something about). 'To commit this most vile act would be to encourage that most dull-witted, that degrading of all "snobbisms," the cult of straight-out garbage, "Célinomania"… It would be a stab in the back, at this moment so grave for all of our Arts, and our fine French Literature! (the very finest of all!)'"

[G.:] "The critics have said all that? I hadn't read it all, I don't receive the *Argus*."

[F.:] "Ah! But they give it away, so to speak! Aren't they all Jews? Who are your critics?…"

[6/][G.:] “Only all of the great French critics!… The finest flower of criticism!… Those who decide upon the Grand Prizes!… ‘Monsieur, you are a great critic’… ‘A young critic of great talent!…’”

[F.:] “They’re a bunch of stupid bastards! All a bunch of stupid bastards, those Jews! All of them are losers, suckers, oddities! each one of them is responsible for the killing of at least fifteen works… They exert their vengeance… They crush… They evoke spite… Poxy types!…”

[G.:] “Ah! If only I were a royalist newsboy…a ventriloquist…a Stalinist…a rabbinical Célineman…how amicable they would find me… If only I were to sell-out, quite simply…the table and the bar are available… The critics are always inevitably wrong… Error is their natural element… That’s the only thing that they have ever done throughout the course of known history: to be in error… Through stupidity? Through jealousy?… The only two drive-wheels motivating these judges. Criticism is a well-known indulgence granted to the Jews… The great revenge of the impotent, of the megalomaniacal, in all ages of decadence… They cadaverize… Tyranny without risk, without effort… These are the most rank of losers, who decree the fashion of the day!… He who doesn’t know how to do a damn thing, and fails in all of his endeavors still possesses one marvelous recourse: Criticism!… An incredible development of modern times, for which no further explanation can be given. The critics reveal only their own effrontery, those dirty little guardians of the very shittiest sewers… Completely in the shadows, drooling, toxic, trashy, scrambling…”

[F.:] “Only one has found you to be somewhat interesting…”

[G.:] “Yes?”

[F.:] “Marsan.”

[G.:] “He died for it.”

[F.:] “Fernandez…”

[G.:] “He’s a friend.”

[F.:] “And then there’s Sabord.”

[G.:] “I fear for his life! my patron!”

[F.:] “And there’s Strowsky…”[4]

[G.:] “He isn’t going to be doing it any more.”

[F.:] “And Daudet?”[5]

[G.:] “He’ll spit you out!”

[F.:] “Would he happen to be a Jew?”

[4] Refers to Fortunat Strowski de Robkowa (1866-1952), member of the “Jury” circle of literary critics.

[5] Refers to Léon Daudet (1867-1942), conservative journalist and critic.

[G.:] “Everything is going badly!”

[7/] That which Gutman had told me, spontaneously, extemporaneously, overwhelmed me from head to toe…

“Gutman! Gutman! I have offended you my poor fellow! I have confused particular ‘Jews’ …with ‘Jews’ in general…”

“Nothing on your part has offended me… Nothing hurts me Ferdinand! Now answer my question…are you a poet, yes or shit?”

“Ah! Léo, Léo my little *djibouk*, in order to get to the dancers… I will be a poet!… It’s agreed! …in order to attain to that divine game of love, I shall make of this Earth, of this cadaver beneath the depths of the clouds, a star of the first magnitude! I reculate before no sort of miracle…”

“Then do it! say no more! do the dirty deed! take up your plume… Slap a pretty ballet together for me, something neat and lively… I will take it myself…to the Opera… I myself!… M. Rouché is my friend!…”

“Ah! Ah! I’m still amazed… Really? Truly?…”

“It’s official!… He’ll do whatever I ask of him…”

“Ah! Léo…” (I throw myself on my knees) “Gutman! Gutman! my old prepuce! You have exalted me! I am seeing Heaven! The Dance is Paradise!…”

“Yes but pay close attention… One poem[6]!… Dancers are difficult…impressionable…sensitive…”

“A charade of the Jews!… Impostors!… I protest!… Advertising!… Have the valets become the masters?… What sort of epoch is this? This is the great pity! Gold has soiled everything! The golden calves! The Jews are at the Opera!… Théophile Gautier![7] quivering! dirty longhair. You would have been thrown out under Gisèle!… He wasn’t a Jew… I’m kidding.”

“You are speaking too much rot…”

“I promise! I won’t say any more! so long as my ballet succeeds!”

“You boast like a Jew, Ferdinand!… But beware! no garbage! Any pretext would prove useful in order to eliminate you! Your reputation is execrable…you are venal…perfidious, false, stinking, perverted, vulgar, oblivious and scandal-mongering!… Anti-Semitism now makes everything complete! That tops it off!… The Opera! The Temple of Music! the Tradition! …some Precautions!… A lot of delicacy! of flight certainly! but no more violence! …no more of those repugnant muddles… The Director, Mr. Rouché, is a man of perfect taste… Take care to subtend the exaltedness of the melodies within the Temple… He would

[6] “poem” = a script for a ballet.
[7] Refers to a prolific but long-deceased French writer (1811-72).

never forgive me for having recommended to him some sort of blithering…for having drawn his venerable attention to the jackasseries of a hod carrier… Ferdinand! Sense and measure!… Charm…sentiment…tradition…melody…the true poems come at this price…the dancers!"

The fever came over me… I gave in to it… Here it is:

[8/]

THE BIRTH OF A FAIRY

Ballet in several acts

Epoch: Louis XV[8]

Place: Wherever you would like.

Setting: A clearing in a woods, some boulders, a river in the background.

Action: Upon the rising of the curtain, the little spirits of the forest are dancing, leaping, twirling about… It's the world of the imps, the goblins, and the elves… Their chief is an imp wearing a crown, the King of the Imps, nimble, agile, and always on the lookout… They are playing…leap-frog… With them, in this joyous circle…a frail and timid doe…their little companion… And also a large companion, the great owl… He also dances, sometimes on the left, sometimes on the right…but quietly, always somewhat retiringly… He is the little band's counselor, its sage…always a bit of a stick-in-the-mud… The little rabbit is there as well…with his drum… The shoutings of a joyous band can be heard… Young fellows and young ladies…who are approaching the clearing…the foremost of these young ladies appears between the bushes: Evelyne… A very beautiful, very joyous, very gay, very scintillating young lady. She happens to catch sight of the very last of the little imps…who flee upon her approach…being afraid of humans…

The imps disappear into the woods… Evelyne beckons to her friends, to rejoin her quickly, in the clearing… Quickly! Quickly!… She gestures that she has seen imps dancing in the clearing… The others laugh…incredulous… They are numerous, young, and handsome…boys and girls… They in turn dance in the clearing… Games… Blindman's-bluff… Teasing… Playing hard-to-get… One of the boys in particular is most pressing… He is ardently courting Evelyne… It's the Poet… He is dressed in "poet" garb… Grayish-green jacket, tight-fitting shirt… Blond and wavy hair… A scroll of poems under his arm… He is Evelyne's fiancé… Still more dances… Dances forever joyous!…

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[8] I.e., mid-18th Century.

2nd Tableau:

In front of the village inn… It's the opening day of the Fair… Groups of people are bustling, busy…parti-colored… Jugglers, peasants, animals, etc. Under the great porch of the inn, old hag Karalik squats, telling the fortunes of peasants, merchants, etc. Mother Karalik is a nasty old gypsy woman…an envious witch… She knows how to read the future in the lines on the palm of the hand… The villagers arrive… To the right…to the left…the acrobats do their stunts… Organs…musicians…animal trainers…etc.

Evelyne and the poet, followed by the entire band of joyous young folk, now spill out into the marketplace… Their laughter…their boisterousness drive away the old Karalik woman's clients… Her stand is knocked over…old Karalik hexes their farandole. She swears…she curses…she threatens…the young people joke and make fun of her… And then there's a bit of reconciliation… The young ladies go up to her… The Poet also… But the hag doesn't want to read their palms… She's angry…[9/] upset… Still more arguments… The hag then seizes Evelyne's hand… Everyone else mocks the hag…makes faces at her… The hag gives the evil eye to Evelyne…and to the Poet… At this moment a storm rumbles…rain falls… The crowd disperses…the scenario dissolves… Young people and villagers flee…they go back home…the old woman remains alone in the vast marketplace…she is all alone under the storm…she cackles…she does the dance of "evil spells"… She mocks the young people…she mimics their little mannerisms…their coquetries… Their lovers' games… She dances the "witches' dance" with a limp… The nasty old thing…all over the stage…criss-crossed with flashes of lightning and the roll of thunder…

3rd Tableau:

The same location, still before the inn… It's another day of the fair… A crowd… Jugglers, etc. Some large decorative panels have been mounted upon the walls of the inn…various soothsayers are recounting some tall histories to the peasants…flattering them and selling them medications…sales pitches.

In one part of that crowd… A large sedan wagon (with eight horses) is trying to make its way down the road… Heavily loaded… The crowd seeks to impede the sedan's passage…its progress… Bunches of street urchins hang from the doors…and from the baggage… The great sedan lists and then collapses to one side… An axle has happened to break… The happy crowd is completely amused by the accident… (This accident transpires directly in front of the inn.) The coachman of this sedan quickly comes down from his seat… He's an extremely swarthy, extremely petulant little man, his face dark under his great three-cornered hat, and with eyebrows and mustaches *à la* Mephisto… (Take care! in reality, this is indeed the Devil himself, in disguise!)

Immediately he encounters the fat hotel keeper, who has just popped across the threshold of his door, attracted by the great commotion… Very hearty and reciprocal salutations… At the doors of the sedan…appear twenty very charming heads, mischievously giggling pretty faces…curly-topped…twenty young ladies on a trip… Animated faces…sparkling, naughty… They want to debark no matter what… The little coachman says no…he forbids it completely… There's something of a mix-up… The crowd takes their side and calls out… "Come on down!… Come on down!…" The crowd gathers around, begins to mill about… The sedan opens… "Come on down!" The twenty young ladies (each with a floppy hat, a little traveling case, a little parasol…etc.…) leap gracefully to the ground. No

sooner do they hit the ground, than they furtively slip away…rebellious… The little coachman Mephisto is overwhelmed… He swears… He goes hither and yon… He catches up with them in the crowd… Finally, he is able to regather his troupe…but the heavy sedan is no longer able to roll… Broken down!…

"We must press on, My *demoiselles*!… We must press on!"… Having with great effort finally regathered, reunited his wacky escort, he lectures the young ladies!… He explains to the fat hotel keeper as well, that it is he himself who is the one in charge!… That it is he who is the master! That it is he who must be obeyed!… The "Master of the Royal Ballet"! He is to lead his rebellious troupe to a neighboring castle for the Prince's wedding celebration!… The Ballet Corps! These little ladies are up to a thousand pranks… They are completely happy with the turn of affairs… A great hubbub…a calf…a pig…traverse the stage… The Ballet Master "Mephisto-Coachman"…finally regroups his dancers; he has them pass through the porch of the inn together as a group…guiding with his whip… He recloses the heavy door behind himself… "Enough! enough!" The crowd is amused by his anger and his cosmic disarray… Ah! He's a crafty one all the same!… He is cunning!… He pretends to the contrary… The door closed, the dissatisfied crowd begins to disperse… The wives drag along their husbands…reluctant… Evelyne [10/] drags along her poet… The young ladies are obliged to tug just a bit upon their suitors…who are now hoping to be able to meet the dancers…

As it so happens the men don't stay away for very long… For several seconds at most… They return upon the stage one by one (the men only) …they try to guess what is going on inside the inn… They knock at the door… There's no answer… They try to open the door… Their eyes are glued to the shutters… They all return to there… The poet, the fat magistrate, the notary, the doctor, the professor, the greengrocer, the blacksmith, the gendarme, the general, all of the distinguished citizens, the workers, and even the undertaker… Dance music is heard…coming from inside the inn… The curious ones peep through the holes… They mimic that which they are observing, in cadence and in *petits pas*… The young ladies of the Ballet are in the process of rehearsing a number, inside the Inn…

4th Tableau:

At the outset all is dark…during which all of the notables exit the stage… The outside wall of the inn is raised out of view…thus one now sees the interior of the great hall of the inn…converted under the circumstances into a dance studio… The little ballet master won't put up with any slackers. He presses his students. He has had the chairs drawn back along the wall…as well as the tables… He orders them to put on their ballet outfits… They undress…very…slowly… They are now ready for the lesson… He draws his little violin from its pouch… *Barre… Positions… Entrechats… Ensembles… Badines! …Variations…* He castigates, he directs the dance…

During this time it can be seen, thanks to a sidelight to the right, that the fat notables have returned in order to spy…from the outside… They are getting an eyeful[9]… They become excited… The affair of the wives trying to wrench them away from the shutters. The notables jig about, and hop in place on one foot… They crush up against the windows… But one of them, the fat magistrate, is the first to happen upon a little-known door left ajar… He slides inside the inn. Now he's to be seen inside the room completely enraptured…completely

[9] OV: "Ils se rincent l'il," ["l'il" = l'œil ?] .

filled with wonder!… The little ladies are taken aback… The Devil reassures them… “Enter…enter then…” he so invites the magistrate… He places him into an armchair very conveniently next to the wall…so that he might not miss a single detail of this beautiful lesson. The doctor slips in through the same door… To the same welcome…the postman, the notary, the general… Soon they have all filtered in, one by one… They are emplaced…under the spell of the dance and the dancers… The “representatives of all callings both high and low…and the notables are hypnotized by the lesson… They mimic the movements, the stances, the arabesques...the variations... The Devil is delighted… The poet is finally the last to arrive… He soon becomes the most enraptured of all! He has forgotten all about his Evelyne… He makes his burning declaration to the prima ballerina… He wants never to leave her… He thereupon dedicates a magnificent poem unto her…

5th Tableau:

Once again in front of the inn… The carriage has now been repaired… It has been drawn up before the door… Everything is ready for the departure… The fat hotel keeper bids adieu to the devil-coachman-ballet master. It is he who precedes his hale and chirping troupe… Their baggage is carried… The crowd again forms around the heavy sedan. They’ve come to see its departure!… The dancers are [11/] in the car!… But the notables…judge, poet, doctor, etc.…cannot bring themselves to quit the dancers… They have all been bewitched…neither more nor less!… Their wives meanwhile are contributing to the great uproar… They also mount an assault upon the car… The scandal is at its peak! Nothing of the sort has ever been seen! All of the husbands, at a single stroke! have forgotten all about their vows!… For shame!… The wives try to pull their husbands back… But in vain… The wives grab onto the baggage! the doors! the straps! …anything at all!… The husbands climb onto the roof of the sedan…scaling…the heavy car… It begins moving off… The poet pulls himself free from the arms of Evelyne… He runs after the car…after the “Star”…

The car is already far off…great anger, much spite among the wives… Hatreds! …vindictiveness! …clenched fists…anathemas!… The old witch Karalik stirs up and leads the fury… And then all of the wives exit the stage… Evelyne remains alone on stage, in a half-shadow… She has in her turn become completely saddened… She’s overwhelmed…chagrined. She isn’t cursing anybody…she is going to commit suicide…she can put up with it no longer!

6th Tableau:

The same clearing as in the first tableau… Evelyne enters by herself, increasingly morose and disheartened… She moves across gently…toward the river. She thinks about Death… Enter the Angels of Death…in black veils… The Dance of Death…the angels surround Evelyne…cradling her… She tries to dance… She no longer can… She fails… Slow movements of sorrow and surrender…by the water’s edge…

Death also enters…she herself dances…she fascinates Evelyne, and obliges her to dance…

At this moment a man, a hunter, goes across the entire stage… He is goes looking about…he rustles through the copse… The Angels of Death fly away on his approach… Evelyne remains alone on her rock, overwhelmed… The hunter goes past again…several hunters… Then a doe quickly crosses… The amiable doe…companion of the little spirits of

the forest… She is being followed by the hunters… She passes again…she is hit…an arrow in her side…some blood…she collapses right at the feet of Evelyne… Evelyne leans over the doe…she carries her away…hides her behind the boulder, on a bed of moss…

The hunter retraces his steps…and asks Evelyne whether she'd seen anything? …a wounded doe?… No!… She hadn't seen anything… The hunters head off… Evelyne moistens her veil in the fresh water…and dresses the doe's wound…

The little spirits of the forest emerge from the woods…they celebrate and embrace Evelyne, who has just saved their little friend the doe… Recognition… But Evelyne is not at all in the mood for rejoicing… She tells them of her despair… The Poet's abandonment… She can no longer live…she no longer wants to live… The lamentable solution! …to jump into the river… The little spirits rise up…decry…protest… She? Die?… But no!… She must remain with her little friends… Why such woe?… She explains…that the poet had run off after a marvelous dancer…seduced…and in future…defenseless… Evelyne didn't know how to retain him… How could she have rivaled the dancer? It's all too much!… "Is that the only thing that you're needing? To dance?…" the little spirits laughed aloud… "To dance?… But we'll teach you how! We will!… And you are going to dance better than any other dancer on earth!… Say there!… Do you want us to show you how?… Do you want to learn the Great Secrets of Dance?…" The little king of the spirits called, invoked, and commanded the spirits of the [12/] Dance… The first of all is the "Leaf in the Wind"… The Dance of the Leaf in the Wind… Evelyne dances each time with the invoked spirit…better and better… The "Whirlpool of Leaves!… "The Autumn" …the "Will-o'-the-Wisp"… "Zephyr" himself…the "Undulating Fogs" …the "Morning Breeze" …the "Foxfire" …etc. Evelyne's dancing goes from good to even better!…

Finally one of the spirits gives Evelyne the gift of a "Golden Reed" which he had gathered up on the mountain; the magic reed!… Evelyne fixed the pretty golden reed upon herself as her corsage… She now danced divinely… Perfectly… All of the little spirits of the forest rushed up to admire her… Ah! now she could return to her life!… She need no longer fear a rival… Fond farewells, highly emotional, touching displays… Evelyne leaves her little friends in order to rejoin her fickle fiancé… She leaves the clearing on *pointes*… From a distance her little friends blow her a thousand kisses and all of their wishes for much happiness![10]…

7th Tableau:

Once more before the inn…

Evelyne is all the same a little disconcerted with her "golden reed"… How was she to find her fiancé once again?… She doesn't know which way to go… Where could he be?… She searches…she asks around… Nobody knows… And then a diabolical cycle goes into motion, as she goes to hear from the old witch Karalik, so nasty, so venomous… She would certainly know!… In confidence, Evelyne explains to her…all of what has just happened… And that now her dancing is a marvel… "Really? …truly? …let me see!…" Evelyne dances a few steps… It's perfect!… Karalik is astonished… Quickly she stirs up all of her tribe of gypsies… The women as well as the peasants…they surround Evelyne…how she dances! how she's admired!… Evelyne dances… The charm is infinitely powerful… Irresistible!

[10] OV: "vux de bonheur."

Immediate!… All of the men are soon seduced… The gypsies most of all… One of them comes out from his group… He tries to dance with Evelyne… Touches her lightly… He is bewitched… Meanwhile, the hag Karalik eggs-on the jealousy of the women in the crowd… "You see!… You see!… She now possesses the 'charm'… The Great Secret of the Dance!… She's going to take your husband!… Gypsy defend yourself!…" She presses a dagger into the hand of one of the wives, the wife of the gypsy who is at the moment dancing with Evelyne… Evelyne is not on her guard… She is stabbed square in the back… Evelyne collapses…the crowd disperses… Horrible! Evelyne's body remains on stage… Dead! A narrow shaft of light upon the cadaver… The stage all black… A little intermezzo then flows forth…soft music… And then softly…one sees emerging from the shadow…one…two…three little spirits of the forest… Three…four…the doe…the gazelle…the elves…, the will-o'-the-wisp…the great owl… An alarmed confabulation…devastated…the mourning of the little spirits of the forest… They pull the great knife from the wound… They try to revive poor Evelyne… Nothing can be done!…

The little King of the Elves is more distraught than all of the other little "spirits" put together… He talks things over with the great owl…he who is the sage of the tribe… Evelyne is quite dead… It is on account of the "golden reed"… She danced too well for the living…too well…to possess such a charm is bound to make you greatly hated by the living!… To give rise to too much envy will certainly get you killed!… What could be done?… The great owl had an idea…[13/] In the Legend it is written… (in the Legend of the Forest) that if one pours three drops of Moonlight onto the forehead of a maiden who died for love, this same maiden could be brought back to life in the form of a fairy…

These drops of Moonlight are drops of nocturnal dew which form along the leaf-edges of certain nettles…, and which have been subjected to irradiation by certain phases of the Moon… In the forest Owl once met a certain "weaving" spider who collects droplets of this most rare Lunar vintage in her web…

He goes off to look for the spider… The dance of hope around the cadaver by the little spirits of the forest… The owl returns with the spider who in a fold of her thorax carries a minuscule vial full of "Moon Drops"… She pours three drops onto the forehead of Evelyne, who gently returns to consciousness. The joy of the little spirits…

"Where am I?… Who am I?" asks Evelyne.

"You are our little fairy Evelyne!…"

"But am I not quite among the living?…"

"No…you can no longer return amongst the living… You shall remain with us from now on… You have become a Fairy…"

"Oh! How light I am!… As light as a sigh… And how I can dance now! Even better!.."

The dance with the little spirits…plus the Spider as well… But despite everything Evelyne is still in the grip of sorrow… She cannot completely forget about her poet…the unfaithful one…

Her little friends are most perplexed…to see her still somewhat sad… She would like to see her poet again… To deliver him from the regrets which must now be tormenting him… To save him from the hold of the Devil and his demons…to give him at last that final proof of affection… “So be it!… Very well!… We shall all be going together to see your poet… You have to see things for yourself…” the little spirits said to her in answer… “Let us take the nasty Karalik along with us as well… She knows all of the ways of vice…all of the itineraries of the Devil… She could be useful to us.”

They depart in single file… The cortege of the little spirits, Evelyne and Karalik, crosses through brush, field and thicket, in search of the Devil’s Castle… They pass before the front curtain…dancing in Indian file… Fears, pranks…frights…etc….

8th Tableau:

Inside the Devil’s Castle…

A lot of gold…some flames…some very vivid colors…the little devil-coachman-ballet master is here, at his home, dressed “naturally” as an actual demon… He presides over a sumptuously set table… Enormous strawberries…giant pears…chickens as big as beefers… All of the notables from the village at the table… The judge, the notary, the general, the [14/] doctor… The greengrocer also, and the professor. Between each of the damned is a dancer… That is to say, now an actual demoness… The orgy is at its height! …an enormous Lucifer, himself all of gold…at his table, with its golden table service…by himself eats some souls, raw… He tears them up by the mouthful… The souls are the cryings-out as he does so… He swallows some jewels as well… He sugars the hearts with diamond powder… He drinks tears…etc…. The Poet is chained to a little table… He also is taking lunch…but he is chained… The “prima ballerina” demoness…dances before him…for him…bewitching him. But he can never touch her…nor reach her. He tries… He is in despair… Lucifer, up above, is taking a tremendous delight in all of this infamous spectacle… He wants more of it… He finds it entertaining… He orders the little ballet master to make all of the damned dance…to the whip. All then dance as best they can…each with his own kind… The Judge with his convicts… The Judge very rotund, the convicts very skinny, with their balls-and-chains…their wives bearing ransoms… The old Miser dances with the bailiffs, and the ruined borrowers… The General with his dead soldiers, stiffs fresh from the war, with skeletons and the mutilated by war, all bloody… The Professor with his snotty students, his rascals with fingers up their noses, and the ears of donkeys… The fat Procurer with his whores and his skanks and his chicks… The Greengrocer with his fleeced customers…his false weights…his false balances… The Notary with the ruined widows…his swindled clients… The Curé with the assuredly unfaithful nuns and the pederastic minor clerics…etc.

At that moment, Karalik cracks open the door…she goes in…behind her, Evelyne and the little spirits of the forest… The surprise of the demons… Lucifer is not happy… He rumbles… He thunders… Lightning… He demands that these intruders explain themselves… Evelyne makes a face of wanting to liberate the chained poet… “No! No! No!…” Lucifer protests… “have Evelyne dance!…” The demonesses are jealous… Karalik shows Lucifer that Evelyne possesses the charm of Dancing… The golden reed!… A demon tries to wrench it away from her…

Evelyne then makes a movement…a single one…and the entire castle collapses! …and all of its diabolitry is dispersed…by a mighty storm… Profound night…

We find ourselves again in the same clearing as at the beginning… Evelyne has freed the Poet…his chains are broken…they are at the feet of Evelyne… He begs her forgiveness… Evelyne forgives him. He begs her never to leave him…that she never go away ever again… But she can no longer remain with him… She is now a fairy… She belongs with her little friends of the forest… She is no longer human… He kisses her… He wants to elicits her emotion… But she remains insensible…cold to carnal approaches… She is no longer anything but a dream…spirit…desire… She has become a fairy… The Poet is disappointed…but always in love… Forever in love…thenceforth…forevermore…with his Evelyne who'd become a fairy… Evelyne very softly takes her leave, pulled along by her little friends… She disappears…dissolves away…chiffon sheets…increasingly dense towards the depths of the scene…she becomes more and more unreal…ghostly…diaphanous… She disappears…absorbed by the vagueness of the background…chiffon sheets… The Poet is now all alone… The hag Karalik is changed into a toad! leaping, hopping, forever after to be accompanied by the graceful swarm of mocking spirits of the forest…

[15/] The Poet upon his rock…by the water's edge…heartbroken…unrolls his lengthy scroll… He begins to sing…he will always sing of his loves, ideal, poetic…impossible… Forever…forever… Curtain.

……*…*…*

They can always say whatever they want about whatever it is that they are placing before you… There's no such thing as Criticism in and of itself… That criticism in and of itself exists, is a farce. There exist only a well-meaning criticism and then the other, poisonous. All shit or all nougat. It's a question of partiality. As for myself, I find this tragicomic fantasy entertaining, and most timely. It satisfies me, and I have better taste, all by myself, than do all of the poopy-pantsed and butt-faced critics put together. I have thus decided, arriving ahead of all criticism, that my ballet was worth well more, surpassing by far all of the old themes…all of the old hobbyhorses of the repertoire…the cavalry of the Opera…Gisèle…*Trifles*… *Little Nothings*… *The Lakes*… *Sylvia*… Nothing trendy! nothing imitative!… Examine the arrangement of all of these marvels a little bit further… Regard each article a little more closely… It's a consummate work…absolutely authentic… everything within is linked together…in terms of multi-facetedness, of charm…it becomes disturbed…it refinds its balance… Variations… resumptions… everything is interlaced[11]… in its multi-facetedness… it lances forward[12]… it escapes again… It wants to be danced!…

My first and foremost critic, beginning today, is I myself. And that is enough. Magnificent… I must organize my defense without cessation… I must arrive ahead of the Jews! …all the Jews! racist, sly, limited, frenzied, evil… Nothing without them…everything for them!… Everywhere and always! I could already see Gutman… Léo, attention!… Shut-up!… No discussion! Go and take it! He would remain dazed by it!

"Never! I would never have believed it, Ferdinand…" He would remain quite the dreamer, confounded! He'll have read the poem aloud two times! He would have revealed the poet at last!… A poet like M. Galeries! a poet like M. Barbès! …and Tino Rossi!… Like M. Dupanloup! …and the coin machine!… Like the little birds! …the Western Railroad… I'll have been a poet in their eyes! We embrace one another… He'd have put himself into that run-around… I lie down.

I waited for him like that for a day…then two days…three…ten… I was already beginning to feel a little chagrined… On the twelfth day he returned…perturbed. "M. Rouché thinks that your item isn't bad, but he asks for the music…at the same time… They do not want even to consider a ballet, by itself, without music!… A musician who is acceptable within official circles…"

Now *there* was something that would complicate things… Acceptable within official circles? Acceptable within official circles? My heart jumped… But…

"But it's only the Jews, who are acceptable within official circles!… Explain yourself clearly…"

[11] OV: "s'enlace" (compare with following note, "s'élance").
[12] OV: "s'élance" (compare with preceding note, "s'enlace").

“You’ll have to go see them yourself…”

I don’t much like having to pull strings, as I have already done an enormous amount of “housekeeping,” in many parts of Paris, in order to situate all sorts of things in their proper places[13]… Eh! I no longer have much get-up-and-go… Well screw it then! more’s the pity! I’ll just have to run my rounds! I’ll just have to run myself ragged, *nom de Dieu!*…, in order to get closer to the dancers… I was ready to do anything whatever!… For Dance! I would suffer two, three deaths in succession… I could see myself already, admirably placed I must say… To put it quite bluntly, I had placed Evelyne, my [16/] fairy, there…in such a manner! imagine it!… I’m anticipating it!… I’m anticipating it!… Eh! it was nothing but an ephemeral dream… What a low-down slap in the face! *Foutre d’azur!*… Take heart! Take heart! Gutman was blowing his trumpet…he nasalized, whenever he became animated…

Thus I began to pay my visit, one after another, to all of the great Jewish musicians…as they were to be found everywhere… They were all quite fraternal…completely cordial…as flattering as possible…except that at the time they happened to be…preoccupied…overloaded…by this and by that…in the end rather discouraging…evasive. They paid me a thousand compliments… My poem could certainly be seen as worthy… But it was a little long however! …too short perhaps? too mild? …too onerous? …too classical? In the end it was all a bunch of jabbering just in order to lose one’s shirt…a damned misfortune… I began to go broke… Upon my return, to my tower, I most curiously made out the face of Léo Gutman… He was waiting for me on the landing.

[F.:] “You wouldn’t be trying to Judaize me, so to speak, by chance?… You haven’t been crossing me up among the Hymies? Your mafia? …and a completely supercilious one at that…”

“Ah! Ferdinand, that would be very poorly received…”

[F.:] “Nothing to do with the Opera…”

[G.:] “Listen, I have another idea…” (he was never brief…)

[F.:] “For the Exposition? …of ’37?… They are going to put on some ballets?”

[G.:] “Really?”

[F.:] “It’s official!…”

[G.:] “Some ballets from Paris?…”

I began breathing again on hearing those words…

[F.:] “Ah! That rubs me wonderfully the wrong way, so to speak, my Léon… I was born in Courbevoie!… And then I grew up within the shadow of the bell-tower…in the Passage Choiseul…(that’s the best that I’ve ever done) Thus you have to grant me a little consideration! do I know the capital?… I wasn’t a twenty-year-old new to Paris[14]… I was a

[13] Or, “…as I have already arranged things the way I want them, all around Paris, for all manner of considerations…”

[14] Alludes to the lyrics of a “Credo”; see p. 139 (239-40).

six-week-old new to Paris, without exaggeration… I haven't just arrived from Cantal to dizzy myself on the Great Ferris Wheel!… I had been inhaling all of the spittle of the most populated neighborhoods downtown (everybody came down by the Passage to spit) while the great womanizing 'writers of Paris' were still running behind their birds of paradise… In order to be from Paris… I did the real thing!… I can count all of that to my credit… My father is Flemish, my mother Breton… Her family name is Guillou, his Destouches…"

[G.:] "Hide all that! hide all that!… It won't do to recount those horrors… You will do us terrible harm… I am going to tell you something, Ferdinand. The Exposition of the 'Arts and Technologies' is the Jewish Exposition of 1937… The Great Jewbierama '37. Everyone exhibiting there is Jewish…at least everyone who counts…who is in authority… Not the staffers, the gardeners, the janitors, the waiters, the ironworkers, the handicapped veterans, the doormen… No! the cigarette butt picker-uppers…the restroom attendants finally…the hawkers…the muscle-men… No! But everyone who gives orders…who makes decisions…who makes money…architects, my [17/] friend, the major engineers, contractors, directors, are all Yids…full-blooded, half, or quarter, Yids…or at least Freemasons!… It is necessary that the entirety of France come to admire the Jewish genius…to prostrate itself…trussed-up… Jewish!…

This is going to be the most expensive Exhibition that has ever been seen… France is to be drawn to just die over anything by and for the Jews…and to do so with enthusiasm! with a full heart…to full measure!…"

Gutman was saying all of this jocularly, in the process of tweaking me…somewhat mockingly… He was taking after me… The Farmer and the Farmer's Wife…

[F.:] "It'll do…it'll do!…don't strain yourself…just tell me what you want… I'm giving you this one last chance…in lieu of quarreling…or blood hatred…"

"Ferdinand, you are going to do as I was instructed, and do a real job for me, a short ballet…absolutely appropriate for the splendor of the Exhibition Hall…"

"Grab at ye! …what I am going to do, Gutman, is to take you on your word, by your word… I am not going to let you leave! I'm going to shit the whole pile for you! my poem…in its entirety! on the marble-top!… You will be able to deliver it straight-away…" (We were in a café)

"Waiter! some ink and a pen!…"

I was no longer able to restrain myself…as I had done for the other fantasy…and in so doing wind-up with a blob… I would trowel it down right there in three shakes…my little project… I had the theme all worked-out… I gave him the manuscript in longhand, hot…and I sent him out with this order:

"Gutman! Hop to it! But I'm warning you…against being a deceitful dyke![15] Pay attention! Don't return to me again empty-handed!… You would irritate me horribly…"

[15] Facetious attribution.

PAUL THE ROGUE, VIRGINIA THE FAIR

Ballet Mime

Brief Prologue.

“Paul and Virginia,” a romantic tableau, is illustrated along the top of the curtain. Paul and Virginia are gaily gamboling about in a lawn bordered by high tropical palms…they take shelter beneath the large leaf of a banana tree. Music…

At this moment, at one edge of the stage, a very lovely, sprightly, and charming fairy godmother appears, in tutu and with a dainty wand in hand… She advances to center stage on *pointes*…very softly, accompanied by muted music… She very graciously forewarns the audience… “Certainly! many rumors about Paul and Virginia have been circulating… The truth? oh! be advised!… All has not been told… They did not die, neither the one nor the other…they escaped drowning only narrowly…in the course of that terrible shipwreck… They were gathered up to the shore… You are going to see exactly how and why… Saved in essence by a miracle… It’s a fact! they seem to be always embracing…always in love…but they had better wake up… As it has lately become known to us…”

[18/] Upon these words…and always with music and on *pointes*, the fairy godmother goes off into the wings…

And now the curtain rises…

1st Tableau:

A shoreline…sand…some vegetation… In the background, some palm trees, some orange trees. A thousand brilliant flowers. A tropical landscape… A tribe of savages is in the middle of the celebration of a feast…music…a tom-tom…furious dancing…lascivious…and then in fits and starts…exasperated… The witch doctor of the tribe, off in a corner, maintains a sort of counter: amulets, vials, charms, and powders, next to the tom-tom… In a *sarabande*…she runs among the rows of dancers…women, children, men…all ages mixed together… She has them drink…obliges them to drink several drops of her potion…each time that they appear to be flagging…exhausted…she quickly goes to perk them back up with her brew…she circulates about…leaping from line to line with her vial and her amulets…then she excites…she super-excites the tom-tom. She pushes the women towards the men…the maidens towards the males…the little girls…etc.… She is the tribal demon…

Meanwhile these scenes are transpiring…in the distance a small sail can be seen against the horizon…it grows…the howling of the storm can be heard… The wind… The niggers’ *sarabande* quickens…a bacchanal…to the same tempo as the gusts of the wind… The ship approaches… It breaks up on the reefs… A great to-do amongst the savages… They go looking for their spears…their hatchets…preparing for the pillage… The entire tribe descends upon the site of the shipwreck… They soon return with the booty: barrels…coffers…various

boxes…and then two intertwined bodies…which they deposit upon the sand…next to the fire… Two inanimate bodies… Paul and Virginia…forever embracing…

These savages are some of the good savages…they attempt to reanimate Paul and Virginia… They won't return to life… The witch doctor moves the crowd aside… She knows of a potion… She pours her brew upon them…between the lips… Paul and Virginia return to consciousness…little by little. Paul quickly recoups all of his senses… Virginia is a little slower in coming back to… The emotion…the anguish…of Paul… Paul asks for a little more of the brew… He is avid… The witch doctor herself warns him: "This brew is of an extreme ardor…" He retrieves his senses…unto delirium! Paul gets up… He takes several steps along the beach… He already feels better. His eyes are filled with wonder… he is no longer looking at Virginia…he seems no longer to be in love with her… But Virginia recovers as well…the embrace… She is getting better… They dance together… The circle of good savages surrounds them…everyone is happy for having saved these lovers! Paul still wants to drink more of that brew…but Virginia is mistrustful…she is afraid of that brew… She is not the least bit pleased with the least bit pleased with the way in which Paul is now flirting with the little savagesses… Paul has become annoyed by this reserve…this affectation of prudery. Virginia sulks… Paul lets her know that she is beginning to bore him…all while dancing, frenetically!… Virginia goes off to pout by herself a bit… The first squabble!… In spite of Virginia, Paul becomes wilder and wilder, leading in an impassioned farandole with all of the savages generally, and conducting himself like a cad… He drinks freely of the love potion. More! …and more!… Already Virginia no longer recognizes him…

[19/] *2nd Prologue* (same curtain).

The same charming fairy godmother advances on *pointes* up to the middle of the curtain: she announces: "Those who are absent are absent are not always wrong… It is necessary! and quite often!… You are going to see that Aunt Odile, melancholic, is always thinking about her beloved niece, the touching Virginia… She has read, and reread well a hundred times already, has good Aunt Odile, each page of a large novel…of a marvelous story both tender and terrible… But it has now been nearly three years since the *Saint-Géran* went down… This doesn't make us feel any younger… Sadness is heavy for young people…and yet each spring must flower!… I hereby announce to you the engagement of Mirella, the cousin of Virginia, to the spirited Oscar!… Here you see Mirella, mischievous, delicate and tender, a fresh rose of benevolent fortune… You are seeing Mirella, the queen for the day, in the parlor of Aunt Odile!… In the home of Aunt Odile! in Le Havre! …June 1830![16] You will come to hear of still more great news… I'll leave it to you to guess what it is… The Semaphore Station can be seen from Aunt Odile's window… Look closely!… If a blue flag has appeared… It's a ship! I swear to you!… The ship!… This is between us! Shh!… Shh!…"

And the fairy godmother disappears on *pointes*…

2nd Tableau (The curtain rises).

Here one beholds a salon of the period…very opulent…very bourgeois…stuffed furniture…sofas…a piano…two, three large windows…bay windows…looking out upon a cliff…the Semaphore Station…the sea in the distance…very far off… At the beginning of the

[16] This would have been just before the end of Charles X's reign (1824-30), and the "July Events" of 1830, which brought the Bourbon Restoration period to an end.

act, everybody is coming and going in the parlor. A number of young people…joyous…full of life…dance…pairs…quadrilles…etc….cotillions…everything that is wanted for the period…(transcribed into ballet).

Cousin Mirella (the star) with her fiancé, Oscar…a thousand *coquetteries* are made…other couples form…they spread out around the two…upsetting the parlor just a bit… There's some leaping through the window… And returning, etc. in leaping, but all of this however…is done in good form!… Elegance…a consciousness of finesse… At the piano…two elderly spinsters, completely caricatural… They are playing four-handed… (at two pianos, or at a piano and a harpsichord if so desired…) Some minor ballet numbers follow…but then a door opens… The dancers interrupt their frolic… An elderly lady makes her entry…she's very gracious…but reserved…a little apprehensive…self-effacing… She responds very politely…to the respects of the dancers… Mirella and Oscar hug her…as do the others as well… She is surrounded…she is cajoled… She doesn't want to spoil the party… "Oh! no! …no!' She gives them the sign to continue…she doesn't want to interrupt anything…let everybody continue on most gaily…

Mirella wants Aunt Odile to dance, just one brief step with Oscar!… Aunt Odile gently declines…and slips away… Aunt Odile prefers her armchair by the window… May she be allowed to pass by… Under her arm, she carries her needlework…and also a large book…her dog follows behind… The faithful Priam, who Virginia so loved… It accompanies Aunt Odile to her armchair…before her favorite window… The young couples form up again…the party continues… Just at that moment, however, Mirella feels some sort of malaise…dizziness… A bother…she would prefer to wait just a bit…to lie down…before the next dance… Oscar offers her his arm… The two of them go over to Aunt Odile by the window… Aunt Odile is once again immersed in the reading of that fine novel… Mirella, at her knees…asks her to read the book aloud… Oscar [20/] by her side…a charming group… Little by little the dancers begin to languish…they dance only with effort…they gather around Aunt Odile as well… A loose circle forms, of young fellows and young ladies…the music becomes increasingly soft, pensive, sentimental… It is Aunt Odile's recitation…like unto a song…the daylight wanes…just a bit… It's sunset… The dream avails itself of this serendipitous assistance… All of the dancers are sitting upon the carpet…upon the floor…mixed into harmonious groups, attentive…listening to Aunt Odile… (soft music…)

But, at this moment, there is a knock at the door…and it's kicked open, brutally… Tumult. A messenger boy, a dockside kid…barges in dancing…gamboling…making a face as though announcing great news…across the entire parlor… In an instant…everyone is standing… He has brought message for Aunt Odile… Immediately there is a great upheaval… Excitement!… Rejoicing by everyone!… From the window they look into the distance… The Semaphore Station's blue flag appears, is drawn up, is raised… Everyone is dancing together from joy!… The aunt has joined into the circle!… The messenger boy…all of the young people… Mirella and her fiancé… Farandole!… Everyone's off to the port! Hustle and bustle! They hurriedly get ready to go… Coats! …hats! …bonnets! …accessories!… They set off!… Piram also bounds towards the door, yapping!

Everyone flies through the doors and the windows towards the port… May the best man get there first! Piram is running in all directions… (All of this is to a farandole.)

3rd Prologue:

Upon the curtain, which conceals the set of the Third Tableau, some sort of formidable vehicle is represented, an engine of the autobus-motor coach-tramway-locomotive genre… A colorful diagram of enormous dimensions of this apocalyptic engine, a machine with colossal wheels… A fantastical motor coach…with enormous hubs… A boiler like the pot of a still… A tall, broad chimney…and in front…some terrible copper pistons…valves…gauges of every type…inexplicable utensils…and then in spite of this several coquettish touches… Canopies, garlands, running-boards…a mixture of machinery and romanticistic flub-dubs… And a banner bearing the inscription: “THE FULMICOACH Transport Co., Ltd.”

(This extraordinary chariot will later emerge from the wings…and roll out onto the stage itself…to the accompaniment of loud and frightful music…of fulminating thunder…at a moment wanting for intrigue.) The same charming fairy godmother…to the same music…gently glides on *pointes* to center stage…she is carrying a bouquet in hand…of welcome… “Oof…” she makes a face as though she’d hit her head… “I just won’t have that!… Ah! What a surprise!… Did you see the emotion?… What a joyous reunion!… After so many unhappy years…spent in tears… I want to be the very first to kiss them… What joy!… What joy!…”

At this moment, from the other side of the stage…two…three…four persons enter…some engineers of the period…brooding…curt…disputative…in frock coats…their aides carrying various tools…surveyors’ instruments…squares…saw-horses… One of the engineers is scratching some figures, some calculations into the dirt… The fairy godmother goes up to him…

[21/] “Monsieur!… Monsieur!… What is that?… That enormous horror…would you tell me?… That terror!… We are waiting for Paul, Monsieur, do you know anything about it? …and Virginia?…”

The engineer doesn’t answer… He is immersed in his calculations…his assistants measure the stage…they measure it again…size it up…estimate…the distances…

The fairy godmother becomes concerned…she becomes alarmed… Truly not that! …she no longer understands anything… The calculations are finally made… “She’ll pass” the engineer declares decidedly… That’s his conclusion… The others respond in chorus: “She’ll pass!”… The alarm of the fairy godmother…

She looks at the curtain, at the abominable mechanical monstrosity…the wand falls from her hand… She takes flight…the others, the workers and engineers, mockingly follow her off…the scene is disengaged…

The curtain rises…

3rd Tableau:

The stage represents the wharves of a port…1830…a lot of activity… In the background are taverns…boutiques…bars…“shipchandlers”…dance halls…doors which are opening and closing…a brothel… And on the corner of a street…a sign: an arrow pointing out the route: PARIS…

Children…slovenly rogues…drunken sailors…several bourgeois types…some customs assessors… All of these groups are dancing…a confusion…a crowd… Little groupings…trios…marines…who then meld back into the mass… Various other groups also successively take the principal interest of the ballet for a moment… The crowd seems to organize itself around these latter…and then the groups dissolve away again… Girls of easy virtue…soldiers… Prostitutes in shirtsleeves go about astounded by tall tales[17]…

Stevedores…soldiers…stop-overs…sailors…French fry salesmen…barmen…etc. But one more homogeneous group of dancers does stand out… Some stevedores (of the genre of the strongmen at Les Halles) transporting some heavy sacks. They advance in single file…towards the gangway… (to the left, clinging to the side of a large ship)… They struggle forward with great difficulty…as heavy as bears…but always dancing, however, pitching and rolling… They support themselves with thick canes. Bursting forth, at this very moment, from a bar in the background, is a tinny farandole from some player pianos… The farandole of the stevedores… A fantastical scenario… (a dance by the whole group…) They make it up the gangway at last… After a thousand attempts they make it across and disappear into the hold… The crowd returns to its disorder… The crowd is traversed by some passengers who in debarking are preceded by some giant suitcases…trunks, coffers, etc.…from every country…each with its characteristic sort of vehicle… A rich Englishman with his butler… A lord in his mail coach…he asks for the route to Paris… It is pointed out to him… He's happy! Make a leg… He goes in the direction so inscribed: Paris… The entire crowd dances a little movement with him… The gendarmes attempt to reestablish a little calm… The overwhelmed customs assessors swear and threaten… Here you see a Spanish family debarking from the other side of the ship… The solemn mother…daughter…Señoras…a large wagon with benches,[18] some mules… The route to Paris!… [22/] But here's another bunch of stevedores…these here are rolling some enormous barrels. A dance around the barrels…around…between…atop the barrels… Farandole… Here are the "Birds of the Isles"… Bird merchants…with cages, and fantastic birds…armloads of them…and some perched atop their heads. (And some birds of human size.) Dances… The girls of the port want to pick their plumes…and the birds scatter all about… Once again the police must intervene… A great battle with the stevedores who protect the girls… The plumes of the birds… Clouds of plumes… The Commissioner of the port… He is everywhere at once… He growls, he rages…while the customs assessors are forever ferreting all about. Here are some Russians debarking with their bear and its trainers… The dance of the bear alongside that of the crowd… The drunkards of the port…dance with the bear…greatly amusing… The port's fishmongers and rogues…still more farandoles…and still other furry beasts…

Now, a whale arrives…a big one… Some fish are thrown to it… She dances… She offers up Jonas and some Eskimos… She also heads off towards Paris… An occasion for much humor… Here comes a German who is debarking along with his entire family…he also asks for Paris…he's driving a tandem along with his fat wife… A very rudimentary tandem with a little basket in the back for his numerous children, five or six… Here's an Arab with his harem upon a dromedary… (dance…) Here's a maharajah with his sacred elephant… The elephant's dance… The crowd is amused… The elephant refuses to go to Paris… It is pushed. It resists… There's a struggle… A great brouhaha… A mad melee… The elephant finally decides… It takes the route…

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[17] OV: effarées du bobinard."

[18] OV: "char-à-bancs" = an open wagon with benches running lengthwise on either side.

And here you see the great gang of towing-women…of the port…in which the team bracing itself against the hawser is preceded by an enormous red-faced "harbor captain"…apoplectic… He is unsparing…in thundering out commands and his abuse…cadenced in order the better to pull… Heave! Ho!… They pull, the towers do…they enter upon the stage little by little as the result of jerking efforts, sticking together on the cable as a team… Immense efforts… They are dressed in rags…terrible shrews…and winos… They pass around the "red,"[19] drinking *à la "régalade"*[20] even while pulling and staggering… All of this is done to the music of "the boatwomen"…

But the enormous boat resists… The entire team of boatwomen is for an instant, by jumps and starts, pulled out of the scene…into the wings… Then the other people come to their aid… Pretty soon all are throwing themselves into it… Stevedores…ne'er-do-wells…soldiers…sailors…whores… It's a great piece of cooperation. Always it ebbs and flows… Victories and defeats… The boat however is the stronger…finally… It drags everybody into the wings…the stage is vacant! …that entire crowd is pulled the wrong way around by the ship! …by a sudden jerking of the cable. Little by little some people return…some cabin boys…several stevedores…one or two girls and soldiers…

But here comes the joyful troupe of Mirella's friends…along with Aunt Odile and Piram… They arrive at the port completely out of breath… They encounter some passengers who have just debarked…and are now quite ill… These nauseous passengers are still spinning, pitching and rolling…while coming and going upon the wharf… They are greenish and haggard… They are recovering from seasickness… Mirella queries them: "Have you seen Paul? and Virginia?" They don't know anything at all!… They want to go to Paris…to continue their voyage… They are shown the sign…they head off in that direction staggering along with their mandolins…

But the "harbor captain" recognizes Aunt Odile… His respects…he's obliged… He fiddles vigorously with his spyglass… Then examines the horizon… He makes his announcement… Thar' she is! There's the ship!… The crowd amasses itself right next to the wharf…cluttering…overwhelming the entire space… [23/] The joy!… The joy! …all of Mirells'a friends are carrying bouquets of welcome (in hand), in as touching a moment as possible!

And here you see climbing, bounding, skipping up the steps of the gangway: Virginia!… Paul!… There's kissing…there's hugging!… Triumph!… They are celebrated… They are cajoled… Some presents… Everything that they have brought back from savage lands: carpets…exotic animals…canaries…are borne along by the niggers and little pickaninnies of the tribe which had accompanied them… And then the witch doctor who had not left them… There's uproarious laughter…there's jubilation… All of it…very lively…dance and music… Paul proceeds to make his niggers dance…for the welcome-home celebration… Jerky, incoherent, barbarous dances, completely new to Aunt Odile and the others… The tom-tom. The entire crowd observes this strange scene, somewhat worriedly… The young ladies take refuge within the arms of their cavaliers… The savages' dance develops into something impassioned…sadistic…cruel (with some sabers and spears). Paul is jubilant!… Virginia, snug within the arms of her aunt, does not seem to be very happy over this demonstration… She explains to her aunt that there's nothing that she can do…that she's helpless against her Paul's extravagances. The tribal witch doctor sends the accursed bottle

[19] I.e., red wine ("le rouge").
[20] I.e., to drink straight from the bottle without touching it with one's lips.

around… Paul seizes the bottle of love potion… He drinks…he is completely reanimated by it… The seamiest, most caddish elements of the crowd, the cutthroats, the drunken sea dogs, go to dance with the niggers…aroused by the spectacle, they intermingle with the tribe…in dancing most immodest. Aunt Odile can no longer hide her indignation… She no longer understands… The young fellows…the young ladies…also go to taste of this liquor…accursed… They beg the witch doctor for some… They then lose all restraint…as soon as the swallow…their dancing becomes extravagant, as the classes, the occupations mingle together… Mixture… chaos… Stevedores… bourgeois types… police… maidens… everyone is in a boiling mass… the entire port… Mirella abandons Oscar, whom she has found to be decidedly too reserved…in his dancing…she latches onto Paul, now a well-season gay blade… Paul is enraptured… The lascivious, provocative duo of Paul and Mirella… Paul finds that Mirella is still overdressed in order to dance in the new style… He pulls off her corsage…her dress…there she is nearly nude…she has lost all modesty… The witch doctor makes them drink more… Aunt Odile is outraged… She tries to reason with Mirella… But the unrestrained young people intervene… Aunt Odile is held back… Virginia sobs in the arms of her aunt… She can no longer do anything for Paul… Paul is accursed… The spirit of evil is within him… All of the young people… Mirella's friends from the beginning, the very ones who, at Aunt Odile's, were so finely, graciously reserved and decent, have now gone wild… They in turn tear off their own clothing… contaminated… embracing… mixing themselves in with the rogues…with the prostitutes… They are constantly begging the witch doctor for more liquor… Virginia can put up with it no longer… She goes over to Paul, she tries to separate him from Mirella…to take him back… She makes him ashamed… Paul pushes her away…with her opinions… "You bore me completely… I love Mirella! She dances my way!…" Virginia resolves herself under the insult… "Ah! so this is the genre that you admire?… You must have some lust! …some frenzy! So be it!… You'll see! what it is! that I can do! when I abandon myself to the fire!…" She brusquely goes over to the witch doctor, she takes hold of the great bottle…the entire potion… She puts it to her lips… One gulp, two gulps…she drinks the whole thing… The entire crowd is now turned towards the modest Virginia…it is now taunting and hostile… The witch doctor tries to restrain her… Nothing doing! Virginia empties the entire bottle… Then the delirium seizes her…rises within her…she tears off her clothes, and she dances with even more passion, more fire, more provocativeness and more lubricity, than that which Mirella had just done… It's a fury…a dancing fury… Paul had never before seen the like of it… and this pleases him, brings him to heel… He has already quit Mirella and gone back over to [24/] Virginia… He intends to dance with her… But Mirella, taunted…revolts… The anger rises within her…she gets carried away…she can no longer restrain herself… Everybody is mocking her… Then Mirella leaps over to a sailor, wrenches his boarding pistol away from him, from his belt, squeezes and kills Virginia… Virginia collapses… General terror… A circle is made around the unfortunate Virginia… Paul is beside himself… Silence… Very softly…some mournful music…

But now there arises an enormous hullabaloo! …fantastic! …from the right side of the stage… The sound of a locomotive…of pistons…of steam…of bells…of a horm…of chains…of iron-on-iron…all of which is horribly mixed together… The engineers from just a while ago push back the crowd…clearing the way… A hobbledehoy precedes them…with a red flag and a bell which he agitates… Out of the road…out of the road! Make way!… The terrible engine… roaring, wheezing, rumbling…appears little by little upon the stage… It's the "Fulmicoach," the phenomenological ancestor of all automotive vehicles… The ancestor of the locomotive, the automobile, the tramway, and of all fulminating machinery… An enormous engine, fantastic, frightful… It has its own music within itself, of the jazz genre…

The crowd turns toward the monster…the crowd is already no longer thinking about the dead Virginia… stretched out in the foreground…

Only Paul is on her knees next to her…crying… Poor Aunt Odile can no longer bear her emotions this time…she goes mad…she jumps from the wharf into the water… She drowns herself…

The infernal machine gradually advances… A man seated upon high, in front of the chassis, blows the horn (mail coach style), while the crowd's emotion is at its peak… Its enthusiasm as well… Some velocipedes circle the monster…the cyclists fire their pistols into the air, in a farandole around the monster… Make some noise!… Now all of this enormous utensil which is advancing thunderously and magisterially can be observed… The rumbling monster is celebrated…it elicits enthusiasm… At the very top of the chimney is the American flag… The engine came from America… Some American tourists heading off towards Paris… The "Fulmicoach" begins its disappearance from the stage… The crowd cannot help but to follow the "Fulmicoach"…fascinated…an extraordinary vehicle…the crowd moves off into the wing…behind the "Fulmicoach"… Only Paul remains, beside Virginia…but not for long… Some young girls, all of them overstimulated, unbridled, bounding, retracing their steps…reproach, entreat Paul, to make him understand that he is wasting his time! …that life is short! …that it's necessary to find amusement further on…always further on…that it's necessary to climb into the "Fulmicoach"…that it's necessary to drink and to forget… They pick him up, oblige him to pick himself back up…and to drink still more from the accursed bottle…forgetful Paul!…

He is now standing… He staggers… He no longer knows… He follows the maddened crowd… He turns back just a bit… The farandole drags him along… He disappears…

Only the dead Virginia remains on stage…in a little spotlight…and also Priam, the faithful dog, who is now also alone…the only friend remaining… He goes over to Virginia… He lies down, right by her side…

That is all. Curtain.

[25/] Four days later, Gutman returned from the Exposition…his head horribly bowed in shame, from his grimace to his heels. He brought back news only of setbacks.

"It's even more Jewish, Ferdinand, than I had imagined!"

Between sighs, he swore to me that he had everywhere encountered Jews of a Judaism boiling over with a frightful racism, ten in the office and thirty in the hallway.

[F.:] "That's all that you've found to tell me about? those few crumbs? Then there's nothing for Frenchmen? Nothing for the children of the soil? Nothing but the guard dogs? and the cloakrooms?"

I had shaken his composure, I had made him roll his eyes (so globular, so Jewish).

[F.:] "I will never get any dancers then? I will never get any! you promised. The Kikes get it all! What a mug! traitor!"

[G.:] “All of the sweeties, Ferdinand, all want to hook up with Yids. The Jews, for them, are their entire future”

He then hung his head, like a calf without its mother He scratched his huge ears. He found delectation in making me suffer! He was sadistic, unavoidably…

[F.:] “Do you want to know the effect that you have on me? do you want to know? say. vampire?”

He didn’t want me to explain it to him. He knew all the same

[F.:] “I’m going to tell you about it, look, I know a man, I do, a man who is one of the most erudite graduates in philosophy! That’s something! Do you know how he has himself a good time? how he amuses himself? With dogs?

No, he didn’t know.

[F.:] “He goes out randomly in the evenings, along the walls of the fortresses. He calls a dog from afar, a big one which he reassures, he pets it first of all, he gets into its confidence…and then he feels its balls…like that…very gently…the glans…and then he polishes it… The dog is all happy, it makes itself available, it puts out…it wags its tongue…and at the precise moment when it is about to come…while it is clenched in his fist… Then, do you know what the man does to it? He wrenches-off its scrotum in one movement, like that, *wrack*! …in one big dry blow!… And that’s you! look! say it’s so, wrecker! you have done exactly the same thing to me through your charades… You have made me send back my orgasm… You have wrenched-off my balls… You are going to see what it means to have a poem rejected!… You are going to tell me about some new whores! Ah! the thin veil of a worthless turd! Ah! you are going to see that anti-Semitism! Ah! you are going to see whether I tolerate being toyed with for nothing!… Ah! you are going to see a revolt! …an uprising by the natives!… The Irish, for the last hundred years, have been getting up every night in order to strangle a hundred Englishmen who [26/] didn’t do to them one quarter of what we have to put up with, from you, the Kikes! It’s official! Chinese! It’s official!

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All things considered, it's not just since today that I've come to know them, the Semites. When I was on the docks in London, I saw plenty of them, the Yids. These weren't Hymie jewelers, these were vicious lowlifes, they ate rats together[21]… They were as flat as flounders. They had just left their ghettos, from the depths of Estonia, Croatia, Wallachia, Rumelia, and the sties of Bessarabia… They were given in to intrigue, which was the gist of their mumbling…to work their charm on the hard-nose types…and upon the policemen on duty… They began the seduction in order to work their way into the officers' Post… I'm talking about the "Dundee" dockyard, for those who are familiar… where bulk items were unloaded, mostly fibers but also marmalade… The "Schmout"[22] would crack a smile… Always ever-closer to the policeman…that was their motto… And then let me tell you how they flattered him…how they sweet-talked him… And how the said how strong he was…intelligent! …how admirable he was, the brute!… The cop is inevitably an Irishman[23]… Which always lends itself to the force of illusion. He's fatuous like all Aryans…it goes over… Very quickly he softens into a sausage for the Kikes… he takes pity…he invites them in…for a sit by the stove! …a cup of tea…

The Jews, they now frequent the guardhouse, they are no longer outside… When it comes to crookedness it is they who take first place… All of this takes place under the hydrant! with hoses as thick as dicks! beside the yellow waters of the docks… enough to sink all the ships in the world…in a décor fit for phantoms…with a kiss that'll cut your ass clean open…that'll turn you inside out…

The Jew is already hidden-away, while the whites rail away under the deluge… They lash out all about like dogs… They are the ones on the outside, they are the ones howling into the wind… They don't understand a thing… And now the unloading of ships works like this… The boat announces itself…it comes up to the wharf… it docks… The "second mate" climbs up into the cabin…just like that the hawsers arrive at the heads. The scow bobbles between the "stakes"… There's a regular hoard of those smart-asses, all packed together down beneath…they're all grinding against one another, I tell you… They await the "number"…the bell!… They need fifty! it is announced…

And then it's a ferocious free-for-all…for the first ones to get there, heave to it! way up there! from the dockside, go the good ones…those who could got closer, and climbed up the rigging… All of the others, all of those who fell back down, they could starve… For them there would be no sausage…no "shilling" and no pint.

There was to be no mercy, I assure you… It was the penknife that ruled the day…in the end, for the slackers… A stab in the ass… *Fztt!* and you'd let go of the rope…that bunch fell

[21] Or: "they stood around muttering obscenities at one another."
[22] I.e., *Schmutz* (Ger.) = smut, or smutty person.
[23] On Irishmen, also see: pp. 181/311 and 192/330.

down into the interstice…between the hull and the wall…into the flotsam, which was even more suffocating… They wound up in the propellers…

In the depths of the hangar, the agent of that powerful company, the “Dispatcher,”[24] waits until everything is ready, until the row is over, taking his time over his lunch, standing, atop an overturned trunk…

[27/] I would always see him, with ham…peas…what have you…on a big pewter plate…the peas as big as prunes… He never left off tending to his mug, nor did he quit his house-coat, nor his great “manifest” napkin… He waited until everything had quieted down…until the pugilism was over…he didn’t bat an eyelash… He never pressed things. He’d be feeding his face clear to the end…

“Ready, Mr. Jones?” he would finally ask…once calm had been reestablished…

The Second would respond:

“Ready, Mr. Forms!…”

After the fracas the Kikes would always come around to reentering into the holds, and infiltrating into the stores, using “papers” and the policeman on duty… They set to business around the winches, and let off the brake… It groaned…it squealed…and then it would roll… And England carried on!… The cranes went up and down. And the most stupid would be found fallen between the freighter and the dockside with a little blade in the ass…

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[24] OV: “Soumissionnaire.”

Let's talk about something else just a little…

Towards the end of the summer, I was still at Saint-Malo… I was taking in some fresh air, after a harsh winter… I was walking along the shore ruminating, daydreaming. I was returning from the "Grand-Bé," that day, in a pensive mood. I was slowly making my way up the road in the shadow of the ramparts, when a voice…cried out my name… giving me a start…a lady was hailing me…from far off… just legs and a head… she takes form… she arrives…a newspaper fluttering in her hand.

"Ah! say there! …come take a peek!… Take a look at my newspaper! …how they speak of you!… Ah! you still haven't read it?…"

She underlined the passage for me with her finger… Ah! how they set you up! She was totally jubilant about it…as happy as possible…

"You are Céline, aren't you?…"

"But yes…but yes… That's my alias…my *nom de guerre*!… This is the newspaper of whom? …the newspaper of what? …that you have?…"

"Read it! what they've written first of all! …but it's *Le Journal de Paris*! The '*Journal*' of journals… 'Renegade!' …that's what they've dubbed you… Ah! it's down there in black and white… A renegade! …like André Gide, whom they've added…like M. Fontenoy and so many others…"

Zapped! my heart skipped a beat! I jumped! I flipped!… I've been called a thousand different things…but never yet a renegade!…

"Me a renegade?… I've reneged against whom?… I've reneged upon what?… I've reneged upon nothing!… But I have never reneged against anybody… The outrage is enormous! Who is this turd-face who [28/] presumes to take me to task over the issue of Communism?… Someone who goes by the name of Helsey!… But I don't know him! …where did he come up with such insults?… From whence did he come, this bilious maniac? Isn't he cheeky, this motley specimen?…" The article was written in bold type in the middle of the page… there was no way that a guy could miss it…the lady was right…

"The opinions of renegades, of the Gides, the Célines, the Fontenoys, etc., are of no importance, of course… They burn that which they have adored…" He's a blow-out, this hollow-head, shit!… By what right does he see it fit and proper, this calf's head, to produce garbage of this sort?… But I have never reneged upon anything at all! And I have never adored anything!… Where had he ever seen that written down?… Never have I climbed upon the platform in order to cry out loud amongst all the echoes, *urbi et orbi*: "That's what I

am!… I'll eat the whole thing!… I'll swallow the whole thing raw!… Let me die of it!…" No! No! No! I have neither nit-picked nor waxed hyperbolic, at any of the meetings!… I adore you my Stalin! my beloved Litvinov! my Comintern![25] I will passionately devour your every word! As for myself, I've never voted[26] in my life!… My card[27] must still be down at the City Hall of the "Second"[28]… I had always known and understood that the idiots were in the majority, and that it has well been predetermined who will win!… Why should I allow myself to be bothered by all of that? It's all understood in advance… I had never signed their petitions…for the martyrs of this…for the tortured souls of that… You can well rest assured…that it's always some Jew who is up to something…from some Kikeish or Masonic committee… If it were me, a poor simple "tortured" idiot of an indigenous Frenchman…no one would mourn my departure… No petition would be circulated to save my ass…from one end of the planet to the other… The whole world, to the contrary, would rest quite content…my brothers of the race above all…and then the Jews in unison… "Ah!" they would write, to wit! "They were jolly well justified in bringing the Ferdinand down upon his knees… He was a dirty, vicious old reprobate, a dirty hysterical old bullshitter… He must never be allowed back out of his cage… that damned loudmouth. Would that he'd expire as soon as possible!…" That is what they would say with regard to my head…this manner of grief is time-tested… I myself am well-informed… thus I never belong to anything… neither to the *radiscots*…nor to the Colonels… nor to the Doriotists… nor to the "Christian Scientists," nor to the Freemasons, those Boy Scouts of the occult… not to the Children of Garches, nor to the Sons of Pantin, nor to anything whatever!… I belong to myself, to the extent that I can… That's already hard enough given the present day and age. When one is dealing with Jews, it is they who lay claim to every advantage, all of the pity, all of the charity; it's their race, they take everything, they return nothing.

But in speaking again of my voyage, inasmuch as the *Journal* has provoked me, it is necessary for me to explain myself a little…to provide a few details. I didn't go to Russia[29] as part of a royal entourage!… That is to say, as minister,[30] envoy, pilgrim, buffoon and art critic, I paid for it all on my own hook…with my own little well-earned wad, completely: the hotel, the taxies, the travel, the interpreter, the cooking and the chow… Everything!… I paid out a fortune in rubles… in order to see everything at my leisure… I was not hesitant in making the expenditure… And now it's the Soviets who are assessing me for still more dough… Or so they think!… As though that were of interest to people. I didn't assess them one farthing! …not one thank-you! not one cup of coffee!… I paid for it all completely, all of it well more costly than at no matter which "Intourist"[31] facility… I was on the take for nothing. I still have the mentality of a worker before the War[32]… I am not the sort who complains much when he is somewhat in debt… But all the same it is usually the other way around… I am always the creditor… in due and proper form…pursuant to my rights as an author…and without a favorable translation[33]… let us not be mistaken!… I was always obliged to maintain a deposit of two thousand rubles, that is the exact amount, in my account at their State Publishing House!… Nor did I upon embarking bother to send a telegram to

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[25] Facetious acclamation.
[26] i.e. in PCF party elections.
[27] PCF membership card.
[28] i.e. the Second Arrondissement (borough) of Paris.
[29] See pp. 192-218 of this work, for details concerning Ferdinand's trip to Russia.
[30] Facetious attribution.
[31] "Intourist" = the Soviet state travel agency.
[32] WWI.
[33] Céline did not receive wide popular recognition in the USSR, due to the lack at that time of a decent Russian translation of his works.

Stalin the Big Dinosaur, felicitating him, and embracing him. And I didn't go snoring along in a special train, I traveled just like everybody else, albeit much more freely, insofar as I was paying for everything as I went… Between [29/] noon and midnight, I was accompanied everywhere by an interpreter (connected with the police). I paid for the whole deal… Her name was Natalie, and she was by the way very well mannered, and by my faith a very pretty blonde, a completely vibrant devotee of Communism, proselytizing you to death, should that be necessary… Completely serious moreover…try not to think of things! …and of being spied upon! *nom de Dieu*!…

I stayed at the Hotel Europa, second rate, cockroaches, centipedes on every floor… I am not saying all this simply in order to be dramatic… I have certainly seen worse…but all the same it wasn't "prestige"… and counting nothing but the room it came out to: the equivalent of two hundred and fifty francs a day! I departed to the Soviets under the commission of no newspaper, no firm, no party, no publisher, no police agency whatever, completely on my own hook, only out of curiosity… Let me repeat that! …as honest as gold!… Natalie used to leave me around midnight or so… And then I was at liberty… I frequently made my rounds at the bars, after her departure, for a little happiness… I followed along behind groups of people…into the curious corners of the city… Through random encounters I was allowed into the homes of a goodly number of people… all completely unknown. With my city map I found myself in little-known neighborhoods…in the wee hours of the morning… No one led me back home… I am not a small child… I am somewhat familiar to the police, all over the world… It would astonish me if they were to have me followed… I can thus speak of myself, as an impartial reporter, a maker of observations… I could also, by running off at the mouth, get twenty people shot… When I say: everything is distasteful in a given disreputable country, I can be believed without reservation… (just as it is true that the *Columbie* met with some machine-gun fire when passing before Cronstadt, one fine evening last summer)…

The misery that I saw in Russia[34] is scarcely to be imagined, Asiatic, Dostoevskiian, a Gehenna of mildew, pickled herring, cucumbers, and informants… The Judaized Russian is a natural-born jailer, a Chinaman who has missed his calling, a torturer, the perfect master of lackeys. The rejects of Asia, the rejects of Africa… They were just made to marry one another… It's the most excellent coupling to be sent out to us from the Hells… I am not hesitant to say that after one week of walking about, I had well made-up my opinion… Natalie, as was her duty, had gently tried to indoctrinate me, to make me go back on my words…and then she became angry… when she saw my resistance… It failed to change anything at all… I repeated to everyone around me in Leningrad, to all the tourists, and to all the Russians with whom I spoke, that it was a rough country, and that it was fitting for neither man nor beast to be caught-up in such a mire… Whereupon Natalie began to contradict me, and endeavored to convince me otherwise… I had written to everybody concerning this on postcards, which they could certainly have seen at the Post Office, insofar as they were curious as to what sort of wood I was using to warm myself… Because I myself had nothing to deny!… I have never put on kid gloves… I think what I want, as I can…aloud…

My indignation is understandable, it is natural, given the fact that I was termed a renegade!… I don't like that… This Helsey earns his 'tack through the vilification of well-intentioned people… I said so to the person who had me read that echo… Isn't this feather-duster capable of doing anything else? Today he's bullshitting on Communism… Tomorrow he'll be nattering about Tariffs…and the next day about the Stratosphere. Provided that he can

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[34] Refers to the Soviet Union of the mid-1930s, rather than to Russia *per se*.

pass that turd, he'll lay it down… It's a jingle-bell! …so long as it sells!… That's his entire technique… But then again it was vacation-time…thus I had some leisure… I said to myself: "Well, I'm going to bullshit 'em right back!" I took up my scintillating plume and wrote one of those editorial letters! to the editor of the *Journal*…it was a rectification… I assure you… I awaited its insertion… I tried one more time…two more times… There was no more of a rectification that there's butter in [30/] bottles… That's the rottenness of the Press… You are vilified…it's gratuitous… I would have sent a lawyer to defend my honor!… He would have told me that it's so much per word… I would still have been had… How much is it worth to call a *Prix de l'Honneur* recipient a "Renegade"?… If I were to kill Helsey, with a pistol, It would still be me who would be going to the bank… And perhaps in addition there would be no more Helsey!… Finally…in no way did they tell the truth in the "*Journal*," the journal of Paris… I am in the right, and that's a fact… They gave me some flat excuses… The excuses of people like that are not at all agreeable.

* … * … * … * … *

"Le Seigneur tient ses assises parmi les nations remplies de cadavres, il écrase les têtes dans les contrées tout autour."
(Bible, psaume 110)[35]

In all candor, it appears to me that all of those who have returned from Russia talk in order to avoid saying anything… They return full of details concerning inconsequential items, while avoiding the essential: they say nothing about the Jew. The Jew is a taboo in all of the books which they present us. Gide, Citrine,[36] Dorgelès, Serge, etc., don't say a word about it… Therefore they babble… They give the impression of having busted-up the violin, of having overturned the dish, but in reality they have broken nothing at all. They cheat, they trace around, they dodge about the essential issue: the Jew. It is the consummate sleight-of-hand, it is bravado…there is a net, one might fall, and not get broken-up. One might get a little sprain…One leaves amongst applause…The roll of drums! You will be forgiven, rest assured!…

At the present time, the only important thing for the man of affairs, the literary intellectual, the film director, the financier, the industrialist, the politician (for whom this is most important) is not to run afoul of the Jews. The Jews are our masters – here and there, in Russia, in England, in America, everywhere! …Be the clown, the insurgent, the intrepid, the antibourgeois, the fierce righter of wrongs…the Jew doesn't give a damn! It is entertainment…Gibberings! But don't touch upon the Jewish question, or you will be quickly put to the fire… Quick as a shot, you will be made to relent, one way or another…The Jew is the King of Gold, at the Bank and in Court… By proxy or in person. He owns everything…the Press…the Theater… the Radio…the Chamber of Deputies…the Senate…the Police…over here, and over there… The great inventors of the Bolshevik tyranny have elicited a thousand cries of horror… that is well understood. They strike terror into the heart, yet are never, ever seen as pointing out the proliferation of Kikes, nor as adding-up to a global conspiracy… An odd blindness… (at the same time it is necessary to bone-up on Hollywood, its secrets, its intentions, its masters, its universal hype, its incredible market of world-wide stupefaction… Herriot has revealed not the least little part of the essential work, of the capital of Jewish Imperialism). Stalin moreover is nothing but an executioner – of enormous scope, of course, thoroughly endowed with conspiratorial virtues, a Bluebeard for a Marshal, a formidable scarecrow, indispensable in Russian folklore… But in the end nothing but a stupid executioner, a human dinosaur for the Russian masses who can be made to kowtow only at that price. But Stalin is only the executor of lowly deeds, and is very obedient, like Roosevelt or Lebrun,[37] precisely, in cruelty. The Bolshevik [31/"]

[35] Psalms 110: 5-6.
[36] Refers to Walter McLennan Citrine (1887-1983), English trade union leader, and author of *I Search for Truth in Russia*.
[37] Refers to French President (1932-40) Albert Lebrun (1871-1950); President at the time of Céline's writing of *Bagatelles*.

Revolution is another story! Infinitely complex! Everything existing as structures within structures, and behind the scenes. And in that backstage are the Jews in command, the absolute masters. Stalin is only a front-man, like Lebrun, like Roosevelt, like Clemenceau. The success of the Bolshevik Revolution can be understood, in its long run, only as having been of the Jews, for the Jews, and by the Jews… Kerensky competently prepared the way for Trotsky, who prepared the way for the current Comintern (Jewish), Jews in matter of sect and race, Jewish racists (as they all are), the armed circumcised avengers of the Jewish passion, of Jewish vindictiveness, of Jewish despotism. The Jews egged the wretched of the earth, those stultified by castle and clod, on to the assault on the Romanov citadel…and while they threw the slaves into the assault upon all that perturbed them, with armaments going off and things collapsing here, there and everywhere, those stultified by the clod, the hammer and the sickle, after a moment of drunken jabber, have quickly fallen back under new bosses, new bureaucrats and a new, increasingly Jewish, slavery. That which effectively characterizes "progress" in various societies, over the course of centuries, is the rise of the Jew to power, to all of the powers… All of the revolutions have given him an increasingly important status… The Jew who was less than nothing in the time of Nero, is in the process of becoming everything… In Russia, this miracle has been accomplished… In France, almost… How can it be recruited, and reformed into a Soviet of the USSR? With workers, manual workers (to the second generation, at least) as most enthusiastic Stakhanovites,[38] and then the intellectuals, Jewish bureaucrats, exclusively Jewish… No more white ["/51] intellectuals! The possibilities for white critics no longer exist!… This is the prime directive implied in every Communist revolution. The Jews can remain in power only on the condition that all of the Party intellectuals be Jews, or at least be furiously Judaized…espoused to Jewesses, half-breeds, half- and quarter-Jews…(these latter are more rabid than the others…). For the sake of good form, various well-enstooged Aryan figures are tolerated, for the parade before foreigners… (*genre* Tolstoy)[39] brought into perfect submission by favor and fear. All of the non-Jewish intellectuals, that is to say all of those who must not be communists, Jewish and communist being for me synonymous, have all been hounded to death… They can be seen at Baykal, and at Sakhalin in due season[40]… Evidently there exist some reprobate Jews in that number, the "Radeks"[41] … some traitors for the sake of show… such as Serge Victor, a new kind of Judas… They are maltreated a little… A few dozen are shot… They are exiled *pro forma*…but the ferocious convention of blood continues, I believe… Litvinov, Trotsky, and Braunstein are hated only in our eyes… The rare surviving Aryans, the former official *cadres*, the ancient families still extant…the rare escapees from the great hecatombs, who continue to vegetate in the government bureaux…the embassies…must give daily proof of their most absolute, most crawling, most extreme submission to the Jewish ideal, that is to say to the supremacy of the Jewish race in every domain: cultural, economic, political… The Jew is a dictator at heart, twenty-five times worse than Mussolini. Democracy is always and above all nothing but the veil of the Jewish Dictatorship.

Such "liberal" political hobbyhorses are no longer needed in the USSR. Stalin suffices… Frankly Kikeish, he will perhaps become the facile target of anti-Communists around the world, of the rebels against Jewish Imperialism. With Stalin at their head, the Jews are spared. Who is it that is killing everybody in Russia?… who massacres?… who

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[38] "Stakhanovites" refers to those influenced by a Soviet labor-enthusiasm drive of the 1930s, inspired by the coal miner Aleksei Stakhanov.

[39] Refers to Aleksey Nikolaevich Tolstoy (1882-1945; author of *The Hyperboloid of Engineer Garin*), **not** to the more noted Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy (d. 1910).

[40] Refers to Lake Baykal and Sakhalin Island, both in Siberia.

[41] Refers to the Bolshevik Karl Radek.

decimates?… Who is this abject assassin? this super-Borgia executioner? Who is this [32/] looter? Why, Good Lord! Why, it's Stalin! It is he who is the scapegoat for all of Russia! …For all the Jews! It is not necessary to be hesitant like a tourist, you can recount whatever you want so long as you don't mention the Jews… Blast the communist system…curse it! thunder… The Jews mock it fantastically! Their conviction has been made! and strongly made! However nightmarishly disgusting one might find Russia, it nonetheless represents the setting into motion of the world revolution, the prelude to the great completely Jewish night! of Israel's great triumph! You can sprinkle whatever you want over tons and tons of paper, concerning Soviet horrors, you can issue, wad-up, and strike your pages, but however much your pen attacks and labors with indignation, it will only make them laugh all the more… They will find you increasingly blind and obtuse… When you proceed everywhere to proclaim that the USSR is a hell…you will still be wasting your breath… But it will give them less pleasure when you proceed no longer to pretend, and that it is the Jews who are the devils of the new hell! and that all of the goys are the damned. But in spite of that effort at reclamation, you can be certain of the massive propaganda…(and the Ural mines are not yet exhausted)… It's a little more complicated when you sell-out on the party line, the Jewish party line. In the end, it's a little bit more costly… That's all…

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"Peuples, soyez attentifs, car l'indignation du Seigneur fondra sur toutes les nations. Sa fureur sur toutes les armées. Elles mourront de mort sanglante, et ceux qui auront été tués seront jetés là, une puanteur horrible s'élèvera de leurs corps, et les montagnes dégoutteront de sang." – Isaïe[42]

The Kikes that rule the Universe, they understand them, those secrets of public opinion. Hidden in the corners, they have all of the wires in their hands. Propaganda, gold, advertising, radio, press, the cinema. From Hollywood the Jewess, to Moscow the Yid, same boutique, same telephone, same agencies, same Kikes manning the lookout, the cash drawer, the business affairs. And then, down beneath, crawling along the ground, are the same masses, pliable and imbecilic, of Aryans of starkly limited potential, of credulous types divided one from the other, fore, aft, all about, and above all… An immensity of drunken flesh, the universal teeming and moaning doormat for Jewish feet. But why be bothered?… How does one stupefy and enchain all of that gloomy flesh? … reinforced by discussion and alcohol? Through radio and the cinema! One creates new gods for them! By the same stroke, more new idols are needed every month! ever increasingly more asinine and vapid! Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Powell, would you give the multitudes who give you their adulation immense pleasure, by deigning to appear in person for a brief instant? in all of your overwhelming glory? ultimately fulfilling? for several eternal seconds? on a massive throne of solid gold? so that that nation which is a fiftieth of the world may finally contemplate God in the flesh!… It is not to consummate artists, to geniuses most sublime that we address our timid prayers…our flaming ardor…it is to the gods, the gods of cattle…the [33/] most powerful, the most real of all gods… How, I ask you, do they create the idols which populate the dreams of today's generation? How can the most wretched idiot, the most disgusting freak, the most pathetic slut, be transformed into gods? …and goddesses? …received by more souls in a day than Jesus Christ over the course of thousand years?… Publicity! For what does the modern crowd ask? It wants to get down on its knees before Gold, and before Shit!… It has a taste for falsehood, for sham, for farcical nonsense, as no crowd ever has from the very darkest depths of antiquity… So at one stroke, the crowd is force-fed, and it just dies for more… And the more unremarkable, the more of a nullity the chosen idol is at the beginning, the greater are her chances to triumph in the hearts of the crowd… the better publicity can fasten on to her nullity, and penetrate, carrying everything on unto idolatry… It's those surfaces which are smoothest that are the easiest to paint. One erects a Josef Stalin just as one erects a Joan Crawford, the same procedure, the same brazenness, the same swindle, the same effronterous Jews controlling the ropes. Between Hollywood, Paris, New York and Moscow, exists an unbroken circuit of intensive propaganda. Even Charlie Chaplin works for the cause, magnificently, as a great pioneer of Jewish Imperialism. He's privy to the great secret. Long live the good Jewish whine! Long live the complaint which succeeds! Long live the immense lamentation! It tenderizes all of those good hearts, and along with gold it causes all of those walls which present themselves to tumble down. It renders all of those stupid *goys* even more

[42] Isaiah 34: 1-3.

friable, sappy, malleable, supine,[43] non-prejudiced against this, non-prejudiced against that, all-in-all "humanitarian," internationalist… While waiting I've come to know them well! that they are set into boots! Jewish style! and arranged by little shells of ordinance! Within this *fondue* of sentiments the Jew trims, hacks, gnaws, erodes, poisons, and prospers. The sorrows of the exploited poor, the forced labor at Citroën, the banners of protest at Bader, and Chaplin being able to poop billions, at by himself… Long live the excellent Jeremiad! Long live the modern age! Long live the fine Soviets, good Jewbies that they are! Nothing can resist propaganda, it's all a matter of putting up enough money…and the Jews possess all of the world's gold…from the Ural Mountains to Alaska! from California unto Persia! from the Klondike to the City![44] "The City!" "The Lyonnais!"[45] …the tellers' windows where they snag, to the sound of moaning, those sweetmeats from the palms of Aryans! the window of Lamentations! The army of clipped tail-feathers! The gold rush of loans on easy terms! Crying is nourishing! Crying makes things dissolve! Crying is the triumph of the Jews! It succeeds admirably! The world is ours through tears! Twenty million well-trained martyrs constitute a force! The persecuted surge forth, pale and gaunt, from the ages of darkness, from the centuries of torture… Here they are, the phantoms…remorse…suspended to either side of us…Léon Blum… Hayes… Zukor… Litvinov… Levitan… Braunschwig… Bernstein… Bader… Kerensky…a hundred thousand Levys…the crucified Chaplin…the tragedic Marx Brothers… We have made too many martyrs… How to atone for all of our crimes… We have made them suffer too much… Quickly, we must give them all of our jobs, all of our little wad of dough… Our last little farthings. We must be bled some more…to the end…with two…three…ten well-atrocious wars. All of the frontiers must be beaten down using our vile Aryan flesh… At present, there are too few pogroms…for us, *Nom de Dieu!* Only for us!… They haven't organized enough of them. They're a blessing from Heaven! I will get myself a tattoo of Golgotha, I will, in order to make myself forgiven.

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[43] OV: "empapoutables."
[44] Refers to "the City," London's financial district.
[45] Refers to Credit Lyonnais, an important French bank.

[34/]

"Jehovah created the nations so that they may be immolated as a human sacrifice for the expiation of the sins of Israel."

I'm climbing upon high, I'm going to see my pal, Popaul. It has been quite a while since I've last seen him. He resides at the summit of Montmartre. He's an original Montmartrois, Popaul, he doesn't come down from his Corrèze, in order to get to know the *maquis*. Conceived in the gardens of the Galette, one evening on 14 July, He's a Montmartrois "since he was less than nine months old." Thus he's a "purest of the pure." I know that he loves Le Bourgueil, so I'm taking him a little bottle, so as to put him into a good mood. I want him to chat with me! He's a painter, that's all I'm going to tell you, at the corner of the Impasse Girardon. He dabs away when it isn't too rainy, for when it does rain too much, it becomes too dark in his studio. But when the weather is fine, to wit, he is more often found outdoors, on a park bench along Avenue Junot, regarding the trees and the little birds, and how they must grow, and how they must scurry about in order not to starve, so as to capture them in oils. He takes to his sun like an old sparrow. Popol had some difficulty in finding the right situation, conducive to his dabbling, between the full sun and the full shade. Popol is an amputee, a great amputee of the Great War,[46] having given am entire leg to the defense of *la Patrie*.

I informed him straight away that I had become an anti-Semite, and not by just a little bit just for levity, but ferociously unto my very kidneys! …to uproot all of the Kikes! and to rearrange them into phalanges, into dense cohorts, into battalions to mount the charge against Hitler, and retake the Sarre, all by themselves!…

"Shit!" he said to me… "You are going to have a time of it!… The Jews are all in positions of authority… They cannot simply absent themselves like that!… You yourself don't think so either!… There would be anarchy!… Chaos!… They include some indispensable people! Your crusade is not well thought-out!… You would be ill advised to go through with it… The Jews are like lice… When you pick one of them off the shaft, there are ten thousand of them at the base! A million in the entire bed… I can't emphasize it enough… You are going to be brought to an understanding, o unfortunate one! You don't know where you are putting your fingers! Aren't you familiar with 'bitter dregs'? You put on a brave show! a false front! you are going to wake up on a slab… One of these nights when you are returning home from your clinic, a droll affair of a tile on the head is going to befall you… You could buy yourself a galvanized helmet, a Burgundian… You are wrong to get yourself

[46] The "Great War" = WWI.

so wound-up, old nut!… It's the effects of age that are bothering you… It's a bicycle that no longer has any use for you! You're not up to its speed…it'll make you dizzy… I've already told you to be quite careful… You are older, in fact…at forty-three years…(he's jealous, he can no longer mount a bike because of his leg)…at least you'd want to do like Hitler… But you are not the Tyrolian type… You can't yodel *trou-la-itou*… You'd be booed off the stage brusquely with a bullet! Do you want to do your little Barrès? your Bolivar? your Joan of Arc? Annunzio? With the Jews, it's a tricky affair, old buddy, you will be destroyed calamitously like the worm in the bottle, Ferdinand! quicker than you can say *oof*!… They'll have you flattened…not by themselves! …but by your own racial brethren… That I can predict for you! They have every trick in their bag!… They are fakirs one hundred percent… They have the entire Orient in their pocket… They come by…they make promises…they jabber…they swallow up everything… They never give anything back!… They are thoroughgoing at it, they will leave with your home and your heart… You will never recuperate! They're the Wandering Jews my friend, the citizens of the world! The swindlers of everyone! in every way! They see your pockets and your head, and they skin you alive, they drink your blood… And you are going to try to redeem yourself with scraps of paper! you have fallen to them, the same people, again!

[35/] "At the Beaux Arts, they have taken everything! all of the primitives! the folklorists! *sauce Juive*! The critics, all Jewish or Masonic, intone in unison, loudly proclaiming the genius! It's only normal, it's well to be expected in one sense: in all of the Schools they are the masters, the tyrants, the absolute proprietors, in all of the Beaux Arts in the world, above all in France. All of the professors, all of the juries, galleries, and exhibitions are currently completely Kikeish. It's not difficult to become upset… Me, if I had your considerable cranium, I would play ball with them… In your place, I would have myself made a Freemason… It's the baptism for an Aryan! it'll clean you up a little… It'll make you just a tad negrified… That'll help to keep you from sin… It is no longer necessary to tend to whiteness in France…it's now necessary to negrify… The future belongs to the niggers! *Nom de Cul!*"

"Ah!" I leapt in reply, "Popol! you've sunk me! you've left me shaken! I had believed that I would find a friend! A true soldier in my cause! And you advise me to fade away… This has become too grave a matter to discuss out of doors… Let's go back in, while I…"

I pursued my train of thought to its conclusion, back at his studio. After all, it was all the same to me, to have the entire world against me, in my anti-Semitic crusade. But I would care about Popol! it still means something to be a brother in war… I would exhort him a little bit more…

"Popol, how can you…be so supine?… A bona fide Military Veteran with a battlefield decoration…do you find it all quite proper?… That for every Frenchman of the soil, fallen under enemy fire in Flanders or at Verdun, one is now inundated with ten thousand Kikes, all of them mortally racist, most insatiable cuckoos?… Will it perhaps be necessary for us, to put on disguises, or to allow ourselves to be used as doormats? to the sound of *The Internationale*? …or as chamber pots…or as phonographs of silence?…"

"And what do you make of the proletarian?" he asked me in response…

[F.:] "He will be easily had, as always. He is alcoholic and cuckolded. Commuism is only a byword for party assemblies, a gigantic *stavisquerie*![47] You have seen the red choirs nowadays, giving us *the 'Song of Departure'* in *Internationale* sauce. Doesn't that say anything to you? Tomorrow, all of the hecatombs of the world will be filled with 'Kosher' meat accompanied by all of the favorite hymns… I am already hearing "in the street" that Blaoum[48] proposes to have Aryans minced-up 'in revolutionary uniforms'![49] Every revolution, no matter which one, turns into a fantastical Burlesque[50] as soon as it has begun. The esteemed ancestors of '93[51] were totally selfish as to who was the greatest of the great… Delirious madmen so completely full of themselves… All of them gathered 'round the treasury, as 'smotherers' of the national inheritance. Each did what he could for himself, neither more nor less than the Courtiers[52] had done… The ideas, the most exalted slogans, the most galvanic doctrines, served only, it is proven, definitely, for nothing but the fighting over the slaves, standing flabbergasted before their barracks, paralyzed from having to chose among the violent distractions, mouths agape… He who presented the most enticing hoax in the great fair of the world, would draw the largest share of the mob to his platform. Everyone would go in… Have everybody, once the herd gathers, hurry on in! Mugs, you don't know just how unhappy you are, being on the outside! The hinges turn, the chains go down, the tour is on… Greetings vile beasties![53]… You'll be seeing it again and again for three…four centuries…ten, twenty…according to the strength of the partitions. One master is as shitty as the next, all of them equally lying, cheating, hysterical and cowardly… Sadistic more or less. But they grow in dastardliness to the extent that they gain in experience… They reap profit, they learn…they compare… Athens…Rome…'93…the Romanovs… The Jews study much, and conspire [36/] incessantly… The 'showmen' of the Jewish Commune are in the limelight… They mount the stage with great fanfare… Proles! my fellow martyrs, proles from a hundred countries around the world… I am ready to liberate you! This I feel to the depths of my heart! to set you completely at your own convenience… I shall reprise the paddle, in order to defend you, my children!… Security in your old age!… Go look inside!… A goodly flow!… Have no fear!… Do you hear butchery going on behind the partition? It is a deception of your senses! It's a sorry piece of Fascist scuttlebutt! Go on! Go on! Let's press on! Let us all press on! If I have a large padlock in hand, and a formidable key… It's a gift that I want to give you… It's to make you appreciate things all the more! …so that you might fall back down into life… Go on! Go on! to the movie theater! …you'll have it every day…

"The Jewish International will make us nostalgic for Schneider, Thiers, Wendel and Genghis Khan[54]… The Jew will be the worst of masters, the most inquisitive, the most acerbic, the most meticulous, and I guarantee you, completely unfruitful, 'Monrovian' in matters of construction,[55] completely incapable of building anything but prisons (look at Russia). Where he has no equal, is in the exasperation of the Aryan, in making him swallow frogs, in causing him to rebound when galley slaves are needed in the slaughter, with no serious resistance, the Western simian, obstinate, drunken, naïve, and cuckolded. He's a born

[47] Refers to a corrupt affair *à la* Stavisky.
[48] "Blaoum" = Léon Blum.
[49] OV: "à la carmagnole."
[50] OV: "Topazerie."
[51] I.e., 1793.
[52] OV: "Gens de Cour."
[53] OV: "zoizeaux."
[54] Refers to: Joseph Eugène Schneider (French armaments manufacturer, and supporter of Louis Bonaparte); Adolphe Thiers (suppressor of the Paris Commune); Wendel (family of arms-industrialists and financiers, similar to Schneider's).
[55] Alludes to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, and the level of development attaching thereto.

slave for the Jews, all cooked, numbed in the head in primary school with rote phrases and then alcohol, while later he'’ emasculated through obligatory instruction… In order to ensure that he doesn’t get back up, he hust no longer have music, he must never again sing his little non-Jewish personal tune; his soul is crushed, just as the eyes of pigeons are crushed, so that they will not escape. This is achieved through cheap wine. Security police, ambulatory guard, military exercise… A dog more or less. A dog of the Jews, that is to say. No sort of Aryan satrap lasts, or could last. The only ones who rattle the saber towards the others, in order to exalt their own herds of buffalo, are mediocrities of mystical, parochial, intellectually limited, or perpetually defensive mentalities… Look at Hitler! The reality of the world today is that of globalist mystics, who must either prevail or disappear… Napoleon understood this. The great mystery of the jungle, of all jungles, and the sole truth among men, beasts and things: “Conquer or be conquered,” the only dilemma, the ultimate truth. All the rest are nothing but impostures, falsehoods, analities, and repetitive electoral natterings. Napoleon did all that it was possible for him to do, prodigiously, so that the whites would not cede Europe to the niggers and the Asiatics. The Jews vanquished him. Since Waterloo the die has been cast. Now, the deal is not the same, it is not a matter of the Jews living in our country. It is we who live in the Jews’ country. Since the advent of the Rothschild Bank, the Jews have universally reprised a powerful idea… They themselves would deny their words. To be everywhere, to sell everything, to keep everything, to destroy everything—the white man above all!… There you have a consistent program!… Later there will be even more programs, even more admirable… There’s no need for gold, precise orders will suffice for the mass of slaves. The Jews do not reveal their chiefs… They weave their web in the shadows… They exhibit only their puppets…their entertainers, their ‘stars.’ The Jewish passion, so unanimous, so shadowy, is the passion of the termite. In the march of these insects, all of the obstacles become weakened, ruined, and mattered back together little by little, unto the very fiber…ignobly resolute in the most foul, shitty magma of rotten juice and mandibles…unto the final calamity, the total collapse, into the Jewish void.”

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[37/] Doesn't one wonder why the press, be it of the right, the left or the center, never reports anything concerning the Jews? And by Jewish, I mean actively Jewish, attentively Jewish, specifically Jewish and racist?…

When they do decide to speak to us about the Jews, when they find themselves so obliged, by circumstances, it is with infinitely soft kid gloves, an incredible opulence of precautions, dazzling preambles, and ten thousand flatteries of the enfeoffed[56]: "This very great Israelite artist would very much like to receive us…a fine Semitic success story…a great genius and philanthropic financier of the noble race of the Rothschilds…a lost idealism, an overwhelming flame, of dark fires such as to seize you by the eyeballs, to the depths of your soul, in the heart of a young poet consumed by messianic ardor…"

All of these circumlocutasininities, these canine servilities could be better expressed in more direct terms: "Attention! my little journalistic scrivener, my fragile little gossip columnist! Attention! these individuals which you see before you, are so many Jews! Be therefore careful, terribly… They are members of the most powerful race in the Universe…for whom you have been the domestic servants since birth… For a single incidental remark they could have you removed from your job…have you starved to death without appeal…"

"At what point, Monsieur Le Juif, would you like for me to drop my drawers? And would you have the goodness to screw me?…"

Such is the significance of these pasted-on preambles, the profound feeling of poignantly hapless compliance.[57]

During the entire Stavisky Affair one word of order was passed to every editorial room around the world, a formal commission, which must have cost dearly every day… That little Jewish paranoiac could have been called a Turk, a perfidious foreigner, a half-breed, an oriental spy, a Polish adventurer, a hairdresser, a dentist, a parachutist, a pimp, a syphilitic, a Newfoundlander, a deracinated person[58]…anything whatever…for the sake of evasion, diversion…but never the proper noun JEW… He could have been anything but that… He would never have been able to survive all of his travails save for the influence of Jewry… Just like Loewenstein, like Barmat, like Mrs. Simpson, like Bigore, like the entire financial establishment and all of the rest…

Take a little heed…in every similar instance: the same fanfare… Saber-rattling on the right, confused chanting on the left, bedlam in the center, a lack of courage all around… The little ball eventually disappears! It's admirably well-played… If you were to risk even one little word against the great Hymie invasion, the colonization of your buttocks, all of you, even though you are journalists!… Rotten false-heroic poseurs! and your slatternly ink along with you, down to your very last characters, you'll be strangled so neatly that within eight hours even the name which you wore will be forgotten!… Unto the color of your pages… Not one personal notice! Not one theatrical notice! within five seconds it'll be excised, transmitted and made to disappear. Not one letter of credit, not one permit, not one piece of paper, and

[56] OV: "enfiotés."
[57] OV: "veulisseries poignantes."
[58] OV: "heimatlos" (Ger.).

pretty soon not one novel, not one telephone call, only the void!… The Jew can create a desert around any sort of business, bank, industry, theater, or journal… Ford[59] was horrified by them, but he was forced to shut his face, as powerful as he was. He was forced to jump into the eight hours!… The Jew either irrigates or he doesn't irrigate! …with gold!… Either this works or it no longer [38/] works. If it no longer works, Mankind starves. As bravely, as stoically as one can possibly imagine.

O feckless campaign! O furious compromise! O needy hypocrisies! O grumblings of old flunkies!… Swear! Anathematize! Curse! Combat the moon! Tear down the Communist ordinances! Vituperate into the megaphones!… What effect will it have? None whatever! All of the absolute masters of the world, are absolutely all Kikes! In New York, Hollywood, Milan, Prague, Berlin, Moscow…it's all the same…in spite of all appearances, the same collaborators in the same cosmic farce… Thus what better thing could happen to them than to have the barbarians behind their gates fidget, skin themselves, and rattle their shackles and chains, like this and like that, over a bunch of foolishness? It is necessary to lift some balls-and-chains back up out of the gutter, anything more than this being too much…from time to time. Revolutions serve in this…they serve in nothing else…to moisten the penitentiary irons a little better, those pretty handcuffs, made to disappear, "tall tales"…

But wait! what is it that the Jews are talking about amongst themselves, a constitution? yet another one? It's all the same to us Hymies who we'll grab by the sleeve! Communism? But it is perfectly well at hand! We will all become "commissars" on the day that the Stock Exchanges close… The Stock Exchanges are, more than anything else, tiresome…there are some gaps…there are still some *goyim* taking advantage of the liberties…who insinuate themselves somewhat into the dividends… This decidedly must be brought to an end. This abuse is going to be suppressed!… All of them are going to be brought back into order, into the perfect herd… That is to say, that the pensioners will eat garbage alongside the other dogs… The gold is for us, the Jews! The Jews get the gold! Anyone more would be too many!… The world is ours! …it's not for the losers… It's for us Hymies, the most brooding paranoiacs in the Universe! whose voracity is a thousand times as strong… The new scheme is already prepared…the terrific "slot machine"!… Absolutely, entirely Jewish for the politico-financial transition, with Mongol guards… All of the edicts are ready to go. Simply to promulgate them shall be sufficient. They're already circulating in the Lodges, where they are greatly admired:

"1° All of the gold in the true democracies, the true People's governments, shall henceforth be reserved for international exchange; 2° Value held as currency, or as notes, shall no longer circulate abroad, but such coupons shall be reserved for use in domestic exchange."

This is what the edicts of the Future will say…and what they will mean in plain French:

"Beginning today, only Jews will be able to travel…" All alone or with their family, or better yet more amiably with their little native servants, those most up-sucking, most idolatrous, intimate little hostages of the bedroom, and colonial buffoons.

Through this sleight of hand, gold will become entirely the property of the Jews, the politicians, the Jewish commissars, the Jewish bosses and Jewish artists… Do you

[59] Refers to Henry Ford, Sr.

understand? As of this instance the natives will no longer receive anything for their labor save for some entirely fictitious tokens…some little salaries in “monkey money,” some “brownie points,” absolutely dependent upon the arbitrage of the Jewish masters. That’ll be the domestic money, sickly money, called national, for the purchase of a kilo of bread, a coffin, or some balls…

The Jewish lords, forever anxious, harried, will be in perpetual motion from one end of the planet, their planet, to the other... They will never rest... From New York to Yokohama, [39/] with Jewish cousins and brothers-in-law, from Trébizonde to Kamchatka, with uncertainty and anguish, they will go to sign accords and deals… to prepare the deportations, the shipments of new slaves, the Stakhanovite reinforcements. Right here is the “liberty” about which Dorgelès[60] is always telling us… 80,000 leagues under the Jews. Intimidated, oppressed by hunger, cold, and the madness of war, and preconditioned unto their very blood, unto their very marrow, unto the very roots of their cucumbers, the natives will of course no longer have the right to any sort of passport! For what? …for what?… They will march from the borders into the interior, into their formidable kennels, each pack enclosed behind the gates. They will march under the banners, to music, in great groaning choruses, carrying the magic placards, the effigies of their slave galleys, and enormous sentences of Jewish slogans… I don’t have to strain my imagination in order to foresee these events… I don’t need to make them up… It is enough to take account of the goings-on in Russia…how well the Grand Adventure is working out… Our future is there, in its entirety, presenting itself to our view, not at all concealed… The Aryans are not curious… They stay at home, playing cards, getting tanned out in the dunes, boozing, and joining together out in the woods. Meanwhile as for the Jews, they are moving about, they are all going to the Soviets to take account of things, and to pick up a little seed corn… Ninety-eight percent of the tourists who go to the USSR each year, from all of the countries of the world, are Jews…authors, sleazes, art critics, comedians, all Jewish…

They have gone to breathe in the breeze of Asia…to smell the admirable revenge. On the trip, those who aren’t Kikes, are at least Freemasons, important democrats, important demagogues, that is to say our most zealous traitors, unbridled propagandists, fervent ralliers for Peace! all of them sold-out, suspect, with eyes closed, all that they will absorb, is everything that they will be told…effete, gluttonous, greedy, and as screwy as a clop upside the head.[61]

As for that little refractory clan,[62] those perpetually complaining toads, they croak forth only what is necessary… They’re needed! If they didn’t exist, those rotters, it would be necessary to produce them, at some expense… They provoke, they justify certain measures, certain restrictions… Certain decrees for example: “All anti-Semitic statements shall be made only under penalty of death”… Here you have a very convenient edict. And I’ll bet that in a little bit right here, we will be seeing the very same thing posted upon our walls… I’m doing what is necessary.

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[60] Refers to Roland Dorgelès, French novelist.
[61] OV: “foutrés comme des clacs.”
[62] Probably refers to *cagoulards* and other far-right radical activists.

I must say that Popol and I had fallen into complete agreement, and had concluded: They're a bunch of vampires! of phenomenal pieces of filth, they must be sent to Hitler! from Palestine! from Poland! They have done us an immense wrong! They can no longer stay here!… All the more so since Popol, parenthetically, came to suffer a severe setback, in that his masterpiece, a magnificent landscape for the Exhibition, had been completely rejected by the City.[63] All of the Jews were honored, he alone remaining beached upon the sand…

But in putting together my crusade Popol, so worthy, so stouthearted, would not be enough, even so… I had to recruit some more… I forestalled him thus:

"Wait up for me! I'll be back in a jiffy… I'm just going to hop on over to Bezon, I'm going to rouse my cousin, Gustin Sabayote… I'm going to kick him out of his torpor… He'll just have [40/] to follow us… He's a bachelor as well… Thus he's free in principle… His place is just to the left of the Town Hall… Just a moment!…"

At the moment when I walked in on him, Gustin was in his kitchen, in the process of opening some peas… Gustin has only one little vice, he smokes his pipe ceaselessly… I don't waste time on the preliminaries… I tell him the whole story… I bring him up to speed in five seconds… He answers me thus:

"Ferdinand, you have become quite the fanatic, thus you are always chattering on, but I'm warning you and I'm putting you on your guard, that the Jews are very intelligent…they are the ones in France who read the books, who gather information, who man the information pipeline, they are armed with knowledge , and occupy all of the high positions, all of the rackets are in their hands, they know how to make themselves popular, in addition they do good, to the little people, the forty hour week, that's their security…and then there's the vacations… You are going to get yourself put into prison… You are going to wind up getting cut to pieces, beyond doubt…"

"Intelligent, how?…" I retaliated. "They are racist, they have all the money, they have seized all the levers of control, they have latched unto all the positions of command… Is that how they're intelligent?… There's nothing of brilliance to that!… They do stay on track admirably, as they eliminate, dissuade, pursue, and hound down, all of those who might rival them, or cause them the least little bit of umbrage… It's their crusade against us, a crusade unto the death… That's the stuff of their intelligence!… All of the interesting jobs, they've put into their pockets…monopolizing, they expel outright or with little ado anyone who is not properly Jewish…filthy Jewish… Judaized… pro-Jewbie…ass-reamed Jewish… This is the great technique of the cuckoo… To put it bluntly, in order to cast a better light on things, if Einstein weren't Jewish, if Bergson weren't circumcised, if Proust had been only a Breton, if Freud didn't bear the mark, people wouldn't be saying very much about any one of

[63] I.e., the Exhibition Commission of the City of Paris (not the London "City").

them…these are not at all amongst those geniuses who will have brought enlightenment unto the world!… I can bloody well guarantee that… The least little fart by a Jew is called a boom! one of the admirable discoveries of our age my friend, instantaneously! through the automatic effect of the world Jewish apparatus…millions of little bells go off… That pathetic fart is raised up like some sort of miracle! and at top speed!… It is due to that that the painting of Cézanne, Modi, Picasso and all the others…the films of Monsieur Benhur, the music of Tartinowsky all suddenly become a big deal… An enormous favorable pre-judgment, world-wide, precedes and forms the prelude for every Jewish intention… The Jews, all of the critics in the universe, all of the artistic circles…all of the news media!… All of the world's Jewish agencies set about spitting forth claps of Thunder, to the very least murmur, the very least quiver of Hymie creativity…and the Jewish supremacist[64] publicity in the spoken media[65] provides an admirable echo… Every trumpet sounds from one end of every continent to the other, heralding, intoning, resounding, buzzing with the marvelous Hosanna! to the sublime messenger from Heaven! Yet another incomparable Jew at the palette! on the screen! at the violin! in politics! infinitely more brilliant! without contest more renovating, than all of the geniuses of the past (and all Aryans of course). The grotesque *goyim* are quickly caught-up into a whirlwind of epilepsy, they rejoice as a choir of cuckolds, they violently join into the chorus, with all the force of their stupidity, and they have themselves completely consumed within! …it's the triumph of a new Jewish idol!… In order to pack them in, it is enough to offer them a little more Jewish shit in which to wallow… They are no longer particular… They have lost all of their instinct… They don't know the difference between the living and the dead…the 'organic' and the diffuse, a cardboard box and the pure juice, the bladder rather than the lantern,[66] the false and the authentic… They no longer know at all… They have sucked up far to much garbage over too many centuries and epochs, to wind up with anything [41/] of authenticity… They would rather treat themselves to falsifications… They mistake bleach for spring water…and they find it most preferable! infinitely superior. They are geared towards the counterfeit. By consequence, of course, misfortune, shit! for the indigenous person who through some sort of original gift, some little bit of music all his own…one little whispers attempt! he immediately becomes hateful, suspect, perfectly shameful to his racial brethren. It's the law in a conquered country that nothing must ever be allowed to disturb the torpor of the enslaved masses… Everyone must fall back down as soon as possible…into the ruminations of drunkards… It is they, the racial brethren, who are most strictly charged methodically to obstruct, to denigrate, and to stifle. No sooner does one of the indigenous people arouse himself…than the others of the same race rise up against him, with lynching being not far off… In penal colonies, the dirtiest deeds are performed by the convicts themselves…amongst themselves, a thousand times as cruel as the most atrocious slave galley…

"The racial brethren have been well trained… For the habitual alcoholic, water from the spring has become a poison. He hates it with all his soul… He no longer wants to see it at the table…he wants some bottled guano…in films, in books, in monologues, in love songs, in piss… He no longer understands anyone other than the Jew…all that issues from Jewish taste… He eats it up, he's transported by it… And by none other! Aryans, and above all Frenchmen, no longer exist, no longer live, no longer breathe, but in the form of envy, of a hatred both mutual and total, of a fanatical, maximum, absolute scandalmongering, of hysterical, even petty bits of gossip, of a delirium of backbiting, of a denigrating alienation, of a low judgment made even lower still, more down-and-dirty, more ardently vile and

[64] OV: "raciste juive," "raciste" rendered as "supremacist" for this particular usage.
[65] OV: "publicité parlée" = advertising in media other than print (i.e., radio, movie trailers, etc.).
[66] As in: "prendre des vessies pour des lanternes."

cowardly. The perfect slaves, agents provocateurs, enthusiasts, sheep, base-metal slugs, two-facers between the office and the pub, admirably trained by the Jewish police, the commissioners of the great Jewish authority. No feeling of racial mutual support. No longer any sort of mystical community. The Jews swim about beautifully in such shitty sumps… This enormous, everlasting poltroonery, this mutual treason of all against all, delights them and satisfies them… The colonialization becomes a source of profit. It is upon this mean, absolute venality with the French peasant at the bottom, that the Jews entreat themselves, exploiting and speculating in the process of robbing… They fall into this environment of absurd dastardliness like a hyena upon rotted viscera… This rottenness is their feast, their providential element. They are triumphant only in conditions of full gangrene…

"Diligent, weaving, obsequious, informed, oriental, greasy, secretive, ever-ready to instigate, and to proceed forcibly towards an ever greater rottenness…even more spongiform, more intimate… They are good at it! They do it up magnificently!… To corrupt by-and-large…and more intimately… Along the routes of their triumph they've never encountered a more servile horde of lackeys, more self-defeating through mutual hatreds, and numbed by centuries of alcohol and divisive polemics. To cut and to rummage through this French peat, in order to extract all of the juice, all of the gold, the profit and the power, is the Jew's royal game!… The slave arrives to him staggering, broken, in irons… It is enough for the Jew merely to put them under his heel. The white man, the Frenchman above all, loathes everything that reminds him of his race… He doesn't want any of it at any price… Anything that does not bear the Jewish cachet, that does not carry the Jewish scent, no longer comports taste, reality or flavor to the Aryan of today. He must have, he demands his Jewish illusion, Jewish pomade, Jewish flashiness, Jewish swindle, Jewish imposture, Jewish cultural leveling, and by all that he would designate as progress, Jewish progress… All that is simple and direct, like his own occidental nature, he receives with suspicion, and an immediate hatred… He rises up, he goes into a huff…he desists only when those evocations, those phantoms which irritate him, are made to disappear from his view. Truth and simplicity insult him… A total inversion of his aesthetic instincts… Through propaganda and advertising he is brought about to make a denial of his own rhythms…

[42/] "All that is to be found any longer in cinema, books, music, and painting is the artificial, the convoluted, the funny face, the Afro-Asiatic contortion. It is necessary to go still further along the route of capitulation… Suppose that, one fine day, it were to occur to me, a little *goy*, to publish, God forbid! some small novel…to brush up some slender portraits…to transcribe some cantatas…to redact a skinny memoire, or some recherché study on the origins of warts…or the rules to the cup-and-ball game, we'll print 'em on the side…if I were nothing but a simple native…not even a Freemason of the third order… who would ever happen to read me? …to listen to me?… Certainly not my racial brethren… They overly venerate their ignorance, their indolence, and their pretentious stupidity… But certainly all the Jews who are walking about in the vicinity... If my load of rubbish, be it big or small, were to contain any sort of authentic substance, motive or lyricism, they would promptly deface it, and chew it up alive... The Jews are rather poorly endowed for the arts, biologically, due ultimately to their very nature. The Jews are disastrously lacking in direct emotion, in spontaneity… They speak rather than do… They reason before they feel… Strictly speaking, they can't do anything… They're braggarts… Like all Afro-Asiatics, their nervous system is purely reflexive and atavistic, and remains rudimentary, undistinguished, and all said very common, in spite of so much effort, and such enormous pretensions… Precocious and unsophisticated, but without resonance. If they go frolicking about in our climate, they are condemned to giving

themselves over to imitations, the tom-tom, and funny faces, like niggers and like all apes… They take in nothing directly, and assimilate few things to any degree of profundity…

"Like all of the great insensible types, their minds produce virtually nothing but follies.

"The entire Jewish bulimic process… By the way, this must be recognized…my racial brethren, on this occasion, show themselves as being, certainly, a hundred thousand times as abject as any sort of Kike… I believe that they have no equals, in the entire world, when it comes to puking with full gall all over honest work. The Frenchman in particular has become completely alienated from the Aryan ensemble by an intractable, inexpiable hatred, for all of that which, even from afar, reminds him somewhat of that lyricism. Thus he is no longer content to fume in private! his eyes turn red with anger… What moral bankruptcy… What brutalization! since the [43/] caves… What a rout! What an ignoble inversion into inertia, and into the shits… If only the Cro-Magnons, those sublime engravers, could see us now! how ashamed of us they'd be! There is nothing in our day more odious, more humanly odious, more humiliating than to observe the so-called modern French man of letters sardonically savaging a manuscript, a piece of work…just about any old beastly failure possesses some sort of an allure which is noble, profoundly touching, and worthy of sympathy. But observe that tinkling little braggadocio, so indecently smug, so obscene with highfalutin' oafishness, with pigheaded presumptuousness, that he's positively oppressive… How can anything be explained to him anymore? how can one answer him?… He knows it all!… He is incurable! Once he has obtained his high school diploma[67] he is no longer even approachable. He is no longer a cousin to the peacock. Anything that might possibly even vaguely resemble any sort of poetic intention, has become a personal insult to him… Ah! yes! But yes! why is he bothered?[68]… He leaves that unfortunate high school a thousand times as savage and as irremediable as a *kafir*. He finds all of his vivacity, all of his caprice, his capacity to shine, his *figarotisme*,[69] all of his tradition of pirouettes, his biting lightheartedness, and all of his affected contortions of constipation, only when it's time to flatter the Jew, his supercilious master. Then he puts forth all at once, he really puts himself into it, he outdoes himself. Everything that has been simmering in honey within the depths of his cowardly carcass he squirts out through his pen, at a single stroke… The other day, while perusing an art exhibition, I happened upon one of these pieces of trash and his ideas. It involved painting, and I'll give you the gist of it, from memory:

"'Ah!' this do-nothing exclaimed, 'it has already been quite a while, at least in France, that our most eminent critics no longer make any sort of distinction in their appreciation between French artists born on our soil, and our dear artists of foreign extraction! (read Jews) Paris owes so much to so many of them! The Parisian Influence! (Jewish). Now that they have adopted us, we must adopt them! They have all become equally French! (so you say! but not at Verdun!) just as worthy of the name as the others. Artistic fraternity above all! transcending every frontier! There's no longer such a thing as country in the Fine Arts! Let a single heart unite us all! No more racial prejudices! Cultural brotherhood! He who would aspire…, etc., etc.'

"Of course! Of course! Durandin! When your Jewish masters, the next time, order you to give their butt-cracks a goodly lick-and-blow…and to masticate the residuum thoroughly, without getting sick to your stomach, then you will surely be able to discover even more

[67] OV: "bachot" = secondary school graduation qualifying examination.
[68] OV: "on se fout de lui?"
[69] I.e., swagger. (?)

spirited bursts of enthusiasm, if possible, by which to communicate your intoxication… I can hear you from here… 'But to the French palate, my dear brothers, Jewish shit is a taste without equal! An ineffable nectar! verily! an ascension unto Heaven! Ah! unsavory fellow! Ah! cry poor cockroach![70] To those who are oblivious to the difference! To those who are holding back! To those who are not mobbing the author! devouring the adorable turd…the exquisite *caca* of Jewish genius! Yours is nothing but the retarded development of the soul!… The divine guano of the "French twice over"! adopted! It is this which must always be preferred, preciously, devotedly, over any other delight, over any other heavenly abode!'"

[70] I.e., syncophant.

[44/]

"All of the nations of the Earth will be bound to the Throne of Israel, following an atrocious world war in which three quarters of their populations will be wiped-out. It will take three hundred Elders to carry the keys of the Treasury." – The Talmud.

"But you are anti-Semitic, my fine mooncalf! That's vile! It's a prejudice!"

[F.:] "I have nothing in particular against the Jews insofar as the Jews are what I would describe as slobs like everybody else, bipeds in search of their soup… They don't bother me at all. As such a Jew is perhaps the same, on the job, under conditions of equality, as a Breton, an Auvergnat, a New Caledonian native, a "child of Mary"… It's possible… It is rather Jewish racism against which I revolt, against which I harbor animus, against which I seethe, unto the ends of my *benouze*!… I'll shout! I'll thunder! Those racists certainly howl well enough themselves! They never relent! with their abominable pogroms! with their secular persecutions! That's their gigantomaniacal alibi! That's their great cake! their cream! Don't bring me that trunk through which the Jews drolly rummage for histories of persecution! *foutre bite!* I'd rather believe my own eyes! If only they hadn't deployed so many *zouaves* all over the surface of the planet, if only they hadn't shit away so many men, then maybe they wouldn't be taking such a beating!… Those who have hung a few of them, had well had good reason… Those Kikes had best be on their guards! Patience becomes worn, then lost… a pogrom doesn't come about for nothing!… A pogrom is a great success in its genre, an implosion of something… It is not humanly possible to believe that others are all uniformly shitty… That would be too facile…

"It is well to note that in France no one has ever done them harm… They have prospered and more, they have taken all of the top positions… They were treated very liberally, all the way down to their shorts, but now look at how they behave!… A band of vociferous rats, of intractable, implacable enemies… The great martyrdom of the Jewish race is a phenomenal fake…which works on the Christians, forever gullible, bird-brained and enthusiastic cuckolds…two million martyrs in France alone,[71] that makes up a considerable force! It's invincible, to tell you the truth… Once they get a sure grip on our bones, once they've softened our good hearts, once they are quite sure that they possess us down to our very last leucoplasts, then they will transform themselves into despots, the very most arrogant and brazen that have ever been seen in all of History.

[71] Facetiously refers to the French Jewish population of about two million.

"Napoleon always said: 'For me, neutrality means the disarmament of others.' This is an excellent principle. The Jews could say quite the same thing: 'For us, communism means the enslavement of all the others'…

"Just take a little look at the victims of the Jews throughout the ages…over the course of this or that war (such a small population) they never suffered too badly, they never got too raw of a deal, they never got it as bad as did those knuckle-headed Aryans. Save your tears!… They don't often fly off to combat. More often they follow it at the Stock Exchanges! Hecatombs? Hecatombs? Buy orders… Sell orders… Transfers…[72]

"In Russia, as soon as they were in command, the Hymies didn't waste any time in setting about to the decimation of the Aryans… Over the past seventeen years, they have had the impure destroyed by the millions… The Jews don't like to see the color of blood? That's not worth the price of a nail! Not their own of course!… But that of others, they give themselves a generous view…as soon as [45/] the opportunity presents itself. You must well remember, that for a Jew…every non-Jew is nothing but an animal! At best he might be amusing, useful, dangerous, or picturesque… Never anything more…

"The chosen people haven't yet proceeded to carry out mass executions in our precincts, only the occasional murder. But these matters will not be left to wait much longer. In anticipation of the great spectacle, one works the beast lightly… Or rather by fits and starts, and by changes in direction, according to panics planned in advance… One day they reign him in, the next day they grease his joints, so long as the animal becomes confused, goes berserk and exhausts itself when it gets to the arena…puking, spitting out all of its blood little by little…into the sawdust or in the Stock Exchange… The Jews are licking their lips, they're enjoying themselves. Once the animal is on its knees it will be put to death, with no resistance possible…

"How much have our Jews gained through the coup of the Popular Front? …through the three…the four devaluations?… It's incalculable! Find me a single Minister who has lost even a little money?… Never has a sovereign people shown itself to be so generous, so grandiosely prodigious towards its emancipators!… Where have all of their billions gone? Don't go looking!… They're with the other Yids in Switzerland, Geneva, New York, London…in very beautiful real estate…refined tastes on display, in distilleries…in armament works…

"The Jews aren't speculating all by themselves! they aren't gambling without somebody else in the world!… They aren't the only racketeers… It's a popular tune. Wealthy Christians are also apparently doing all right for themselves, to a somewhat enormous extent! They are pouncing with the utmost alacrity upon all of the profits of disaster! Of course! Of course!… They're as big a bunch of jackals as anyone! Only there's a "catch"… The "native" capitalists' days are numbered! They are an encumbrance! They are nothing more than animals! They must never forget that! The Jews have not forgotten them… On the eve of the feast they will kill the white men like pigs for a wedding banquet… The white men are burdened with false illusions! They will not attain happiness! They are only hostages! The Jew closes all the gates behind himself as he moves along… No one will escape Destiny. The Jew keeps all of its keys… He tosses some bones around in order to attract , and to rally the most voracious… He will make of them his traitors of the Great Night, his Judas Goats, such

[72] OV: "Reports… Reports… Transfers…"

as are preserved at La Villette, some painstakingly maintained beasts, always the same, used to entrain the others, the herd, to the knife, the torrent of meat to be killed, bleating, and confusedly juddering with stupidities."

"The Jew is the scourge of Humanity, the enemy of every nation."
– Fourier

[45a/] I never reply to letters. That has eventually come to be known. I receive fewer and fewer of them. They are not a genre which I have taken up. No… No… It's simply that I do not like letters once and for all, and that I even have a horror of them. I find it indiscreet to be written to. I myself, I write to no one. "References" are my great phobia. Those I decline categorically, out of principle. As for the others, the ordinary letters, my concierge tears them up, she only keeps the stamps for her grandsons… You ask me: "What about your pay?" You can rest well at ease concerning that, it doesn't come upstairs all alone. I have to go down to look for it. It does not arrive by mail. The remainder is perforce nothing but verbiage. I no longer receive *The Argus*, Denoël[73] notwithstanding. It [46/] costs too much… And when it comes to the articles, I have to swear that those who comment upon your oh-so-beautiful works remain so far removed from the question, truly estranged, that it's hard not to laugh at them. It's truly a waste of time, a useless effort.

The critics, above all in France, are much too vain ever to speak of anything other than their own magnificent selves. They never stay on subject. First of all they are much too stupid. Even they don't know what it is that they're trying to do. Seeing them provides a spectacle of great cowardice, as those rotters set themselves into wick-whacky motion, giving themselves a grip deleterious to one's good health, profiting off of your hapless work, in order to make themselves shine, and strutting before the auditorium, camouflaged, those so-called "critics"! Those sinister shits! It's a sin! They take pleasure only in puking, and pouncing like foxes all over your pages. I know of some who are writers and even millionaires, who knock off their columns straight away in order to regain their composure, each time that I publish one of my works. That's the great consolation of their lives…for the profound humiliations, for their "inferiority complex," as it's called in psychobabble.

On the matter of letters, I've made one sole exception in favor of Palestine.[74] Ever since *Mea Culpa*,[75] I have received so many deliveries of letters from Palestine, that my concierge is in revolt. She has asked me what she should do. The Jews have been writing me en masse, from Tel Aviv and elsewhere. And then concerning the tone! in the fury of those rabid rants! enough to set the envelopes afire! The obsess upon Red-White issues,[76] those ecstatics! Ah! those little Passionarias![77]… (And there you have it!) Ah! how they love the Soviets! That I

[73] Denoël = Céline's own publisher.
[74] Refers to modern Israel when still under British mandate.
[75] Refers to a work by Céline, published the previous year (1936), in which he renounces any Communist affiliation.
[76] I.e., Bolshevik v. Menshevik, in Communist theory and affiliation.
[77] Obliquely refers to "La Passionaria," a Communist activist in the Spanish Civil War.

can vouch for you! If Christians loved their Pope with the same frightful fervor, the Pope would explode, he wouldn't be able to contain himself… From that enormous crash of insults, that thundering muddle, that unbridled cursing, from those delirious anathemas, something stood out despite all, above that extreme cacophony, of unsurpressed hatreds, a certain tonic refrain, …an air of the conqueror's trumpet, well-known, quite Jewish…the call that brings them all together, that makes them all march forward together in file, that gathers them body and soul into the great Universal struggle, and which air they call the "*Sozial*"… Their great alibi, their great *hallali.*[78] All of these "heroes" of Judea, all more-or-less anonymous, vomit upon me in German. After several pages of intensive diatribe, they nearly all wind up with some formulaic expression of this sort: *"Du! Dümenkopf! wirst du nimmer doch Sozial denken?"*! (You! Dummy! don't you ever think in a "social" context?)… *"Sozial denken!"* To think "socially"! Here you have that ferocious hobbyhorse, the great charger of the entire Hymie race! in all of the Hymie invasions and devastations. To think "*sozial*"! which in practice would be better said, in blunt terms: "To think Jewish! for the Jews! by the Jews, under the Jews!" Nothing else! All of that immense surplus of words, that humming scientifico-humanistico-socialistic verbiage, all of that cosmic wild-goose-chasing[79] of the Jewish despotic imperative[80] is nothing but wheezy confused gibberish, an illusory cloak, an oriental sauce for those ass-reamed Aryans, a rotten terminological fricassee for the adulation of the "effeminized white men," crawling drunks, and untouchables, who'll stick their dicks into what-have-you, in order to mystify themselves, and to stuff themselves unto starvation.

* … * … * … * … *

[78] I.e., the Muslim equivalent of "Kosher," or "according to the law," which along with "alibi" implies a legal rationalization for something.
[79] OV: "carafouillage."
[80] Alludes to a Kantian "categorical imperative."

"*Sozial denken*," this will be explained in a more explicit way once the revolution has been made, thoroughly made, successful, with the natives well-bloodied, immobilized, rounded-up, put into boots, and with the arrival atop our heads of a new influx of at least a million bureaucrats, replete with kids, concubines, beggars, henchmen, dervishes, and their [47/] lepers, their curved knives, their hashish peddlers, and all of that poxy caravansary of the Asiatic hordes.

Upon the first triumphal hurrahs heralding the "emancipation of the masses," no sooner will they hear them, but that they'll jump up, begin moving about, and then pour down upon France like a waterspout, everywhere, given the very least rumors. Upon the signal that "The Beast is dead!"… They'll let Tel-Aviv fall… They'll take flight from Kamchatka… They'll stream out of Silesia…out of the depths of Bessarabia…from the borders of China, from the Ukrainian mucks, from the Insulindes,[81] from all of the sewers of America… They'll pollulate along every route like rats. They'll rush forth by the tens of thousands… They'll be pouring in…they'll be overflowing… Charles Martel never saw the like!… These are the exact same kinds of people which are currently looting us and bloodying us up, let alone the ones which are thinking of coming over. There'll be such a rush, such a ferocious stampede for all of the goodies, that there will be some "collapsing-in of the earth" along the frontiers where they pass through. They will charge forth so thickly, with such density, between Dunkirk and the Riviera, that one will be unable actually to see either road or highway.

I will predict to you, that it is as it is written, the mother of the Apostles is not dead. The world is still full of martyrs, down there in their dugout cells, who are just dying with the desire to liberate us, and then to be "entitled" through the power of that same dawn to functions none-too-fatiguing, in one Ministry or another, with a retirement. Never have such Apostles ever been seen, as we have in our day, with retirements. In this respect the Common Front is only one little installment, one little advance into the Jewish future…

The Jewish future will concern itself with everything. It already concerns itself with everything… With the popular arts among other things, and that with a great deal of solicitude… The popular arts take an eminent place in the well-noted "*Sozial*"…

One evening, overtaken by restlessness, I decided to go down into one of those "Cultural" bars, in order to take an accounting of things, to see what was going on! To see what our cultural renovators, once they had "liberated" us, were going to do in the popular arts…

Things were not to transpire in a jocular vein, I was assured from the beginning, given a quick look at the faces, and at their "impassioned" gestures… I had thus gone down into that

[81] I.e., the islands of the Indes.

cave,[82] a little "Sorbonne for Martyrs," on the rue de Navarin, one a little more Jewish than the others. I have a penchant towards oracularity, for bullshitting to my great pleasure, concerning "visions," rather than for meeting Semites per se, which grew with each step that I took, but by my faith of a wanker! I swear! that I'd never seen so many Jews in such a small place, than in that Cultural bar, confined, smoking, and that I'd never seen so many bureaucrats, high bureaucrats, understudy bureaucrats, and so many Legion of Honor recipients, so many Apostles crammed together in a basement, shouting into the curling smoke, to the extent that I believe that I was the only Aryan at that reunion of fanatics. I had trepidations.

And how messianic they were! Fuzzie-wuzzies! four-eyed! anathematizing! And how frenetic about redemption! shit! They had modern art up the wazoo…you should have seen how they fidgeted, how they jerked around in those unfortunate chairs! And then they became hectic, trampling, enough to bring down the ceiling itself, like rats jammed together down in the hold, during the course of a fumigation, that's how they appeared. The way that they were arguing amongst themselves in that den reminded me of Harlem, and "Father Divine"…

[48/"] A wee little black man, of the village parsonage type, I remember him very well, encamped upon the stage, dominating the bacchanal, shouting above the din of the disputants, and I can still see his placards of himself, immense, larger than his real visage, he was something of a Charlie Chaplin character,[83] but a sinister, salvationistic and railing Charlie Chaplin character.

It was a matter of painting, such was the subject of the controversy…the "*sozial*" future of painting… And then it took on a vindictive and even tragic dimension, I kid you not! It wasn't a laughing matter… He was in the process of bringing the "Licorice" to a boil…tearing apart a victim for "crucifixion" paralyzed with fear, in order to convince them, in contending with them. "You ain't no vanguard mural painter!" he roared… "You ain't no vanguard mural painter! You don' know nothin'! about the direction ob Revolutions! You ain't no vanguard mural painter! You ain't no vanguard mural painter! Comrades!" He was drawing special attention to somebody named Wirbelbaum…some Wirbelbaum lost in the depths of the smoke, in a cloud, in a terrible whirlwind of gesticulations…

"You, Wirbelbaum, I's gonna tell you somethin'…do you know what you is, Wirbelbaum?…"

"Lay it out! *nom de dieu!* lay it out!…"

"You…you…is a painter what need a 'eesel'!…"

Where was that Wirbelbaum?

"Ah! Ah! Ah!…" he was choked with anger upon hearing that…he was having an apoplectic fit…the words no longer came to him… He had become mad…to have heard insults of the like!… Wirbelbaum was nearsighted, enough to make his eyeballs pop from their sockets as he sough out his nemesis… He couldn't make out the direction of the stage. He replied towards the back end of the other side of the hall… Father Divine continued working the Licorice, even bringing it to incandescence… He was in holy trance…

[82] "Cave" here refers to a bar in a basement.
[83] OV: "Charlot."

“Wirbelbaum! You ain’t no vanguard mural painter! …you’s backwards! Wirbelbaum! you ain’t got de ‘*sozial*’ instinc’ ob de Revolution ob de masses! …you ain’t never goin’ ta unnerstan’! never unnerstan’ nothin’! I’s gonna tell you Wirbelbaum dat you, you is a painter! ob de genner ob Fragoonard![84] Fragoonard! dat need a eesel! a painter wif’ a eesel! Wirbelbaum! Pictural propaganda! Real iteological propaganda! you don’ unnerstan’ nothin’ about it! you don’ unnerstan’ nothin’ about it!…” The Jewish Cultural dignitaries, such as Cassou the grand Poet-Inspector-Poorest-of-the-Poor (one hundred thousand francs per year), nonetheless dish-out the payola behind the Office…

Wirbelbaum, his friends having pivoted him around to face the stage, was hopping mad, in a meltdown, so that it was necessary to hold him back, to enguerdon him about using holds, using force… Wirbelbaum was no longer recognizable…he wanted to leap onto the platform…to tear down the other “vanguard” work…

“Fragoonard! Fragoonard!” he railed into the haze… “Ah! the liar!… Ah! the dung-heap!…” He thought up some more insults… They came to him more naturally than did the enunciations…the foamings…the asides…

[84] Refers to the court painter Jean Hororé Fragonard (1732-1806).

[49/80]

"Considered as a nation, the Jews are the exploiters par excellence of the labors of other men."
– Bakunin

But as for myself, I told that imbecile, I did! that I'm not a reactionary! not one single hair of me! not for a minute! I'm not a fascist! unconditionally! They are always taking you for what you aren't! as Talmudists! as obfuscators! as triple-entry operators like themselves! But not at all! I myself want nothing better than to share! I myself have never asked for anything more! There! my four bits are on the table! Without hesitation! and all of it was well-earned! I swear to you…in the forty-third year of his life![85]… Not in any way extorted from the people. He's never touched a single penny that he hadn't earned a hundred and twenty times over! His education was obtained on the job, Ferdinand, under one boss or another…you know what I'm talking about…as part of the scam before the War… Not born into the bourgeoisie…has never spent an hour in high school…went straight from grammar school to the streets!… I know you well, little man!… Time to get a move on, proud little fellow!… He's worked since the age of twelve!… Twenty-two different bosses, Sir, twenty-two… All of them kicked him back out the door!… But he had two or three other ones besides! …maybe even four for good measure… Who took great pains to keep him on the straight and narrow… They considered him troublesome… Ferdinand did have his habits. Like all poor people, he had been sold on over to the bosses since before he was born… He always, Ladies and Gentlemen, had to steal! to redeem! his life back, from one day to the next! …bit by bit… trying to seem like all the others…one slave in the galley… Working for the monkeys on one hand, and for his own personal good on the other…while being quite careful that no one know about it!… He hid himself away amongst the outbuildings, boning up for the general examinations with a deadly earnestness… Let me tell you how it was… His brethren of class were vicious insofar as they tried to liberate him, they were worse than any of the bosses, with their envy, their pusillanimity, and their gall… First came undergraduate studies…then medical school…and then finally the writing of the *Journey*,[86] if that means anything to you…but not by those pathways, I assure you, which go through Bureaucratic channels. He always had to claw, to ransom back his life, Ferdinand, from one little reprieve to another…from one day to the next…using a hundred thousand tricks…and dint of luck… I had to steal back my life…and even then I'm never free… They come to me each morning in order to take some of it back…that which remains of it…it's a regular thing… When these featherweights come in, and I have to listen to their incredible ordeals, their frightful adventures!… *Putain de dieu!* it makes me turn red with anger!… Superficial little flat crabs! If only I were willing to engage in small talk… What papers I could show! What passports I've brought back from the Bath… Eh! well it's all the same to me, Sir!… I'm fully willing to lay everything on the table. But only if there is to be "absolute" sharing. Nothing else! and by example! absolute! I'll repeat it right now!… As for myself I feel communistic without an

[85] Ferdinand is here speaking of himself in third person.
[86] Refers to Céline's (Ferdinand's) *Journey to the End of the Night* (*Voyage au bout de la nuit*).

atom of ulterior motive! “As you can see I’m more and more communistic with each passing day! today more so than yesterday and much less than tomorrow…” Do you recognize that jingle? Well then the whole world does! all together now… I insist! no exceptions! …none whatever! without respite! …not one false note! not one pause for that great choir! I feel communistic in my every fiber! in my every bone! the entire barbecue! and that’s not the case when it comes cheaply!

That which is called Communism in well-advanced circles is a great reassurance-cache, the most highly perfected system of parasitism of any age…admirably guaranteed by the absolute serfdom of the global proletariat…the Universalism of the [50/”] Slaves…under the Bolshevik system, a super-fascist farce, an internationalist superstructure, the greatest armored strong-box that has ever been conceived, compartmentalized, riveted, and soldered together using our guts, for the greater glory of Israel, the ultimate defense of the eternal pillaging Kike, and the tyrannical apotheosis of delirious Semites!… Salute!… For that truly! …not for Moloch! I just don’t feel like it! …to enable still other mad half-niggers a thousand times as bad, as incompetent, as chattering, a thousand times as criminal as those which are going to lose! So many super-Béhanzins… No way!… Why do it?… But if it were a question of true communism, of the sharing of all of the world’s goods and sufferings on the basis of the strictest egalitarianism, then I would be for it more than anyone… I no [”/82] longer need to be agitated, to be catechized…to be bothered. I am ready, so be on your guard… I am the most sharing person that you’ll ever know…and I’d let you share my bills, so that it wouldn’t cost so much for me to live… Communism such as you’d want, but without the Jews, never with the Jews. Let us recall a few events: Monsieur Gide, completely impassioned with narrative lacunae, torturous scruples and delicate syntactical scruples, was still wondering whether to embugger that little Bedouin, having already established some dirty practices over the course of that fine period of the *Voyage*[87]… I didn’t have to attain the age of eighty years[88] before discovering social inequality. At the age of fourteen I had the concept fixed well in mind, once and for all. I had had a taste of the thing…I didn’t need to read about it in order to know it.[89] If I may be permitted to note (forgetfulness now being in style) that before, during and after the *Voyage* the writers of the Left, officially-designated, officially-favored and raised on high,[90] rubbed themselves raw, here, there, and everywhere, in order to impart to us something much better still, in that “implicitly communist” direction… The intention was most laudable, perfectly honest… But where are the promised masterpieces?… Everybody had been drawn together, here, there, and everywhere. And how thoroughly they had been harangued! Enormously pontificated! how the skeptics had been fought! judged! afflicted! and cut to pieces… According to the ideological paradigm. What a massacre! And then completely carried away by apostolicity, maintaining that there’s nothing else worth seeing, that it’s too admirable to contemplate! how well the minds of millions of people were preconditioned! Amazed, exhilarated, and exhausted! by the sides of those stages! before all of those geniuses so radiant and powerful!

How thoroughgoingly the critics have crawled! how wholeheartedly they anticipated, praised, trumpeted, and rolled the drum for these little pieces of shit! for the least little peeping hatchling, the least little vinegary pinworm fallen from the asses of these geniuses…

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[87] Refers either to Gide’s *Le Voyage d’Urien* (1893) or his *Voyage au Congo* (1928).
[88] Gide was sixty-eight in 1937; hyperbolic characterization.
[89] Or, more literally, “I didn’t (even) need to know how to read.”
[90] OV: “en cour au balcon,” lit. “in the court(yard) upon the balcony,” implying both official protection and prominence.

What a roll of the drums just to salute the falling onto paper of those most pathetic of worthless turds! What a dirty deal done with fanfare!

Where then are the promised masterpieces? I don't see anything 'round about, off in the deserts of Promise other than so many heaps of bowing and scraping…all wearing through clear to the cord… With what cosmic effrontery is one pressed from pink to red! to white! to a "superego" more than red!… With a poor "ego," by nature so lukewarm…

This could be one of the great comic motifs of the era, the spiritual deconstruction of the writers (whether playwright or novelist) of the Left… ["/83] The soul has not followed, not at all! the doctrine, the overall hypocrisy. In this regard its failure is total… The communist soul isn't expressing itself anywhere…not in any of these books trumpeted with such crash and thunder…for one excellent reason, that being that they emanate from individuals, their creators, all of whom are completely bourgeois, at heart and in intention, passionately intimate with bourgeois ideals. They possess only the "skeletal doctrine" of communism, the folderol, all that comes from foolish premises… Ah! it's not easy to give birth to music on command! the test of ability!

[51/"] Where are the promised masterpieces?… I posed the question, without malice, believe me, to Mr. Orlov, the Director of the State Publishing House in Leningrad. Mr. Orlov possesses the most frightening, the most deeply-lined visage of an executioner that I could discover in this city, where a sinister bearing is enormously serviceable. Next to Mr. Orlov, Mr. Deibler, with whom I am somewhat familiar, would take on a benign, accommodating and pusillanimous air.

"Where are the promised masterpieces?…"

"They are coming!…" he replied to me, very engagingly, as is his manner…

"They will not be coming out, Mister Orlov, I don't believe, I no longer believe…"

"And why not?…"

"Because your authors are not very Communistic…they are rather bourgeois…and somewhat servile to boot…"

Our interview came to an end upon these words…a singular occurrence.

If tomorrow, for the sake of argument, the Krauts became king… If Hitler with his little mustaches were to approach me, I would rail on just as I do today under the Jews… Exactly the same. But if Hitler were to say to me: "Ferdinand! It's the great repartition! Everything is to be shared!" He would be my buddy! The Jews promised to share, and they lied like they always do… Hitler doesn't lie to me like the Jews do, he doesn't tell me that I'm his brother, he tells me that "might makes right": This is something very clear, and I know where I'll stand, Either I'll make myself reliable, or I'll get lost… With the Jews it's all gooey…all machinations…insinuations…coquetry…gossip, mutual back-scratching…feedback, sweetmeats… One no longer knows what one is putting into one's mouth, whether it's a dick or a candle… All told, it's a form of Freemasonry… A Revolution? …but I'm most favorable! No one is more egalitarian than I!… I *am* a child of Robespierre when it comes to the matter of being suspicious… And what of privilege?… But ["/84] I've never had any! I

become impassioned… He who hasn't given everything hasn't given anything at all… That's my hard-and-fast motto. The "Man of Means" is as dead as "Credit"![91] Who wants to try it? into the bath then! And all together! The high functionaries are in the same boat, and have the same menu as the baker! *gi!* No more of having one guy go on foot, and the other guy on a bike. No more of giving ten bucks to one guy, and a thousand to the other… You are going to tell me, concerning the aforementioned things, that it's all a bunch of talk, that Ferdinand is still running off at the mouth… That's okay! That's okay!… I'll admit it. I am going to give you some precise details, in just a minute! …to cite for you some facts, some circumstances, and I am going to be brief, up-to-date and relevant, I don't want to bore you, you tell me if I've been lying…

When the Transatlantic liner "Columbie" put in at Leningrad, the Soviet authorities, as is the customary practice, went to great expense for the sake of the crew…there would be only a few hours in which to bring these "class brothers," retarded by "soporific bourgeois mentalities," up to an enthusiastic temperature…to the point of being able to cry out "all power to the Soviets!"[92] Everything had to be done immediately and on the double! in order to make themselves admired during those several hours of shore leave…everything that the city and the regime had to offer, which would be the most exciting and the most revelatory to proletarian hearts. Autobus…tour…re-tour…churches…visits…revisits…re-autobus…indoctrination everywhere…lectures…finally something to eat… At the telephone manufactory the pilgrims were stupefied by an avalanche of technical explanations…"dazzling them with the [52/"] details" was a large part of that fine program… Visit finally over, meeting with the director.

A brief, cheerful lecture by the director, translated by a Jewish policeman acting as our interpreter-guide… "While going through our workshops you have seen, dear comrades, that here our comrade workers work in a spirit of contentment, happiness, purposefulness and security, 'Let there be joy!'[93] These here are not the overworked, fearful slaves such as you have in your factories in the West! Here, workers, engineers, foremen, directors, all are equal, everyone is pulling in the same direction with enthusiasm and perfect equality towards the construction of world socialism…which is the same task as that of international emancipation! …etc.! …etc.!… In conclusion, comrades, should any one of you have the desire to ask a question of the comrade director, he would be more than happy to answer you in all candor."

One member of our crew:

"Would you ask comrade director how much a worker in his factory makes on average?"

["/85] "From two hundred to three hundred rubles per month" (a pair of shoes costs two hundred and fifty rubles, rent ninety rubles…etc. …etc.…)

Another sailor cavils:

"And the comrade director, how much does he make, per month?…"

[91] Alludes to Céline's second major work, *Mort à Credit*, or, *Death on the Installment Plan*.
[92] OV: "Soviets partout!" or, lit. "(Let there be) Soviets everywhere!"
[93] OV: "Y a de la joie!" (a common leftist slogan).

A little awkwardness…some consultation…whisperings between colleague-director and colleague-interpreter…

The director (in Russian):

“Okay! okay then! …tell them fifteen hundred rubles…”

The interpreter:

“The director would like to tell you that he makes twelve hundred rubles per month.”

Then he became guarded in speech, stammering, being both enthusiastic and befuddled:

“But here, comrades, doesn’t the worker enjoy some enormous advantages, as I have noted for you several times, in that the workers are not as they are in your country, forever attached to ever more onerous tasks…here they pass through the subordinate levels of employment but one time! they rise! they rise! they all rise through the ranks! each comrade worker could become the director in his turn! every one of them!…”

The director (somewhat nervously):

“Make sure to tell them that I used to be a worker myself…”

The interpreter (going the director one better):

[53/”] “The Director would like to tell you that formerly he used to be a sailor himself! just like yourselves!…”

No more of a sailor than there’s butter on the bottom…but 10,500 rubles per month plus being a Party Member… No more beneficial to the workers than the Sahara is to minnows.

I have given you this little cascade of overrated frauds for the sake of example. Multiply this brief account by some three million cases, to include all Party members and the cousins of Party members, and you will possess something a wee bit closer to the truth, concerning things Russian.

[”/86]

> *"Jehovah has always been the God who liked the smell of charred flesh (Exodus 29:25), whose anger Man perpetually had to appease with offerings of blood. Though he was deprived of human flesh, animals were sacrificed unto him in such abundance that the Temple of Jerusalem became the most colossal butchery that has ever existed."*
>
> (Charles Picard, *The History of Sacrifices*)

War for the sake of the bourgeoisie has already proven shitty enough, but now the war will be for the sake of the Jews! I cannot find any adjectives which are of sufficient sliminess, of sufficient megatonnage[94] in diarrheic propensity, in the decay of a ripening corpse, so as to illustrate for you just what this signifies: War for the pleasure of the Jews! Such would truly be to gobble-up their gangrene, their very worst buboes. I cannot think of any humiliation which could possibly be worse than getting yourself destroyed for the Kikes. I can see nothing more ignoble, more infamous.

It's not just a question of dying, it's a question of being the very lowest, stupidest, most retarded pollywog that has ever been screwed under the skullcap[95] of all the Heavens… Just what do the Jews want? behind their socialistico-communistic blather? Their demagogic carnival? That whole infernal swindle? just what do they want? That we go get ourselves killed for them, that arms for their sake be taken up again by us, and that it will be us, we, who will go to be made to dance like marionettes before Hitler's machine guns. Nothing else!… The very Idea! as they call it, is phantasmagorical, a dirtier trick than the pucelage of the Holy Virgin!… For century after century men have been sent out to be eviscerated for the sake of such Jewish-influenced causes as the Holy Virgin's pucelage, or the Pope's balls! don't laugh!… The causes for which the Jews are currently able to push us towards the firing line are similarly null, similarly stupid. As for Communism, they themselves don't believe in it! they've never believed in it… The Jews agitate, propagandize, [”/87] and commit aggression in the name of their very greatest Ideas, using the guts of their *goyish* dogs… It should first of all be asked of the Jews, that they sacrifice their own guts first of all! in person…before committing ours. That all of them go get killed first, and after that we'll see… Perhaps then the Idea will germinate within the Jewish cadaver… That it is in this way that they can prove themselves to be martyrs, real martyrs, and not in words only. The Jews are always committing to the future, while having confidence only in the present… It is in the present that they are feasting upon our stupidity, upon our credulity in the form of an

94 OV: "myriakilogrammiques."

95 Or, calotte.

Einsteinian Universe of billions of years of night. These messiahs, these emaciated apostles make no contact with the Spirit, nor enter into any spiritual intercourse, save with the assistance of the very greatest comfort… Don't be confused! Luxuries and the good life come first! Absolutely. The only thing which will ultimately [54/"] come from either the Hitlerian or the Judeo-Mongolian crusade, is to divide the slaves between two quite competitive boutiques… Any non-Jew who descends into the arena will surely be left in the barbecue, and will never again emerge. He's a dog, at best, he'll get a bone! anything more would be in bad taste!… Never an ounce of charity!… The Jewbies came out the big winners, in the last round of bourgeois folly in '14 –'18!… Poincaré, Viviani, Ribot, Millerand, Clemenceau: crafty crackpots, high maniacs, imbeciles, perverted puppets, gutter lackeys, hateful, sell-outs, and Jewish salable commodities, salted Jewish meats, geezers drunk on the taste of death, cranks with rotted-out prostates, they tolerated the Hecatombs, those fanatics of the butcheries, in the unique hope, the miraculous balm for those cadavers in suspense, that not a single youth would return from them alive. Half of France was massacred, the youngest, the most virile, in order to revivify the lower tracts of four anatomical orifices. What's got to be done, has got to be done! Glory! All of the great vampires live a hundred years! And the next one will be even better! yet again more implacable, much more consummate, more bloody, more torrential, and that will finish-off the herd. The hatred of the Jews for the animals which we are is of such virulence, of such an unbroken, concentrated ardor, that we are to be tossed, burnt, skinned, and blasted to pieces alive, in the machine-gun fire, in the blink of an eye…

The masses will always idolize Shit, whether it be in music, in painting, in speech, in war or on the stage. Imposture is the goddess of the crowd. Had I been born dictator (had God so pleased) several droll things would have transpired. I know for certain that the people have no need for a Revolution, nor for ten Revolutions… ["/88] What they need is to give themselves over to ten years of silence and water! have them disgorge all of the excess alcohol which they have drunk and the words which they have heard since '93.[96]… As things stand they are irreparable! The people are so imbued with Masonic garbage and cheap wine, and have guts in such a state of Judaization and cirrhosis that they crumble to pieces inside these Jewish lapdogs, under the impetus of the loudspeakers.

During the time of my dictatorship, I shall so enervate my "native bourgeoisie," I shall make them learn such good manners, that they will come to miss the Commune, the Jesuits, the Incas, the Huns, and suicide by wild beasts. But our bourgeois are now "Passé"! They no longer mean very much!… Having always been the quartermasters for the Jews, they have been destroyed through insecurity, they crumple in fear into the seats of their pants. They no longer even know where to place their poop,[97] such is their haste to betray themselves, to sell themselves out, for fear of "not betraying themselves thoroughly enough." They'd have themselves made up like Abyssinians, they'd have their nostrils changed over, in order to have the Kikes reinstall them, tolerate them in the new order a little bit longer, and not deprive them of their "Accommodations" straight-away. They were born in treason, they will die the same way…in the arbitration of stuff and in the stuff for arbitration[98]… I often wonder which is more disgusting, a well flattened shit of a Jew, or a completely upright French bourgeois…which is the most foul? I truly cannot decide.

It can be seen that the next war will be along three fronts at the same time, and what obstacles! formidable ones! not little! but giant! I wish you all well and good! children of the

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[96] "'93" = 1793 (year of the demise of both Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette).
[97] OV: "fias."
[98] Or, "in the breakdown and in the settlement."

Heroes! sons of the Gauls!… Germany! Spain! Italy! Those who know how to dig, will dig! Never have there been such trenches, so deep! so broad! so long! filled with so many men at one time! For the immense glory of Israel! for the Masonic Ideal! For the vengeance of the little Jews turned out of their comfortable situations in Germany!… For the glory of the Stock Exchange! of Exchange Rates and of Commerce![99] and of Meats! For the fresh and joyous arrival of the millions of good Kikeish looters that [55/”] we are still needing, and who are consumed with impatience in the misery of the ghettos!…

Native Frenchmen, have a bit of courage! Don't go on sleeping like that!… Do you want to become degenerates? In that divine instant, admirably awaited, you will remember your knightly traditions! a Frenchman has never blinked for a single second when it came to the defense of the Homeland! Good blood does not know how to lie! Warrior's blood! The Frenchman [”/89] has rectitude only under fire! What a soldier! Bayard! Murat! La Tour d'Auvergne! *Présent!* Attack the Germanic hordes! Those frightful massacrers of Jews! The “*Internationale*”! yes! but only with the Russians! attention! the Judeo-mongols. Make no mistakes! do not leave Yubelkrantz waiting!… Lisok, Levy, and Rosenbaum are depressed, those unhappy fellows, over there, they suffer, they are in pain…while you remain chit-chatting before the gate to the mass grave… So what are you waiting for, you bunch of cowards? You can depart this world without worry…you will promptly be replaced at your jobs, in your homes and in your beds…ten for the price of one!… As for your wives, they ask only that you go, I must say! they are as impatient for you to take to the Gare de l'Est[100] as are Lizok, Levy, and Yubelkrantz…to push you towards the front… Woman is a born traitorous dog…just like the Jew is a born crook… Women, particularly in France, are just mad for fuzzy-wuzzies, for Abyssinians, whose naughty bits will surprise you! These chaps are so depraved, so affectionate! They understand women so well!… Ah! the Orient!…it's different!…you cuckolds of the trenches, you poor “kosher” meat! you will not be forgotten! you will be undertaken, snapped-up, swallowed, and assimilated into the Jewish Victory… Pensions will be arranged for your very consenting widows!… They will have a great time with your bones… They will go in busses to admire the sites where you were knocked-out for the Jews, they will dance on your graves, your dear wives with their Jews. They will come to your mass graves, and piss-away a Sunday, shoving your martyrdom back up your ass. Such will be the afterlife, and the remembrance! To your health, buddy!… England an ally? my ass! Yet another notable tin cot! They will go soft this time I assure you…even softer than last time… They risk much more… A year for mobilization…one more year for basic training… We will already be maggots by the time the first Oxford homos debark in Flanders!…the pretty Whiskey Home Fleet will spill out over an expectant Atlantic… The Jews are the kings of the City lest we forget[101]…it's one of their supreme citadels along with Wall Street and Moscow… It won't see much destruction…you can well be certain… Anticipations! many anticipations, a formidable “wait and see”… The Jews, the Jewish House of Lords, the magnates of England, they will do nothing precipitate this time… They have sent some airplanes...some generals have lunched with Maurois…and have had a little discussion with the Ministry concerning a tunnel beneath the Channel…

[”/90] But in this cosmic *corrida*,[102] we are the ones who will be footing the tab…it is our country, well designated as the most corrupt, the most decadent in Europe…which must

[99] Refers to the Chambres de Commerce de France (under whose imprimatur French coinage was produced during the inter-war period).
[100] I.e., the station of departure for the Eastern Front.
[101] “The City” = London's financial district.
[102] “Corrida” = bullfight.

cover all of the costs… Costs! which I understand as being our flesh…our gizzards…those of us *goys*! and ultimately our bankroll…

In the Balkans, the English Jews have arranged to send (or as we would say, transfer) Bank[103] gold, Czechs, and the Intelligence Service. The maladroit braves of Oxford, those delicate eccentrics, are giving themselves to demonstrations and conferences… They are militating at Trafalgar for the conscription of the unemployed[104]… But over here Bidart, Brodin du Puy-de-Dôme, Lacassagne, Vandeput and Kersuzon will generously supply all of the guns and all of the guide-wires for the Firing Range… With them there is no joking! no funny faces. It will all be arranged [56/”] in one day! They won't just be making like they're doing something! They won't be going to conferences. They shall deliver some bayonets, some gut, and I assure you, some grenades, and some heart… For them everything is a matter of war, no debate is possible…throughout the entire length and breadth of the country… And as for the Jews? Our fanatical liberators? …where will they be going? …our frenetic, excellent Hymies? …our rats?[105] …our adorable naturalized citizens?… Eh what? …"too old, too slow, too fat, too nearsighted, too cross-eyed, flatfooted, hypertensive, uremic"… The winds of glory pass them by, they are too fragile and too precious…in short deferred…at best…as stretcher-bearers…at worst: into the General Headquarters…"something" in the way of being the sort often inspectors of the lowly troops…also very frequently interpreters…officers close to the General who relay the orders for the butchery…often by telephone… What must be done must be done!…

Gutman said to me just the other day:

"You will see then, Ferdinand! You don't know the Frenchies very well! One blow on the bugle and *hop!* they're off! They gather together as though they were a single man!… And then they are chest forward! superb! prepared for the enemy…"

That's quite so… That describes Bidasse… It also describes Lidoire and Vandenput, and another ten million just like them who are going to go get themselves killed for the Kike! (two out of every three men killed in the War[106] was a peasant, and only one in 1,300 was Jewish…). Gutman was quite right. It will take only two weeks of radio, press and fanfare to get them all rolling along, well-intoxicated, to get themselves minced to pieces in the barrages, it's a childishly simple mechanism… Bidasse, Guignon, Miraillé, La Goumette, [”/91] and two million more, you are overloading the body wagon already!you're already in the great salting-house… But it is necessary all the same that you don't fidget…that would be too inconvenient for too many people…

As for myself, if I were dictator (this is decidedly a mania), I would pass one more law…one more and it'll be the last… You should have figured that I'd know the proper means for pacifying and clarifying, without delay, the international diplomatic atmosphere… Here are the terms of my ordinance: in three short simple articles…

1º. As of the declaration of war, all of the Jews of this territory, between the ages of seventeen and sixty years, including all half- and quarter-Jews, mixed-breeds, the husbands of Jewesses, and Freemasons, shall be attached, exclusively, to combat infantry units, in the

[103] I.e., Bank of England.
[104] "Trafalgar" = Trafalgar Square, in London.
[105] OV: "rats," could signify either understudies, or rats.
[106] I.e., WWI.

front line. No sort of infirmity, or reason for discharge or deferral, shall be deemed valid for a Jew or an assimilated immigrant. Soldiers of this sort can never be allowed, under any circumstances, to rise above the rank of captain.

2º. No other assignment can be given to a Jew, neither that of doctor, nor stretcher-bearer, nor artillery gunner, nor sapper, nor secretary, nor aviator, nor political commissar, nor quartermaster, nor chauffeur, nor camouflage expert, nor orderly, all in adherence to the principle that any retreat by even twenty meters from the line of fire will become a convenient refuge for the Jew, an open opportunity to work-up his acquaintances, and the first step back towards the encampment, the rue de Grenelle, the Lodges, and the airwaves… [57/”]

3º. Any infraction of these articles will be punished by death, without discussion, or dissent.

Thus, every Jew to the front line! no foolish ideas, and no foot-dragging! for the entire duration of the war! No privileges will be allowed. Jewish wounded will not be evacuated from the military zone… The will die if need be in the military zone… They will fertilize the military zone. One must be mistrustful of the Jews, even when they are dead.

As far as the Soviets are concerned, it’s already war!… Very well… So be it! …if the adventure turns out badly, which is wholly entirely probable, then our Jews must not be allowed to stand clear of it. They must be made to pay all of the costs, they must be made to taste it down to the bitter dregs. They must be made into hostages, immediately, it should already have been done, in order that they be made to guarantee with their own skins that human emancipation of which they are forever speaking. It will be seen how well this works out.

[”/92] Insofar as the Jews are our masters, insofar as they represent the Salt of the Earth, the Light unto This World, Insofar as it is they who must render this earth habitable, well then, now’s the time to begin! Everyone to the front line! *Nom de Dieu!* and no slacking! This is the time for them to treat us, and I want to see them enlighten me, in the front line! Render the front lines more habitable. Now there’ll be a marvelous spectacle: the most beautiful Jewish theater that you’ll have ever seen.

That would be a fine way to die! Not one to wait naïvely for a sign, I promise to raise the curtain personally, and to remain there for as long as it takes in order finally to watch all of the Hymies mount the parapet, so as to admire that sport most splendid, and in order finally to see Mr. Blum cease his idle chatter, and the “Benda Brothers” mount the charge, breaking with us out of spite, with a thousand bayonets in the ass!

[”/93]

“Wars and ***revolutions*** *are harvests for the Jewish people.”*
– Disraeli, Prime Minister of England.

Total population of France: 40 million.
Jews and mixed-Jewish: 2 million.
Total wealth of France: 1 trillion (francs), of which 750 billion belong to the Jews.
Frenchmen mobilized (WWI): 8,400,000.
Jews mobilized (WWI): 45,000.
Frenchmen killed: 1,750,000 (1 out of 5 (mobilized)).
Jews killed: 1,350 (1 out of 33 (mobilized)).

Declaration of the Grand Rabbi.

In order to be completely precise, let us look at the figures, During the War of ‘14-’18: 1,350 Jews killed, Jews to Frenchmen – this represents a ratio of one Jew per 1,300 Frenchmen [58/”] killed…(1,750,000 dead)… This 1/1,300th of the fatalities, I myself believe, represents exactly the extent to which rights should be extended to the Jews on our territory.

I would gladly grant the Jews 1/1,300th of the right to practice in every profession, such as medicine, for example, in which we have about 30,000 French practitioners…very good! …we would accept 23 Jews as colleagues. I’d be delighted! …that is a normal figure…absolutely sufficient! …But it amounts to nothing in France, in which there are about 8,000 established Jewish doctors…is it not so?…

[”/94]

“The entire world is governed by 300 Israelites, that I know.”
–Rathenau, Jew, Minister in German Government

“One Jew per firing position,” that will be my motto in the next war. First a Jew and then a Freemason…In essence the truly interested parties, the pretenders to inheritances, the practitioners of power. Above all it will not be difficult to accommodate everyone…it is not as though there are not enough firing positions between Dunkirk and the Bay of Biscay. In this respect it would be child’s play! …enough to delight the entire party! …there are enough for all the Lodges, and for the most hidden-away synagogues.

My modest decree on Jewish mobilization, you see, despite its ever-so-slight facetiousness, is not simply a minor burlesque… Well-understood, well-accepted, and well-assimilated by our Hymies, it could deliver results which would completely surprise you…completely precious and providential, allowing us to avoid, along with all flesh, the most enormous mass-grave of the ages…it needs only to be put into effect…it is already raising a hue and cry outside of our front doors…Participation most certain (just as the Jews are returning more and more determinedly to their “tendency towards crime”…)

You would see come about as though by magic, a current, what am I saying? some invincible, furious gales, some veritable cyclones of pacifist demonstrations! crossing all boundaries! it would rain down as thick as turtledoves!…

Miraculous rapprochements between enemies since “the depths of time” would be worked-out without delay… They would be sought-out in order to be embraced…from one end of the universe to the other… As soon as the cook [”/95] can be convinced that it is he himself, personally, who is going to wind up in his broth, he will no longer be striking any matches…

“My dear lobster! my dear lobster!” he cries out, he’s become tenderized… He understands… From that moment on, we would certainly be hearing a lot less about the Russians, and the great Judeo-Tatar alliances, so imperative, and absolutely indispensable to our happiness…to the liberation of our spirits. Once the Jews come to realize, and to realize absolutely, that it’s their guts that’ll be used in the fabrication of the blood sausage of battle, they will discover right away that these “Alliances” are most frightful… Once it becomes necessary to pay via the barbecuing of himself, even the most frenetic “Risk-All” will come to question himself… I assure you that they will discover some original compromises for the resolution of the Problem of Social Justice… Going chicken comes easily to the Jews. The Russians[107] will be abruptly left to fall, back into their Barbarism! …into their Mongolic night… In every [59/”] corner of the Universe, through the effect of one magic wish, it would suddenly be discovered, that the Asiatics really are impossible, insufferable!

[107] Refers to the Soviets, rather than Russians *per se*.

defecatory…guano-eating, puking Mongoloids, whose frightful like should never have been allowed to entertain us…who ought to be kicked-out promptly, so that they may go make themselves into bricks on the far side of the Great Walls… Kirghizes, Manchus, Koreans![108] The only conversation which would be going on any longer between the Apostles[109] in the cultural clubs would be of Scandinavia… Of the Norwegian miracles… The collaboration of classes will be studied in detail…the consensualistic trade unions. There would no longer be any talk about interventions, or of crusades, or of hard-line attitudes… There would be appeasement all around! All of the fascists would be invited to come over to Garches, to booze it up…to play bagpipes in a circle, and to coronate the "virtuous maidens"[110]… It would come about like that, idyllically…on the day when the Jews, all of the Jews, become personally convinced, absolutely persuaded, that they will all be climbing into the firing line, them above all, and them first from the moment of the very first fire, from the first salvo right down the line 'til the last, clear to the end of the very last Jew, gun included.

["/96] Insofar as it is a question of conquest and of colonies… I have to swear that on my part I don't see any difference between Blum's Jewish army and Falkenhayn's Kraut army… To me it all amounts to the same thing. The Blum army in its larval legions and its viscous formations…the other army ruder, but not more furiously rapacious…the same humiliation, the same duress, the same degradation, the same shame… I declare that there is no difference between a Jewish peace and a German peace, And that I'd prefer the German peace anytime. In the operation of his services, Monsieur Blum can quite confidently count upon the many French traitors and spies, as entirely devoted to his orders as they would be to von Moltke if he were to have arrived here. In this let there be no illusion, it's the same Jews, the same Freemasons. Monsieur Blum already possesses an excellent corps of militant Kikes amounting to about two million men, all properly disciplined, all perfectly determined to set us, we pitiful natives, on our guard against you…to consign to our niches, to wait to be dabbed into the "Anti-Nazi Crusade" sauce. It can be foreseen that before a year is out, given the way in which they are doing things, in our Jewish services of prompt naturalizations, the number of these agents will have doubled… All of those Frenchmen "through force of effort" who are escapees from all of the ghettos: Wallachians,[111] and half-breeds rejected over the course of all of the "migrations" all over the world (above all from the USA) arrive here ridden with tares, most of them "unfit for service," but marvelously rapacious, overflowing with demands, arrogant, reckless, ["/97] vindictive, on the hunt, in ferocious conquest, with an implacable aggression for every occupation, even the most reserved functions (look at the Ministries of War and the Navy)… And on top of that, being hateful, with a demoniac, Talmudic rage, against anyone who may beg to differ, even for an instant, or who may be impeding them as they seize, monopolize, and dry up all of the professions, all of the positions. Who is capable of prevailing against this pack?… We the other Frenchmen from before the War?… The young people, run through with Masonry, see nothing. Evidently, the Jews judge the precarious survivors of '14 as being the very most decrepit, of an alcoholic race of deadbeats, damnable, enormously reprehensible, and detestable unto death?…

For his encampment, for the progression of his horde in a conquered country, for the submission of the natives, Monsieur Blum can count upon our overseers…our indigenous Freemasons, who are scheming, greedy, vain, and entirely devoted to him. In his Jewish hands M. Blum retains their entire means of existence, their decorations, [60/"] their entire

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108 OV: "Papoutjans" (identification uncertain).
109 Facetiously refers to leftist/coffeehouse intellectuals.
110 OV: "rosières."
111 OV: "Valaques."

reason for being… They train, restrain, and supervise the native as best suits the interests of their master, the Jewish conqueror… There's nothing more that needs to be said… That's the way things are done in Africa. Except that on these shores, in France, it is we who are the helots… The same arrogance, the same injustice, the same Jewish *droit de seigneur*.[112] In the final analysis, the Blum Occupation has been more hypocritical, more larval and more degrading, certainly, than the Falkenhayn Occupation had ever been. Force destroys less, degrades and corrupts less in its passage, than do intrigue and deception. Colonization "by way of the interior"[113] is the most dastardly, the most despicable of all colonizations. And colonization by Jewish negritoes represents the apex of all moral and physical degradations.

Falkenhayn, for one more point in his favor, didn't ask the Belgians to go and put themselves out for the Germans. The Germans fought their wars themselves.

[112] I.e., the right of the (manorial) lord, usually a euphemism for "the right of the first night."
[113] I.e., colonization through immigration.

["/98]

"The gifts of the Jews are plagues."
– Tridon, Member of the Paris Commune.

Due to the circumstances of my life, I was for four years the holder of a minor job at the League of Nations Headquarters, as the technical secretary to a Jew, one of the potentates of that House. It was a queer job, rather droll, it must be said, and not very generous, save for a rather soporific comfortableness. In spite of that, I took in everything. I myself was part of the "lesser Cadre"…the "auxiliaries," the little people… The important positions, the real sweet spots, there as everywhere else, were occupied by Jews and "Masons"… One must never be confused. Ècole Normale, Oxford, Polytechnique, the handsome Financial Auditors, etc. The Aristocracy at last… Rest easy, I didn't solicit anything. I'm not the jealous sort. That's not my idea of success. It was only an adventure… I wasn't made to become ossified… But then, in the way of experience, I can say that it served me well! I don't regret my time in Geneva. I saw the big Jews working in the side-wings of the Universe, preparing the big dishes… They all go by there sooner or later. It's a site of their devotions. It's the very grandest Synagogue within the very grandest "Masonic" Temple in the universe… It's the lair of the most vicious combinations of this Epoch and of the Future… From the Secretary General on down to the lowliest journalist it's necessary to have that funny odor in order to make one's time spent there fruitful… It's necessary "to be one" of something! it's necessary to be one!… Anyone who isn't a Hymie or "Jewbie-like" is eliminated rather quickly… I didn't allow myself any grand illusions… I was interested in observing. Even so my administrative career lasted four ["/99] years. That's quite a while. I saw all of the big Jews go by! The very biggest "masons" on the planet, the most restless, the most arrogant, the most hardened, the most annoying, the most super-verbose, the most laconic, the most opulent, the most sad, from Bergson and Curie Madame, unto the Britannic Ben Simons, and Ras Tafari[114]… One has to understand the confused workings of that little world without being told… I also learned about the arcana of Commissions…the dialectic of compromise. Only it's necessary not to be to curious, to show yourself as being overly concerned with "provenances"…that's not looked upon kindly be the house. Not too much precision, *S.V.P.*! Once I had become inquisitive, my great patron Yubelblatt[115] sent me off on a mission, a study tour… I then went through the continents in the search for truth. If one's travels bring on maturity, then I can say that I am well turned-out. *Craquelure!* how I traveled! for my own instruction, for the growth of my total knowledge! How I toured the hospitals, compared laboratories! scrutinized the accounts of nurseries…saw the functioning of beautiful armories! dashed-about in slaughterhouses! admired so [61/"] many crematoria! become such an expert on dairies, on the "ideal types" as well as on the more unkempt…from the Gold Coast to Chicago! from Berg-op-Zoom to

[114] I.e., Haile Selassie.
[115] Also see: pp. 197 (338) to 198 (339), and 217 (374), of this work.

Cuba! How they taught me things back at the Institute, at the hands of technicians and even worse still…incredibly boring! How many savants, bearded types, balding types, four-eyed, sputtering… How many lessons they've given me…from Harley Street to San Francisco! from Leyden, dreaming away amidst its tulips, to Port Lagos in Nigeria…boiling with yellow fever. I had to be almost perfect concerning ten thousand scientific matters, of which I never say a single suggestive word… I am truly one of the most inveterate cretins on the planet. Such is life.

It had taken an enormous amount of effort to kick me out of my torpor. How I went amongst the masters, admiring all of them without limit, from every aspect, for hours and hours…each one of them…the fine stomach-farting clinicians, the hygienists ever so dedicated, so transformative, so renovating…so promising that their saliva was already worth the price of diamonds. Chromatic hallucinations! That's how I regarded those cardiologists! those impassioned endocrinologists! those sypatheticological physiopaths, and those others much more exotic still, each one even more peremptory, confusionistic, and superincredible than the last… *Graine de Dieu!* …what an ordeal! what a bunch! All of the neo-Diafoiruses of Modern Progress got together just to flabbergast my poor ["/100] noodle… Ah! what I had to put up with from them! …haughty, imperious, vindictive or easygoing…always engaging, then disengaging…getting somewhat lost, wrapped-up in themselves…"coming upon," in every sense of the term, a wad of spittle, a lentil skin, a penis hair, a stupid expression, a word or a comma, for hours on end… How indiscreet, puerile and fatuous, narrow-minded, rasping, insipid, disturbed, megalomaniacal, and persecuting a simple researcher is!… The worst kind of ham actor, a Sacha, is nothing more than a shrinking violet next to one of these mole-eyes, one of these pipette manipulators at the "mike"… The world's worst "have-you-read-me" types, the most irascible starlets, the most oversensitive ham actors are to be found at the "Congresses," in those melees of vanity, for "the Advancement of the Arts and Sciences." You would have to hear for yourself, all of that senseless jabber! that parade of idiotic stunts! They are ready to commit any crime just to see their moniker in a favorable review. It was the altogether special job, the international responsibility of Yubelblat, my beloved boss, to maintain the long-standing relations among all of the great tenors of Discovery… As for me, my own little personal job consisted of my helping him in the course of his politicking, in the diplomacy, the approach, the art of pleasing everybody, the mother, father and cousins included… And a thankless task it was! To include as many of these bilious ingrates as possible…setbacks elicited acerbic attitudes, with instantaneous breakings of relations, and enormous, diplomatic vexations… Savants become merciless when heeding the call of vanity… It takes more than just a little time-out, believe me, to reassure a savant, to fix it solidly into his noggin, that it is he of course who is the foremost in the world, the very most excellent, and that another of his caliber has never been known…due to the power of his intuition…his overwhelming syntheses…his probity, etc…. Doing so requires a great many gestures and words and continual writing and fail-safe ruses, plus an effrontery that you wouldn't believe, plus an absolutely extraordinary, impeccable, extra-lucid memory when it comes to tall tales. It's a matter of life or death, to recall what's been said. The least little gaffe and you're sunk! …upon every occasion and by every means either likely of useful, the savants, from one end of the forty-eight States to the other,[116] must be kept in a state of jubilation, leaving not a second of respite in passing them their pomade, in sending them little "calls," a little cash, some free transportation, a thousand "gratuities," ten thousand secrets, a hundred thousand compliments and then the introduction to the Commissions, all in order to get them to take to the road, and come in person to Geneva…to show off through even more

[116] Colloquial expression based on the number of sates in the United States at the time.

discourse. That fat medical rabbi, Bernard Léon of Paris, perfectly pretentious and null, was [62/101] one of the great suitors of the Princess of Léman[117]… As we others were well aware, he was an unbridled racist (almost as active as Widal,[118] and that's no small affair!). He assisted enormously in the invasion of the Kike doctors, and their triumph in the city. The entirety of his career, behind the scenes, consisted of getting five or six Jewish doctors naturalized per week…all of them racists of course… These mud men, they really owe him a statue in the courtyard of the Medical Faculty, made of gold! upon a calf. Within that class of the great savants, Yubelblat, to do him justice, was much less beastly than the others, much less snide, less curt, less pretentious. He understood the ways of shrewdness perfectly. He didn't delight in himself before the mirror. But like all of the truly de-prepuced, he was peripatetic, he wouldn't stay put. He had a real need to chart out a route, and then to execute it. His favorite sort of voyage, was to China… He went over there to campaign… He'd then hop on over to Japan… He'd take care of a few loose ends… And then he started doing it in double-time… He'd cross the entire planet for a telegram, for a sigh…for nothing at all… He was coming back by way of Russia again… He was no longer coming back by way of Russia again… He was trying it this time by way of the South. He finally caught up with his telegram…his sigh…his nothing at all. And then plop! I saw him suddenly appear! one morning! all of a sudden I found him again! behind his desk… He had reemerged from the opposite end of the Earth…just like that… He was playing the Wandering Jew, the man without direction, the eccentric… In order to contemplate, he'd stand there, peering from behind his veritable binoculars, while rocking forward…very gently upon the tips of his shoes…some real boats…like a pendulum… This manner of comportment, bizarre, in his real life, of disappearing into the fog and then returning "with the breeze"…it looked like nothing of any great shakes. One might well have thought: this activity is grotesque, it's nothing but dissipation, "goofing around," or absentmindedness. This man operates tremulously. And for all that the essential thing was for one not to lose one's way. Just take a look at the ants and how they mill about…they aren't all actually doing something, not all of them are actually transporting building supplies…they go out, they go back and forth…that's their job! …they return…they hurry…they dawdle…they no longer seem to know what they're doing…they seem to be walking about randomly…and then for all that they swarm…they have their own idea…that's the essential thing: to swarm like an ant.

Because the Jews represent such a small portion (fifteen million) of the Earth's population, it is necessary for them to be ubiquitous, for them to be everywhere at once, and for them to heap mutual praise upon all of the Jewish colonies and Jewish authorities, including the little ["/102] Jews as well, whether avowed or clandestine, obvious or camouflaged, but thoroughly racist either way…it is necessary for them to communicate to one another with zeal, and excellent understanding, their passion for the next triumph, and the onward progress of their great project, with "figures," always with the help of "figures," statistics, and other ledgers still, different ones, of partial victories, of Congresses numbering unto infinity, for Peace, always for Peace, for progress, for enlightenment, for the advancement of science and of humanity… That's the way it is everywhere and at all times, from Washington to China, from Genoa to Greece, and on into Canada… It's a formidable undertaking Without one minute of interruption… Promising… Promising…flattering while scoping things out…reprising with either zeal or hatred…and when things begin to drag, falter, or lose their way… Start it back up anew! What a tom-tom… Always on the lookout! Running hither… Running yon! Disappearing… It's indefatigable with all of its pirouettes, narrow escapes, and flying trapezes…furtive collaborations, mysteries and international

[117] Facetiously alludes to the League of Nations; Geneva is on Lake Léman.
[118] Refers to Fernand Widal.

[63/”] sleights of hand, and [63/”] the frail Yubelblat. Always in a “state of flux,” upon the trapeze, vertiginous, between two cables, two telegrams, two memoranda. Always in the process of going back out a little bit further this time. into the chaos, to track down even more crossed wires, even more tangled cords, and to set them back in order cloaked in mystery, while defending all of his intrigues with well-hidden little traps. he never stopped… First you saw him…they you didn’t… To me he was reminiscent of that extraordinarily skillful animal at the London Zoo, the platypus, that incredible pseudo-beaver with an enormous bill like a duck’s,[119] which never ceased in its plunging, foraging, and returning to the surface… It disappeared unpredictably just like Yubelblat… Slash! …he dives, plunging into the Indies…he’s no longer to be seen!! Another time he’s in China…or in the Balkans, unknown to anyone…in the depths… He returns to the surface blinking, completely dazzled… He’d be dressed in black just like the platypus…and then there’s that enormous honker, precisely as comical…horn-like just as with the platypus… He was infinitely nimble…extraordinary to look at, but at the ends of his hands, let it be known, he had claws…and they were venomous just like the platypus’… I’m telling you this now because in just a moment I’ll be showing them to you…trustfulness was not one of his weaknesses… Ultimately I cannot say that I grew bored while under his orders… That would be lying… Such as he was, I found him acceptable… I even had some affection for him… Of course he never forgot to put me back in line from time to time…to put me on the shit detail… But I no longer let it bother me… We had a little covert struggle going on. Once when he [”/103] had left me stranded for too long a time in Geneva, occupied only with imbecilic duties, and idling amongst the dossiers, I collaborated with some others of my station in the preparation of a little theatrical script, rather inoffensively titled *The Church*. It was rotten, that’s a fact…but all the same there was some substance to it… I had it read to Yubelblat. He who throughout his life had presented himself as being the very most eclectic of Hebes, never taking offense at anything, was nonetheless taken aback by this stroke… He made a little grimace… He never forgot… He spoke to me about it again several times. I had touched upon the only subject which was forbidden, and which was not proper to use as a plaything. He understood it perfectly. He didn’t need to be drawn a picture…

As for the Aryans, it is distressing… “They need to be told everything with a neon sign”… These days what sort of animal is it, I ask you, that is stupider? …that is more thick-headed than the Aryan? What Zoo would take him in?… Paradise?…

[”/104] Yubelblat tried, it is true, to make me more perfectly “technical,” diplomatic and wise, but also, more importantly, I had become a perfect administrator while under his tutelage. He was sympathetic towards me, despite my little faults…my pigheadedness… He wanted to initiate me into the major tricks of the trade, the manipulations of the wires, the shrewd subtleties by which all of the Assemblies and Commissions are made to function, whether at the second, third, fourth, or fifth level…in Finance and at the heads of lines of supply…above all in Finance…

“I, you see, Ferdinand, I am always the Secretary, nothing but the Secretary, and in every circumstance you will never see me as anything but the Secretary… That’s the title which I have chosen, never anything more…never!… Secretary! no more! that’s it!… I arrive, I don’t say a word… The discussion has already begun… Okay… I very quietly, very peacefully go take my seat, to the left of the Chairman… Note, that I don’t disturb anybody… The debates open and they proceed…whether lackluster or impassioned…whether burlesque

[119] OV: “d’oiseau,” lit. “of a bird.”

or morose… It doesn't matter!… In every case, there's no logical sequence to the ideas…completely incoherent…it's impossible… That's the great absolute rule of all of the [64/"] assemblies in the world…it doesn't matter what sort of convocation of men…as soon as they open their mouths they no longer speak anything but foolishness…

"Here you have the crushing Law of the Pendulum of Stupidity…the gravity of the 'number'… It drags everybody down, wears everybody out, crushes everybody… There's no possibility of resisting it… All of the asses around the table, jabbering, jostling, protesting…forgetting what they were going to say as soon as they've uttered their first words… They can hear the sound of their own voices and that's good enough for them… Ultimately, it doesn't matter what they're saying… They become excited, they become fidgety… They are there to burn off energy… The more ["/105] excited they get, the more frenetic they get, the more they waste themselves… That's very easily done in our case, given all of those languages… They understand one another poorly or wrongly… They even understand themselves poorly… They become embroiled in the misunderstandings…they size one another up…they develop a distrust of one another…from one end of the carpet to the other… These effects exhaust them… They get carried away… Those are the ones who are quite frankly raving… They no longer hold themselves back… They have come here just to air their opinions…most often from very far away…delegates for jabbering purposes…from Venezuela…from Arabia…from Novaya Zemlya…from the Lesser Comoro Islands… Microphones aren't made for dogs… The more the delegates make themselves stale the more they begin to babble… Staleness is a completely feminine trait, it is that which goes awry, it is that which unravels, it is that which completely devolves into gossip…they exceed themselves with their bellowings… They are engaged in a truly Asthmatic race… The unfortunate original issue no longer exists…so overwhelmed it is by those absurdities, so calamitously pulled out of shape, that it has become amorphous… It's no longer even known what's become of it… One looks for it…it's not to be found… The proceedings go on all the same and become much more vehement… A terrible bottleneck occurs over being recognized to speak, as all of them want to maintain their prerogative the whole time… But the stalemated delegates who are unable to insert a single word of their speeches…they come to despise the chairman… Those declamations which are interjected are wicked… In the corners of their seats, the delegates knaw away at their restraints, and think up the very worst of nasty remarks…some diabolical vitriols intended for the assailing of those who are monopolizing the cuspidor… By the end of an hour or so of such unbridled nattering, the delegates are at a state of "all against all,"[120] no longer even knowing where they are…they're unable to make out make out North and South, the direction of the door, or size or distance… The question lies in the bloviations, the hiccups…the centerpieces…the smoke[121]…

Exhausted, haggard, out of breath, and down in the dumps, they collapse… They are embraced by some sort of angst…they no longer know how to bring things to an end… They cling to the table… From this I come to understand that they are hoarsely passing away, that they are rattling in fits and starts…from the way in which they are seizing up, in the short snatches of insult and injury which they emit… I tell myself: 'Yubelblat, now is the time!… 'The exact moment' for intervention… One mustn't be a second too late! nor a second too soon!… It's necessary for things to come out exactly, to occur at 'just the right time'… And then the thing is accomplished! I deliver them! With a single stroke I liberate them… I, Ferdinand, organize 'ecstasy'… It's only after they have suffocated for an entire hour in that melee…that boiling sea of words… I know ["/106] the means by which to give them

[120] Alludes to the Hobbesian state of a "war of all against all."
[121] I.e., the tobacco smoke of a "smoke-filled room."

pleasure… I bring to all that jabbering a sort of 'ejaculation'… I had it there in my pocket all along…on a little scrap of paper… At that moment when they can no longer go on, when they are strangled by confusion, when they are begging for air… I bring out my little text for them… I unfold my little scrap of paper, a 'Resolution'…remember that term…a 'Resolution.' I pass it over to the chairman, the biggest rambling old fool of the whole bunch, more lost than anybody else… He pounces on it, he holds it up, it's already written… All he has to do is read it, to mumble through it… It's done!… Upon hearing this quite clear text, which has come to them by some miracle, and which provides such good closure to their proceedings, the others come to their feet…they 'adopt' it resoundingly! …with alacrity! …ejaculating better and better… Orgasm! Then they can relax…they forgive [65/"] one another…they stroke one another…they delight in one another…they congratulate one another… Vanity does the rest… They are immediately convinced…that they had brought things to a conclusion all by themselves… As for me, I don't hang around, I make myself scarce…I disappear… I leave them to their effusive emotions. I have done nothing… I have said nothing… I had them in my pocket all along…my 'resolutions' throughout the entire proceedings… Each morning, I prepare them… They are my little ordinances… I compose them at home, where it is calm, in my bed even, before going down to rejoin the delegates in that bedlam… I know perfectly well, what it is that I want, and thus I know what they all need, those delegates from fifty different nations… What it is that they will 'adopt'… I am there to do that, Ferdinand…for 'it is written'…all written out, my friend…in black on white, ahead of time…in my pocket…with my little pencil… It's the decision, it's the order at the end of the chaos. I bring them their deliverance, Ferdinand. All of those verbose, unkempt, indefinite, and crumpled little types, they attain to pleasure in unison. I carried their coitus in my pocket…since the morning… And I didn't say anything, Ferdinand! …not one word on the subject. I handed over the little piece of paper at the right moment, that's all!… It wasn't very difficult… It wasn't I who spoke… It wasn't I who shone… I was hardly even seen… I never chatter, Ferdinand… I never shine, Ferdinand… Never… Remember this well…never be brilliant, Ferdinand…never…"

The four-eye then took a great deal of effort, to size me up beneath his spectacles, to see just a bit for his own satisfaction, whether I had a real understanding of things. "It is necessary that we do things 'unperceived,' Ferdinand, like the Jesuits, the Jesuits of the modern world…'unperceived,' you understand me…or everything will go awry…truly very awry, Ferdinand…

"Think it over thoroughly, Ferdinand, and don't forget, that the longer you look at it, and the more closely you observe the kind of customers we have, the more you will see that the more lively the intelligence of each individual participant, the more grotesque and abominable will be their great malfunction once they are brought together… And note in addition that I had had them all brought together for the examination of a problem completely within their field of specialization…which held absolutely no sort of pitfall for them…which they knew by heart, in depth, along all of its parameters…in all of its aspects… The more eminent they are, the more fantastic their blunders will be…the more profuse, and astounding, will be their asininities, their mistakes…the more ineffable their absurdities… The more highly you regard them, considered individually in the realm of the mind, and of creativity, the more inept they will become once they are all brought together… This is a rule, a theorem, a law of the mind… The mind doesn't like assemblies.

"Here at the League of Nations we happen to possess a truly illustrative, perhaps one ought to say catastrophic, example of this…that being the oft-noted Commission of

'Contemporary Intellectuals,' for the 'Advancement of Culture and Major Ideological Currents.' Nothing but Geniuses! specifically chosen…attested geniuses, people who'll be the movers and shakers in the History of the Arts and Sciences, in every 'application of the Mind'… But look, Ferdinand, hear me out concerning these illustrious people…it's enough for me just to puff on them, for me to set before them the least little dilemma…for me to wave before their genius the most ["/108] inconsequential trifle in dialectics…the most childishly simple practical matter, in order to send them into confusion…for me to ask them their opinion concerning the placement of a single dieresis, or the disjuncture of a single parenthetical clause…or the project of buying a pencil…in order to send them into a tizzy! …in order to get them hopelessly to list, derail, and bog down… In order to understand it thoroughly, Ferdinand, you'll have to have observed up close the phases of this [66/"] calamity of errors… Before too long I'll have to assign you to the proceedings of that commission, as they prepare their *Review*."

He always took on a smugly mocking tone while recounting that sort of thing…aspiring towards that effect… But the proceedings weren't the worst thing… The worst ordeal for these great "Wise Williams" came about when it was time to say their farewells…then, it was nothing but a pain and a bother… They didn't know where to begin… How to set themselves into motion, to the extent that they had to return to the assembly in order to arrive at the decision as to whether to take the train. Once they had brandished their scepters, rolled and wanked their bones, like that, over the course of eight or ten meetings, and depleted their last phospholipids, they no longer had any comprehension, they no longer knew which way to turn, nor how to escape from these colloquia, how to resolve this rebus…how to hold that last meeting…leaving for a little while and then returning a little later… They no longer knew how to do anything… They were hesitant in everything… They bumped into one another in their confusion… They murmured like nuts in a bag…along and across all of the panic-stricken seats surrounding the table… They withered away just a little bit more… They were becoming old…old…old… It was a pile-up of carcasses…

When it came to the calendar, it truly was necessary to help them… To know the date when they were to return…indeed that they were supposed to return…they would have been throwing up blood over the issue…the extent to which they had so confounded their days…to which they were being strangled by dates…without ever arriving at a decision… It was already like a hospital in which one could do nothing but watch them struggle convulsively… We service secretaries always felt ashamed for them, but even more so pity!… They had already lost all color, these frail devils, passing from white to livid, quavering away 'til their teeth fell out, after so many sessions of futile struggle… What a terrible ordeal! …they continued to gasp along through their apnea, all of their sphincters in disorder, in death agony exactly…they cursed the Agenda…those dates denoted by little asterisks…and then continued to natter about the month of June, and then again about another month, April…in which not all of the Sundays were free, or which had an additional Thursday…or in which a holiday got in the road…

["/109] The "Resolution" saved them yet again, by the side of the grave… They snatched up that little piece of paper… They were given their timetables…they no longer knew where they were going… They no longer recalled from whence they had come, they had to be taken to the station… Their exuberance returned to them once they were on the platform…in the presence of the great locomotives… Choo-hoo! Choo-hoo!… They were seized by another bout of giddiness… They amused themselves in the echoes like so many

little madmen… They imitated the giant machines, the departures and the shrill whistles…the wheezing…chug!… Chug! …chug!… Chug!… Woo!

Woo!… In departing like this, in accordance with the "procedure," their confidence returned to them… They were making friends! …friends! …being polite towards the passengers, and everybody around them, while in their little handcuffs… They were placed into the cars…far from the exits, quite satisfied, protected from people hanging-out in the hallway… Then the convoy moved out…and they returned to their daily routines…

Whenever I wrote out long letters for him, that ever so delicate a procedure, Yubelblat often made me begin all over again That was his way of doing things…three times…ten times…sometimes fifteen times…once one fine day, twenty times… That was his form of sadism…always concerning the same trifling matter, that of circumlocutory finesse.

[67/110] "Too unambiguous! Ferdinand! Much too unambiguous! too risky!… Much too precise!… You are working for us, Ferdinand! pay attention!… Use circumlocution!… Always use circumlocution! Propositions…yes, some are certainly necessary…but very gently…conditional mode!… These precise details are useless…they are intriguing…people will ask for more…always more…if you would begin… Leave them in, then…people will be able to imagine things all the better…they'll imagine themselves up some prodigies so long as you remain sufficiently vague…encouraging but discreet! …a little subtlety! not too much…some doubt…do you understand me?… Some doubt…some nuance…always in an eloquent letter, do you understand me? …we arrange 'surprises,' to us 'surprises'…we will be able to deny things…to recover ourselves… Mediocrity! Ferdinand! I highly recommend it to you!… Mediocrity! …just like the Jesuits… That's the Jesuits' litany, their fetish… Using circumlocution always, we shall be held in dread…the more obfuscating you are…the more brutal you are…because such things will be supposed…imagined… Prestige is doubt… Do this for me, Ferdinand. I wish you well…don't argue with me… Information…precise statements…for us…vague directions for others… Do you understand me?…"

["/111] In the end he had me trained and I, ever the super-prankster, would write hemming-and-hawingly like some sub-Proust, some quarter-Giraudoux, some para-Claudel[122]… I went of into circumlocution, I wrote like a Jew, in that fine spirit so fashionable these days…dialectical…omissive, coyly reticent, lackadaisical, high-schoolish, prefabricated, and elegant like all of those fine shits, the *Francongourt*[123] academicians and the fistulas of *Annales*[124]…

This was extremely embarrassing to me. This endeavor, this prostitution, was retarding me in my development… One morning I had had enough, and I slammed the door behind me… Years later, when I reflect upon it, it was in a fit of heroism that I quit at the League of Nations Headquarters. I sacrificed myself, in essence, I was a martyr in my own way… I had lost a very fine position, for the sake of the freedom and the fury of French Letters… I'm owed some sort of compensation… I can guess how much I'll get.

["/112] The world is a Corporation, a Trust in which the Jews own all of the shares. The Trust has subsidiaries: "Communism"… "Monarchism"… "Democracy" and maybe even "Fascism."

[122] Refers to the French writers Marcel Proust, Jean Giraudoux, and Paul Claudel.
[123] Refers deprecatingly recipients of the Prix Goncourt.
[124] Refers to the academic journal *Annales E.S.C.*.

All the same it cannot be said that I didn't learn certain things in my service to Yubelblatt… I'm speaking of the scientific realm, of applied medicine, of the sanitary and the hygienic arts… He knew, the little monkey, all of the tricks of the trade. He had no equal when it came to tracking down the dirty discrepancy, or to piercing through the little fogs in obscure corners of a report. He didn't like fluff, he had to be given the numbers…rudely utilitarian, of verifiable substantiality…not a bunch of petty suppositions…risky conjectures, elegant subterfuges…finely illusory accounts…none of this would pass…the numbers first of all! and above all!… The fiscal sources! …the budgetary receipts! …before the expenditures!… Some facts based upon "specie"…in dollars…in pounds sterling if possible… Not upon "whichever way the wind is blowing"… No matter whether it dealt with Chicago, China, Papworth or Mauritania…he didn't need to hear about it save for one thing… He would immediately interrupt the narrator…very politely it must be said… He would pull out his little pencil:

[68/"] "Wait a moment, if you would… I must take this down… How much?… How much did you say?… I don't recall numbers very well…"

Fogginess, word games…that was for others…he was concerned only with the bottom line… The Future, and words of hope, inspired nothing in him but distrust… He didn't at all appreciate sweet promises concerning the Future… The Future was for others, for him the thing that counted was the present…the measurable. "Fine phrases and imagination, ["/113] Ferdinand, we have delegated to others, to the politicians, the artists. As for us, Ferdinand, understand me well, if we are not extremely conscientious, then everything will evaporate…we will never get anywhere… Fine phrases are for the Commissioners… For us, Ferdinand, it's the Cash Drawer!" This was all truly very reasonable, in practice, as I quickly came to understand…this admirable principle… I learned how to read budgets…and never to take anything on word alone…to proceed immediately to the thorough scrutinization of accounts…to redo all of the subtractions… To force the perpetually crooked man, the better sort, the least impure, the dupe, out of his fog before he is able to envelop you with the same…

Now, to let us seize upon an example, whenever you are told the story of how the USSR is the country of good health, of nosocomial marvels, of impassioned emulations, in which a prodigious progress marks every incremental improvement in medicine… Cut all of that verbiage short, and ask only what is spent in such a hospital, on the average, in that famous USSR, currently, ordinarily. Ask about the number of beds? the salaries of the personnel…nourished…malnourished…the price of chow… Don't let yourself be sidetracked…the prices of the linens, of assorted medicines, of doing the laundry…of chloroform, of lighting, of maintaining the whole caboodle…of the thousand and one appurtenances of operation… This will be much less fatiguing, while also revealing a thousand facts to you in a single swipe, than would a thousand articles or a thousand speeches, having as their precise objective the dodging of your overview… Redo a few of these additions, considering everything in rubles, in carrots, in margarine, in shoes, in anthracite… You will damned well be surprised… Here you have something serious! something solid!… All the rest is nothing but blowing bubbles, goofing off…dirty tricks and pompous ceremony… Gidism,[125] hypotheses, poems…

[125] Refers to the tone of the work of André Gide.

I am not trying to give you a course, a little pedantic lesson, no, no, no, that's not my style… But ultimately it will be necessary for me to light my lantern for the benefit of those of you who still do not see… And then you will perhaps be amused… Well then, here is the essential thing: Whenever a country, no matter how repulsive, depressed and poor it may be, or however paralyzed it finds itself as being, in the time of some great disaster or immense pestilence…: war, syphilis, public calamities, typhus, cholera, etc.…decides to recuperate its forces, it gives the people some great resonating blasts of the trumpet, so that they will be motivated and so that they will willingly pay… The people are put into a trance, they are astounded, they are stirred-up... The "Campaign for Public Health" begins straight away… But it has to start off on a good footing! …it mustn't make any "*faux pas*"[126]… It'll take a few months in order to make ["/114] the statistics gush forth, so as to present to the whole world something very agreeable…respectable…not to be left piddling among the class of preposterous projects…justifying as much as possible all of the money invested… One big round of "free and happy," in essence! to attend to the most urgent things first of all, siphoning money away from those hospitals which are always the most overloaded during calamitous epochs, the sanitaria…pilfering the "already-depleted welfare funds"… to obtain, and this is the trick, political influence, results in the shortest possible time…the most profound transformations, all at the lowest possible cost… And that everyone sees them, and goes repeating all about: "those directors are truly great men! they hold the ace of power." "In a country that's about broke, any waste is fatal"… Immediately, one thinks [69/"] of the venereal cases, they being the classical indulgence… They're the "Arlésienne" of Hygiene… they're sure to fill the lecture hall… The entire theater perks back up in a single stroke…

These are the ABCs of the job of being "the Savior of the People." In short order: From war to syphilis… Here you at least have a campaign nearly devoid of hazards… Whoever engages in it is sure to strike a solid blow… This instance is most singular, extremely rare, we swear, in all of Hygiene. The majority of these so-called crusades in the realm of health, tuberculosis, cancer, etc., in practice, in essence, proceed only upon the basis of hypothesis…more or less approaching the point of swindle, of out-of-bounds panhandling, reminiscent of the courthouse, and leading, in the end, only to the hypertrophic growth in the number of parasites at the Central Administration, or, perhaps already, their overpopulation. But the anti-venereal struggle is economical even under conditions of urgency, and above all during epochs of chaos, of panic, of rioting, in which everybody is surreptitiously doing it, a punch in the stomach! neither seen! nor known! let me mix you up into it…it's the cankerous farandole…the great coronal embuggery! the grand saraband of the poxes, of little pustules and giant gonococcal lesions… There's something here for everyone and everybody… It's the great blennorrheac fluxion that has been washing down entire sidewalks.

Even the most primitive, the most insecure, the most bankrupt of Regimes: Poland, Yugoslavia, Hungary, etc.…, have been quick to level fire with every gun, with all of their meager resources, upon the treponemas,[127] the cankers, the "Neisser bodies,"[128] at the very first opportunity… Why? Here's the secret: All of these afflictions are easily treated, attenuated, limited, circumscribed, halted, and cured (except for syphilis) in large quantities, in serial applications, in the minimum of time… The police can intervene and dragoon the rebellious…the treatments, the medications, and the techniques are ["/115] infinitely proven, classical, and cheaply imitatable. "Little time and not a penny is lost." One very important cohort of that enormous contingent, that venereal mob, the latter being so clandestine,

[126] OV: "it mustn't make any 'Champignoles,'" such being a sort of *faux pas*.
[127] I.e., spirochetes.
[128] I.e., gonococci.

wandering, scattered, vagabond, sadistic, extremely dangerous, frequently voluntarily self-contaminating, and catastrophic when in a state of liberty, once placed under controls, in file, with “fixed points of reference,” and if dealt with squarely, identified very quickly, limited, neutralized, labeled, and cleaned up, may be returned to the factory or to the fields, thenceforth harmless if not completely cured. The game is well worth the candle. Every anti-venereal campaign, at relatively little cost, pays off, socially, with an immense profit. The beings who make up that enormous venereal herd generally belong to the middle ages of life, to its productive period. They will, once “cleaned up,” quickly be able to resume all of their former occupations and behaviors. They will comport themselves, if duly followed and overseen, just about like any other set of workers. They will no longer be dragging through the hospitals, at public expense. A very great savings, capital! They will be able, almost without harm, to indulge once again in the games of love, and to take their parsnips for a walk through the slots.

All of this is quite normal, absolutely clear, verified a thousand times over, super-recognized… As for the preoccupations with tuberculosis, with cancer, with women’s gymnastics and even with pediatrics in a family-oriented country, all being overdone in every way, here is where one finds asininity, stupidity, imposture, goofing-off, and farce… These are the great illusory hobbyhorses, most expensive, which concern, which can only concern rich States. In order to do anything of value in those fields, without appearing ridiculous, certain social conditions of organization and of milieu first have to have been achieved…a very high social level…of security and of large budgetary resources, exceptional in this world…that one virtually never finds in conjunction save in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and some American States[129]… [70/”] The vexations of luxury, in sum, “five hundred years ahead” of what ypu’ll find in Russia!… Extremely costly and dubious recuperations, with very long odds…

In bankrupt countries, quite obviously wretched, overloaded with beggars, vermin and soldiers., everyone must march along in rank and file, to the beat of the drum, in strict economy, in austerity… The whole world, I believe, is of this opinion. Syphilis, primitive and perfectly recognizable disease that it is, prophylaxis and therapeutics are perfectly fruitful… Much gold is brought in by a little mercury[130]… All of this has been so well proven, demonstrated, and repeated redundantly! …elementary…

[”/116] Let’s take a quick look at how such things proceed, in the case of one enormous port city, overpopulated, military, underfed, alcoholic, which bustles with prostitution, and where “transplanted persons” and crooks pass through by the hundreds of thousands, running through the slums in rivulets like some sort of avalanche of scabbiness, lice, mindless panic, scurvy, shouted nonsense, and rotten sausages. Such is the condition of Leningrad. Who would refute us? The evidence is there! It’s enough simply to walk about, here and there, over the course of eight days, in order to realize it… And a damned lousy jackal is he who would proceed to deny it! He’d be an even bigger liar than twenty-five Jewish ministers and undersecretaries of State, or thirty-six thousand turd-flies sucking on a mint blossom.

[”/117] Leningrad’s great hospital for venereal diseases lies in the suburbs of the city, not very far from the port… It appears, at first sight, like a conglomeration of big boxy buildings, all in a state of disrepair, with a completely incoherent arrangement, with tiny courtyards, mud puddles, outbuildings, and crumbling armories, all run together, and rotted

[129] I.e., some states of the USA.
[130] I.e., mercury as used at one time as a fixative in certain medicaments and inoculations.

from one end to the other. We do not possess, in France, anything so sad, so distressing, so debased, in all of our Public Assistance.

Perhaps the former Saint-Lazare, but still, even it may be able to withstand the rigors of comparison… Some old Asylums out in the back-country?… But let us note, to the credit of Saint-Lazare, that the former was never for general use, and that as a destination it was much more of a prison than a hospital…while this gigantic depository, ostensibly for “venereal diseases,” is acclaimed far and wide as a hospital of the first order, both for public service and for education, if you please! the “Saint-Louis” of the University of Leningrad…

Yet, “Saint-Louis” took on the aspect of a magisterial grand manor next to that terrible amalgamation of outbuildings, in that altogether funereal location…in its fashion of an unkempt mortuary… I served in the cavalry for several years, but never, I am sure, would any regimental veterinarian have permitted, even for a single evening, the lodging of a squadron in an armory-slum of like dejection. I am very familiar with hospitals, here-and-there, in the countryside as well as in various towns…the bad, the worse, the excellent, the extremely rudimentary, but in the entire world I have never come across any so pathetically [”/118] devoid of everything necessary for a nearly normal, reasonable functioning, or for the accomplishment of its task. Truly an unlikely proposition, in view of this… A ruin of a hospital which certainly calls for a Potemkin Village in the way of décor…so as to project the illusion…the seemingness, the show… And all of this, let us not forget, is after twenty years of thundering challenges, of contemptuous regard for all of the capitalist systems, so reactionary…of hymns of ineffable social progress…to the reforms of the cooperative USSR! the producer of happiness! and of liberty! of “the power of the masses in the hands of the masses”! …and finally that flood of dazzling plans, ever more pharaonic, each more overwhelming than the last… With all the thunder of the Judeo-Mongolic pipe organ… Let us note that Leningrad’s grand hospital for venereal diseases seems to be rather seldom visited by the pilgrims of “Intourist,” and the city guides don’t mention it… It would lend itself poorly, it must be said, to proper conclusions on the part of the enhusiasts… If by chance some sort of special tourist, say, a Popular Front Minister on the caviar circuit, or some Jewish or Freemasonic medical expert gone astray from his tour, off the beaten path, his eyes of the Faithful will quickly lead him to discover, despite all of the evidence, some aspects eliciting thorough jubilation…very encouraging…in that gigantic pile of rubbish…for example, the virtues of those perfectly admirable lower-ranking personnel! (they are dying of hunger), the stoicism of those so perfectly docile patients…social, grateful and understanding… (they are dying from fear). The caviar-tour pilgrim will very soon learn, and he will very quickly repeat, with every nuance, the fine lesson which he has well learned from his good friends from the USSR. To wit, that Yusupov, Rasputin, Denikin and Kutiepov are the ones truly and uniquely responsible for this shortage in primary foodstuffs and manufactured items, which one might still deplore from time to time, but more and more rarely… of the difficulties in Russian provisioning, Russian construction, Russian hospitals… And finally the crowning effrontery, that sea fog concerning the future, propagandistic, the completion of the dirty trick, which is disgusting. once all the Jews in the world are lined-up against the foot of the wall…

The colleague with whom I visited the hospital, by chance, wasn’t a Yid, but rather a very Slavic Russian, about fifty years old, of the Baltic type, gruff, temperamental, and I must say rather picturesque…full speed ahead!… He understood the apologia very well… Every ten words or so, amidst explanations, amidst technical details, he would brusquely interrupt,

and he would begin crying out [”/119] in a very high and very loud baritone voice, full of resonance, so that the walls would ring of it, laughing all the while…

“Here, colleague, All is going Very Well! All of the patients are doing Very Well! All of us here, are Very Well!…”. Upon the accent, upon the word “Well”…he would be roaring! He was relentless, he possessed a stentorian organ… We perambulated about, through corridors, passageways, and chambers both large and small… In addition we would stop here and there…to observe a syphilitic, a neuritic, a little something or other… Of course, these patients had bed sheets, twin-sized beds, and mattresses, but what filth! …good God! what debris! what a gothically mildewy shit-house…what a gamut of horrors… what a sticky-dirty heap! …of sly anorectics…of bedridden spies, of rancid Asiatics, maniacs of fear-borne hatreds…all of them faces out of a nightmare, I would term the expressions of these patients…the grimaces of all of those faces, emanating from all of those souls, certainly not out of rottenness, either visceral or visible, for which I do not harbor, as is supposed, any sort of revulsion, but rather to the contrary a very real interest. The admixture of so much hideousness, however…it was too much!… What a godforsaken sty, what a prodigious pile of skanky old marionettes!… What an environment! What a sewer!… What dejection!… Not a lick of paint on the walls since the time of Alexander I!… The walls? …mud brick made with wattles from the mire! A sort of immense insistence upon vapidity and desolation… I’ve seen a great number of wrecks…of beings…of things…innumerable ones who fell into the great muck…who no longer even struggled…who were taken away into the night by misery and filth, without difficulty… But I’ve never felt a stifling closeness more oppressive, more degrading, than that abominable Russian misery… Perhaps the labor camp at Maroni might offer an equally overwhelming degradation?… This is not certain… It must be given a chance… Quite often such is required, according to my reading of the Russian authors, that is to say of the authors of the golden age (not the Soviet goons), such as Dostoevskii, Chekhov, [72/”] and even Pushkin; from whence is it that these men were provided with their trances, and how is it that they maintained that tone of funereal, delirious rumination throughout the entire length of a work? …that detective novel psychosis, that dread of the doorknob, that distress, that rage, that groaning of the shoe which has begun to take in water, and which shall henceforth take in water for all eternity, amplified on a cosmic scale…

This remarkable phenomenon becomes understandable, this incantation becomes self-explanatory without effort, after a few days in Russia… This heartbreak, this weeping, this dolorous dripping by all [”/120] of those souls becomes as perfectly comprehensible, as so many rotten spots on the bones of a family dog, beaten, crippled, and condemned.

In the end it’s just a banal question of ambiance…no need to force anything, or to make up the tremolo. Everything is in place! …before your eyes, under your hand… It certainly lurks all about these people, whether ill or whole, and these houses, and these things, and these chaotic atrocities, a fatalism a thousand times yet more crushing, implacable and sinister, more incredibly demoniac, than all of the Dostoevskiis of the (comparatively) “free and happy” period could possibly have imagined.

Raskolnikov? but to the Russians he’s akin to Till Eulenspiegel! …that “devil” must appear to them as being altogether contemporary, rather common, and as natural frequent, and ordinary as Till Eulenspiegel!… They’re born that way. I shall return to my visit to the great cankerous carphologium… My colleague Allgoeswellovich,[131] dressed in an extremely filthy

[131] OV: “Toutvabienovich,” from *Tout va bien* (All is going well) plus the Russian patronymic suffix *–ovich*; facetious appellation.

smock…his neither more nor less so than those of the other members of the staff…kept from me absolutely none of the details, none of the specialized services, none of the changes taking place in that immense facility. I saw everything, I believe, really saw everything, smelled everything, from the inoculation station, to the dungeon of the tabetics,[132] to the nursery suffering under the waves of flies, of the section for the "hereditaries." These little ones, "infant syphilitics," seemed among other things to have been very well prepared, aforehand, awaiting me in the passageway, well forewarned, where they were to play for the visitors always the same role, the same little comedy… They were waiting for me in the dining hall…sitting at table before so many bowls, in groups, by dozens, in a circle, shaven-headed, greenish, blithering hydrocephalics, the good majority of them idiots, between six and fourteen years old, prettied-up to make a good impression with their little bibs, very heavily embroidered, but filthy… A bit role.

Upon our entry, they all rose as one, and then all together they took to chanting something in Russian…it was the sentence! "All is going Very Well!… We are all Very Well Here" "This is what they are telling you, colleague! All…"

Allgoeswellovich had some students by his side…however much he might have been chortling, this colleague was one of those rare Russians whom I had seen laughing during my stay in Leningrad.

"Here are the women of our staff! our staff nurses!…" It was possible, with some effort…to recognize, to distinguish them from the patients, as they seemed to be even more bedraggled, stultified, and wallowing in misery than any of the hospitalized [73/121] patients… They were all literally vacillating, between the walls of the hallway, ashen-faced, emaciated, and crumbling-away within their rags, each one as dingy as the next.

"How much do they make?…"

About eighty rubles per month…" (a pair of shoes costs two hundred and fifty rubles in Russia)… And then, he added (in his usual thunder), as an addendum, "but they are fed! my colleague, fed!…"

He was regaling himself with laughter. "Everything is going well!" he shouted. But the best part of the visit was saved for last! The gynecological treatments! …the bouquet, Allgoeswellovich's own specialty!… A collection, a retrospective, a bazaar of instruments, shopworn, twisted, screamingly bedamned antiquities…which would no longer be found anywhere save in the Morgue, in old trunks, and by the wrack of Baron Larrey, for good or evil… Not a single jug, stool or probe, not the least little lancet, or up-to-date pair of forceps, not a piece of that repugnant hardware that didn't date back at least to the time of the Tsars…some real trash, a spreader quite unhinged from innumerable mishandlings, partly eaten-away, sublimated, rotted-away by permanganate to the point no one would want it even at a "Flea Market"…the junksters would reject it out of hand…as not being worth the effort carting it about in the wheelbarrow…a most disagreeable-looking wastebasket… All of the trays, corroded, chipped-away clear to the reverse side…perpetually damp…not to speak of the linen, the holes and the shit…

[132] I.e., debilitated persons in the final, terminal stages of syphilis.

Allgoeswellovich, in this sector, was in seventh heaven… This was his field of expertise! the artist now practicing his art!… Rolling up his sleeves, he immediately set to his duties, and how he went at it! An assembly of ass-ends gathered round about. Each patient waited in the queue, for her turn to climb into the stirrups. The students, somewhat doltish, somewhat callow, somewhat malevolent, like every student of the same sort in the entire world…it was a matter of rummaging about, and scraping the major oozings out of the reticulations of the vagina…the uterus…of sponging out the entire vulva, of pressing on the Bartholins…ultimately a routine task…some muscoid effluent typical of metritis… Allgoeswellovich…always cordial…quite petulant…speaking loudly…merrily set about his task. I had a full view of his work…it is true that he was most skillful…with a rude dexterity he unhesitatingly handled all of the assorted paraphernalia, all of the secondary organs, all of the discharges…routinely finishing off with a little jet of permanganate, and then *shlipp*!… He dove halfways up his arm into another mound…feverishly he palpated a few glands…lecturing all the while…he wiped off his fingers a bit…and then *splut*! dove into [”/122] the next one…not a second was to be lost…just like that! …bare handed!…hairy hands…trickling with yellow goo…without any finger protection whatever…

I certainly didn’t want to bother him…to appear indiscreet, but all the same I wanted to know… Once he had fumbled through several dozen vulvas in this manner, I finally had to ask him:

“Don’t you ever wear gloves?…”

[74/”] “Oh! it’s not worth the trouble! …not worth the trouble, colleague! Here All is going Well! All is going Perfectly!…” all the while falling about in laughter…increasingly comical…an full form… “It is of course not our fault if there is a shortage of rubber in Russia…” He did those around him the favor of taking a little glance at the hole of the ass… He searched through that bean pot, and the little creases of the anus as well, for gonorrheal growths. He began throwing in a little water and a little Vaseline, and then a little menthol, which he scratched in using his fingers…a little cuisine at last. And then, immediately, he went right to the next vulva… He stopped at the entry, and put a little pressure on the “Bartholins”… He was overjoyed when it put forth juice, a very greasy green, very thick… Two, three tampons. All is going well! Colleague! All is going well!…

But I had to be going… These things couldn’t last forever… We parted amicably. I passed back through the office of the director, a Jew, this time, quite Jewish, and likewise his secretary… They were speaking German between themselves… They lay out before me, for my edification, an entire series of splendid plans, some models…some sketches, some projections, some diagrams, all immense, and some reports. All of these things dealt with the Future… The projected construction of a magnificent hospital… But the future doesn’t interest me, it’s all a bunch of lies… It’s the astrology of the Jews. As for myself, that which interests me, is the present.

“How many resources do you have at your disposal for the operation of your hospital? How many patients do you have?… Doctors? personnel? …bedridden patients? ambulatory patients?…, etc…., area? …fuel? bedding?…” those things which are ultimately measurable…that I had to know , so as not to have wasted time in idle chatter…

I don’t like hospitals enough to spend four hours out of my bitch of a life in one, and then come back out of it a no-good tongue-tied idiot… When it’s necessary to learn, one

learns…When it's necessary to laugh, one laughs… The first is given! …so is the other!… I looked at the books, I went through them thoroughly, scrupulously… I was shown the [”/123] columns of figures (numbers are numbers even in Russian). Into this immense, festering lump, nearly five thousand patients were received, annually, on the average, bedridden, plus a few outpatients under treatment… I calculate that with the costs of administration, the current personnel, the ninety full-time housekeepers, the nurses, the lighting, transportation, and the prices of food, medicines, etc…., etc…., a minimal budget of twelve to sixteen million rubles was necessary in order to stagger forward without falling… In order for such a hospital to function at a halfways decent level…and not to remain, as I had found it to be, a sort of protracted death-house… Yet this Institute, all told, as its entire allocation, receives only two million rubles annually, a sum one-sixth of its vital minimum… Certainly, I shall refrain from comparing the conditions in Russia to those in Scandinavia, in the hospitals of Copenhagen. I am simply referring to a very mediocre standard, that is to say to the French standard. A “Standard for niggardliness”

But, at this stage, we still remain very far from the final count…

Every Russian administrative agency suffers, is overwhelmed, is condemned to the same grotesque penury, and even to similar nonsense “in manpower, in materiel, in funds”… All of them, except for the theaters, the police, the military, the commissars, and Propaganda…to the same seamy conniving, to the same contraction to one-tenth of a normal budget (by normal, we mean some very modest, very reasonable “covering of costs”).

[75/”] But do not be impatient, it will cost you nothing to wait! We will soon envy the Russians!… We will become like them! And then become even worse off than they are!… It would seem incredible! even worse off than the Russians!… We have their disease! the Russian disease! we already have it! We will be rounded-up out in the street.

["/124]

"The Lie is a means which one is not only permitted to employ, but it is the most proven means in the Bolshevik struggle."
– Lenin.

Under the penalty of remaining as stupid, oblivious, and credulous as a week-old calf, should one fail, one must learn to recognize the marks, the tracks, the possession, and the instigation of the Jews in all of the world's upheavals, which they have perpetrated…in Europe, in America, in Asia, wherever…where they are preparing the hecatombs, and the systematic, relentless destruction of the Aryan spirit and flesh… One must learn to detect in everyday practice the color, tone, and arrogance of Jewish imperialism, and of Jewish (or Freemasonic) propaganda… One must learn to penetrate, to clarify, to the bottom of all the shadows, through all of the phraseological mazes, between the guide-wires of all the calamities, behind all of the funny faces, the universal lying, the implacable conquering megalomania of the Jew…his hypocrisies, his racism – sometimes incipient, sometimes arrogant, sometimes delirious. Plus that enormous armament in this permanent cosmic apocalypse: his imposture.

It is necessary to catch the scent of the devil from a good distance…in all quarters, around the world…within the narrow paragraphs of whichever ostensibly innocent daily paper (either Left or Right)…that little press of the thumb upon the scale, furtive…applied…signal…the favorable epithet…flattery…the augmentation of value, free advertising…the supposedly impartial denigration…nothing is indifferent to the Jewish Triumph… The opportune and even unscheduled addition of a ten-lettered word, of half-ways attempted praise…for the success of the least little Yid "presentation" matters… The buffooneries of ["/125] no matter which Jew, the most insignificant Jewish painter, Jewish pianist, Jewish banker, Jewish movie star, Jewish hoodlum, Jewish author, Jewish book, Jewish play, Jewish piece of music…proceed to add, now as always, one small stone, one vibrating atom, to the construction of our prison, our prison for Aryans, under Jewish management… At the height of its perfection, the Jewish Tyranny will leave nothing to chance: if everyone is having "»" sex, then everyone will be making Jewish "»." This internal colonization operates either mildly or through force, according to the general utility, of the Jewish rhythms of the moment… In France, the iron hand is still somewhat deadened by the velvet glove, but not for much longer, for soon the cards will have to be laid down, those who aren't of the right opinion will have their throats cut (they are getting it done already), and the Jew will appear unto the admiring gazes of the prostrate herd, as is necessary! solid, stolid, knout in hand…

Already, by chance, our journalists, announcers, authors, film directors, find nothing more admirable, in the historical past, present, or Future, whether in the arts, or in political, financial, and scientific journals, than the Jew…the efforts of Jews, the successes of Jews, the projects of Jews and the Judaized (See Montaigne, Racine, Stendahl, Zola, Cézanne, Maupassant, Modi, Poo-Proust, etc.).

[76/”] The Exposition of ’37 brings this concept home to us with a magnificent, crushing demonstration, of that Jewish colonizing fury, increasingly insouciant concerning indigenous resentments and reactions, each day more incontestable and more clamorous, to like measure to which the native is more submissive, more slimily crawling, more cowardly. That treacherous fanaticism for strangulation will soon become a delirium… Thus that Peace Asparagus,[133] monumental, planted right in the middle of the Trocadero… What can you say? With an immense Jewish star (the Star of David, the star of the synagogues) at the very top of that bush… What does it tell us?… This: Frenchmen! the Jews, as of this moment, are ass-reaming the whole lot of you! As they want, where they want, when they want!… With this tall rotten dildo, consecrating their triumph! Let that be repeated! Crowds! For the sake of the Jewish peace, you shall tomorrow be hauling your guts to the four corners of the globe… It’s already a done deal! On your knees, people! …and be quiet!… Watch your own asses, while awaiting new orders, and sending in money…

Before taking leave of the triumphal ghetto of ’37, take advantage of the opportunity, by taking a glance at those oh-so-highly vaunted literary exhibits… The same sticky salad, the same overrated tendentiousness. Examine a bit more closely all of that folderol of the unctuously explanatory broadsides, the precautionary references, the omissive [”/126] outlines… What are they trying to tell us? To straight-away admit, avow and proclaim unto us? henceforth this and mind your manners: The Decision of our masters: “Ministers! the decision of the aforementioned artists and Jewish critics, after much careful deliberation! and forethought! has been arrived at! and officially tendered! Let it be known: As he has well been proven, quite clearly, to be in every way a classic, that beginning today the irresolute, betitted ass-reamer Poo-Proust,[134] ‘the Jewish butt-boy of the Camellias,’[135] shall occupy the same preeminent rank, everywhere and in everything, in our textbooks and in our souls, as does Honoré de Balzac!… Sound the trumpet!” It is held high! It is triumphal! Like it or lump it! that I can guarantee you, and how!… But now would you like to listen to some other music? some other slightly more serious sounding of the trumpet? …of course! in this case you would want to hear Mr. Hoare Belisha, Jew, the English Minister of War. He expresses his confidence in us, and his wonderful enthusiasm, upon his return from the French military maneuvers…his amazement, at the tenacity, the tirelessness in the face of the worst ordeals, the magnificent martial élan of our little soldier-boys… Ben Hoare Belisha declaims: “I am now convinced that the French Army is the best army in the world! and that it will be able to maintain the front anywhere and everywhere, in victorious opposition to any attempted invasion!… Our forward position is along the Rhine!” As it is, it’s gracious. But translated from Jewish into French, what it really means is: Bidart! Norbert! Lacassagne! Miraillet! Lendormi! my little buddies! into your trenches!… And hop to it! Brutes! Don’t be clowning around so! throw yourselves forward into the blades! open yourselves up, quite literally!… Yes! Like the lot of boughten livestock that you are!… Let your meat serve some purpose!… The time is now! May you in that way well help to preserve the prosperity and the happiness of the Judeo-British Isles! your bones will make fine gates for our lovely English gardens…

[133] Facetiously refers to a giant, public *objet d’art* having an olive branch motif.
[134] Scurrilously refers to Marcel Proust.
[135] This is a take-off on *La Dame aux camélias*, by Alexandre Dumas, *fils*.

Doesn’t that make you jubilant?… Shit! How else would you rather serve? *Taratboum! Di! yie!* By gosh! Long live the King! Long live Lloyd’s! Long live Tahure! Long live the City! Long live Madame Simpson! Long live the Bible! God’s own bordello! the World is a Jewish whorehouse!

[77/127]

Fifteen million Jews are going to stick it up the asses of five hundred million Aryans.

Here in France, the little guy, the one who is going to be holed up within, and who is going to garnish all of the trenches, doesn't know very much about the Jews, he doesn't recognize them amongst the masses… He doesn't even know where they are to be found…their ways, and what sort of mugs they have, or could have…

First of all, they are all camouflaged, cross-dressed, chameleon-like, the Jews changing their names as often as they change countries, having themselves at times called Bretons, Auvergnats, or Corsicans, and variously Turandots, Durandards, Cassoulets…whatever…he makes the change, and he sounds the deceptive notes…

Amongst this band, it's the Meyers, Jacobses, and Levys who are much less dangerous, much less treasonable. It is necessary to go to some trouble, in order to learn how to recognize the Jew, and the people don't want to go to all the trouble. To the people a Jew "is a man like any other"…that's enough of an explanation for them 100 percent of the time… The physical and moral characteristics of the Jew, his infinite arsenal of ruses, surreptitions, and fawnings, and his delirious cupidity…his prodigious treachery…his implacable racism…his ineffable power of lying, absolutely spontaneously, monstrous in its effrontery…the Aryan puts up with them in every instance…will submit to them wholeheartedly, will dissolve, will founder, will die without wondering for even one wee instant just what is happening to him…what's going on? …what's that strange music?… He'll die just as he had lived, forever deceived, cuckolded down to the gut. He'll act wholly and with all his flesh…spirit and carcass for the prosperity and greater glory of his most intractable, most voracious, most debilitating parasite: the Jew! and will never ["/128] even realize it; out of every twenty *sous* that we spend, fifteen go to Jewish financiers. Even the mortal remains of the Aryan, again as always, serve towards the greater glory of the Jews, in propaganda. There exist in Nature only a few rare species of bird which might illustrate just how weakly instinctive, how imbecilic, and how easy to deceive these debilitated Aryans actually are. Some of the more oblivious species of the avian class deign to hatch-out the eggs of the cuckoo, the hatchlings of which immediately assume the right to toss out of the nest all of the other eggs – their adoptive parents' entire natural clutch!…all that isn't cuckoo! Such species of bird are as stupid for not recognizing the cuckoo in their nest, as are the French in not recognizing the Jew, while the latter is in the process of spoiling, pillaging, robbing, and dissipating the former's proper inheritance. Such is the grotesque carelessness, such is the diseased impassivity, of the stunted brain of a dirty bird.

The Westerner represents the ideal dupe, all cooked, and completely offered-up to the Jew…to the chameleon nature of the Jew!…to the foggy, prophesizing dialectic of the Jew…to the socialistic-oracular-communistic cant of the Jew! Such sparkling facets!… Ideologically the Aryan is the cuckold, the indispensable pigeon in all Jewbie endeavors[136]… No matter how unlikely the scientifico-socialistico-progressivistic the Jewish concoction, the Aryan takes the bait! His head has been worked on, in advance; he's lost to us… It's too late to try to stop him!…he is the avowed, unbridled, exuberant parrot of all of the Semitic fantasies[137]… He is ready to die for them… The Aryan has been admirably prepared, we must note, by his entire heritage…completely hardened by all of the dirty, mean usages of his peasant past… He
[78/"] makes an outstanding cuckold: both mistrusting and gullible, a "passive aggressive" *par excellence*, an extraordinary dupe…

The Aryan never goes anywhere, he's a bumpkin,[138] a provincial, an incurable gossipmonger by tradition, and by constitution. He doesn't know anything, he doesn't read anything…he is forever talking, getting carried away by his own ideas, his own words… He is fatuous, and considers himself as being critically-minded… "He who lies well, goes far," and the Jew can lie better than he can breathe!… Are you Kikeish?… Ah! but let's see!… What do you think?… I'm Catalan! …just look at my hair!… I'm Basque! a sailor! A sorcerer! An Albanian! A pétanque[139] player, a zither salesman, a fireman from Nanterre, anything at all, but Jewish? fie on that! never Jewish!…

The people don't believe in Jews; they have the iron-clad belief that the Jews no longer exist. To them the existence of the Jews is a malevolent tale, newly made-up by blood-drinking "Nazis."

["/129] His newspaper, his radio, his cinema never tell him anything about the Jews, or rather, if they should broach that taboo subject, it is with infinitely precautionary praise, with a mass of infinitely respectful commentaries, quite devotedly admiring. That most supreme intelligence, that extraordinarily farsighted man of politics, phenomenally overwhelming, of the Generalissimo Raba Bloum![140]—that is all that they will proffer, over the course of weeks and years, with regard to the question of the Jews…

Does he dare? the average Frenchman? to swear, to make it understood, that he does not like the Jews? or Jewish racism? or the great Jewish swindle? to do so would be to get himself classified, irremediably, at one and the same instant, as being amongst superlatively beyond-the-pale cankerous throwbacks, of absolutely irrespirable presence, in the universe! obtuse, immovable in the face of all progress, the opaque depths of bespittled wastebaskets, insipid shards of a cracked pot completely beshitted with stinking racial prejudices… Reactionary macaques,[141] vicious old mummies, pathetic dried-up turds, stagnant and appalling at the bottom of their pot ever since their evacuation from the great cloaca! Dreyfus! Enough of those unsightly things…frighteningly monstrous, unthinkable, not worth hearing…

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136 "alouette" = lark; "pigeon" substituted.
137 "cacatoès" = cockatoo; "parrot" substituted.
138 OV: "bouzeux."
139 Refers to a game similar to bocci ball and bowls.
140 Refers to Léon Blum (1872-1950), head of the left-leaning Popular Front government of 1936-37. Note that "*Raba* Blum" rhymes with *badaboum*. Also written as "Blaoum."
141 OV: "magots," either a macaque (tail-less monkey), or an Oriental-style porcelain garden-gnome.

A Jew is 85% bravado, and 15% hot air! The Aryan has no bravado… He is brave only in war…he's timid in normal life…a sheep… And what is it that makes him ashamed? and he is ashamed! at the drop of a hat!… He is ashamed of his own race! They have made him believe everything that they want…that is to say, everything that the Jews want… As for the Jews, they have no shame of their own Jewish race, quite on the contrary, *nom de Dieu!* …nor are they ashamed of circumcision! As though they were the least little bit ashamed of being Jews, It has been for quite a while, the course of centuries, that they have been assimilating themselves into the general population…the Jews would no longer exist, save by virtue of their being Jewish racists… To them their Jewishness is not their blemish, on the contrary it is their pride and joy, their ultimate affront, their mania, their religion, their glib tongue, their reason for being, their tyranny, their entire arsenal of fantastic Jewish privileges… As the lords of this world, the Jews well intend to remain the Jewish lords of this world, indeed the despots, to an ever-increasing extent… For us, the “Myth of the Races”[142] is itself a prejudicial lie! for us a screwing up the ass! for which we are spreading our buttocks wide! while they are sticking it to us and taking their pleasure. One would have to be as sappy as an Aryan not to be able to pick up on these characteristics, which are so extremely evident, concerning the Jewry which possesses us, which is crushing us, and which is bloodying us up in every possible, imaginable [”/130] way… The Jew possesses the *goy* unto the very roots of his entrails, unto his vertebrae, confidently, effortlessly, by appealing to his vanity, and to his hickishness… The Jew wins every time. The Aryan, so unaffected, so rough-hewn, has been turned by the Jew into a so-called [79/”] critic, distrustful and predisposed towards the denigration of his racial brethren, indeed automatically predisposed towards the destruction of his racial brethren, and never towards the destruction of the entire Jewish phantasmagoria. The Aryan is no longer anything but the ape of the Jew. He makes funny faces on command. Nowadays, even the most obtuse *goy* becomes outraged, and recoils, when presented with anything which might possibly have conserved a few little racial prejudices in the bottom of the bag… He becomes distraught and agonizes over not being sufficiently up-to-date, modern, liberal, global, cozy-cornerish,[143] democratic, casually sophisticated, and politically liberated, which in practical terms means being sufficiently well-oriented, thoroughly possessed, divided by lot, unloaded, worked to a sweat, and negrified by the Jews, unto each hair of his eyebrows, each drop of his sperm, each pubic crab, from the membrane of each internal organ unto the grain of his bread…from the style of his garrison cap to the ball which is coming along to run it through…things are never slimy enough, shitty enough for the Jews…by the Jews…

Were he to show himself as being somewhat curious, somewhat suspicious, he is quickly called to order, and immediately made to understand, and to repeat over and over, until he is able to repeat the fine lesson all the way through (like a good little Aryan parrot): One cannot possibly imagine anything loftier, more preeminent, more perfect in the whole world, than a Jewish scholar! a Jewish Minister![144] a Jewish movie star! a Jewish singer! a Jewish painter! a Jewish director! a Jewish fashion designer! a Jewish financier! a Jewish architect! a Jewish doctor, etc.!… That these Jews surpass everybody… Roll of the drum! The Chosen People! supremely gifted! suppressively,[145] did I say? erase that! in a class all by themselves far above any comparison! reciprocity or contest! leaving behind them in the infinite distance, as pathetic and inferior, those baubles and cast-offs of the indigenous castes!

[142] Refers to the idea of race being a myth, rather than to race as being a myth.
[143] Denotes a familiarity with contemporary literary trendiness.
[144] I.e., a cabinet-level officer in government.
[145] “Supprimant,” as opposed to the preceding, nearly-homophonous “suprêmement” (supremely); pun intended by the author.

those quartos by babblers, by embittered scatterbrains, pretentious rotters, puerile trash…embarrassing even to look at! their ugliness doesn't bear scrutiny, so shameful are those ignorant rivals, those grotesque pretenders! *hi! hi! h!* cannibals, gossipmongers, minstrel showmen, sad and snotty clowns, a bunch of dirty degenerates, rejects of the soul, a lowly caste of which one must never again be proud to have origins… Shame of shames! Mark of the Unclean! not to have a few drops of Jewish blood is nowadays to be an "untouchable," more or less.

Those who are here-and-there still exercising their small malice, those who ["/131] are still maintaining some small semblance of existence, must be obtaining their reprieve from extinction, a reprieve which is by the way revocable in an instant, only through the great indulgence of the Jewish powers-that-be… If he minds his manners, and is most submissive, if he doesn't emerge from his podunk corner, out in the depths of his countryside, and he "makes himself as small as possible," then this fragile reject, the "white intellectual specimen, won't arrive at a dead loss: schoolmaster, sawbones, forest ranger, cavalryman, house-painter, drudge… He will perhaps be left to breathe a little while longer… But if he becomes pretentious, if he talks about trying to make the scene, then *Tudieu!* curses be upon him!… Too bad for him!… Complete destruction!… Wuss!… In the world of the Jew, the "white man" can no longer be anything but a manual worker or a soldier, nothing else… The intellectual, the artist, the "boss" must be a Jew, always. The selection has already been made, and the onslaught functions admirably, mercilessly… The entire press, whether of the left or of the right, are so completely Judaized, and are such tributaries to the Jews, that were they to peep so much as a single seditious word concerning what is truly going on at the command level in our colonial country, and in the background of our affairs, not a single syllable, not a single letter of their layout would truly be left to their discretion, either today or tomorrow.

[80/"] If there are by chance a few possible anti-Semites still hanging-on, miraculously persistent, here and there, in the depths of whatever crevasse, such scarecrows can only be for the evocation of laughter. That's their role, given their incongruous propositions, their glibness, their perfectly vain gesticulations, and their in-your-face lashings-out. To demonstrate even more clearly to the genuflecting masses, through their farcical mutinies and comical pseudo-revolts, just how completely grotesque, completely fatuous, and discouragingly stupid such burlesque, sporadic enterprises really are. To divert the people, to have them make asses of themselves for the sake of such buffooneries! It works perfectly. Ever since the Dreyfus Affair the cause has been buried, and France belongs to the Jews, to the globalistic Jews, body, heart and soul. They dominate completely. – France is a colony of the international Jewish power, and any desired grass-roots rebellion is doomed in advance to ignominious failure… Materialistic, rationalistic, perfectly muzzled, perfectly subjected through Jewish underhandedness, alcoholized to the core, practiced in petty thievery, venal, absolutely sterilized of all lyricism, and Malthusian with regard to its own growth, France is devoted to its own destruction, to its own massacre at the enthusiastic hands of the Jews. Any uprising will only be rapidly contained, and liquidated by the crushing of the rebels, while provoking the unleashing of even worse reprisals…["/132] a complete apparatus of services and servitudes even more cruel, More meticulous, more punitive. That's all…

The French no longer have a soul, a cancer has eaten it out of them, a cancer of loutishness, a malignant tumor, though they are even more obtuse and overly-propagandized than they are loutish or malign. Every anti-Jewish act instantly rekindles the pathological Jewish sensitivity, which never lets them sleep…the grand Jewish propaganda of "the Martyred Jew," serving that never-completely, never-sufficiently consummated cause, that of

triumphant Israel… Until the end of time the Jew will crucify us in order to avenge his prepuce. It is so written… How gay!… Every anti-Yid campaign justifies by way of immediate reply, the calling of a thousand congresses ever more overheated with Jewish remonstrances, dripping with feverish Jewish lamentations, the sending of a hundred thousand petitions, and finally all of the howling, saraband, and mutual tickling, so terrible, all of the overblown play upon the organ of the eternal Jewish jeremiad…the hum of Jewish anathemas. There is nothing too scurrilous, too defamatory, to be use henceforth in depicting to the world the complete monstrousness of those effronterous freaks, those abnormal phenomena, those stiff-necked Aryan animals who are incapable of swallowing, assimilating, tolerating, or reconciling themselves to the diabolical effronteries, to the myriad cataclysmic Jewish dirty tricks. – Vampires from the cave! Salacious Cro-Magnons! Circus lackeys! Persecutors of the martyrs! Delirious beasts thirsting for the blood of democrats! Leprous sub-fascists! the crash and thunder of apocalypse instantaneously dominates the entire universe! pulverizing the microphones, breaking across every wave, every echo! deafening, crushing, vaporizing all possible opposition… Useless! pathetic! you will never even be heard!… You could get yourself killed! The infernal Jewish hype attaching to persecution dominates, extinguishes, and obliterates, from upon high, and with such crushing effect, all truth, all reality, to the extent that any attempt at redress becomes absolutely laughable… This disgusting, endless Jewish chanting has by now stultified the entire world, for so many centuries, that it's no longer possible to comprehend its full dimensions… the great cosmic train-wreck, the confusion of all values, all to the universal tom-tom of the crooked, perverse, disruptive and sterile Kikes… The noblest, the purest, and beyond doubt the most precious sentiments of human societies…mercy, friendly affection, loyalty, respect, genuine scrupulousness, truthfulness, and trustworthiness, have over the course of the ages so often been abused, swindled, raped, prostituted, betrayed, cast as maudlin, speculated upon, and sold-out by the Jews in a hundred thousand [”/133] different ways, that they have [81/”] lost all currency, all value, all bargaining power. These ancient sentiments are, from now on, absolutely suspect, and amount to nothing more in the eyes of the world than so many burlesque or pathetic overpriced goods, dissembling sure as shootin' some sort of ignoble intention, some new lowly scam or criminal scheme. But in spite of all experience, the ploy of the "harried," "martyr" Jew always works, without exception, on that bloody stupid bitch of an Aryan. A little lugubrious history of the persecuted Jew, plus the Jewish jeremiad and "Chaplinism," always makes him go soft. Infallibly!… Were his own people, his own racial brethren, to go up to him complaining of some specifically Aryan unhappiness, just look at how he'll blow them off! He'll immediately execrate them for their complaints, and on that basis alone, he will judge them severely…he'll hate them for their effrontery, their appearance, their tricks… Only the unhappiness of the Jews moves him, sure fire! He takes in the tale of those "atrocities" without mistrust, without resistance, without skepticism. He swallows it whole. These Jewish travails become part of a legend…the only legend to boot in which the Aryan still believes… The supreme miracle!… Whenever the Jewish thief, the Jewish looter cries out for help, that stupid sucker of an Aryan hops to it straight away… bleating… falling… A tasty snack!… This is how the Jews have come to possess all of the world's wealth, all of its gold. It's the aggressor who screams the loudest while cutting the throat! The trick is as old as Moses… It always works… And just as surely it was the Jew, caught red-handed, who deemed us worthy of the Deluge, of all the Deluges. The Jew sets the rest of the world to swimming, while he jumps into the Ark and saves his own skin. The people don't see the Jews, any more so than the troopers ran into many generals during the War. And as for those generals, who made the troopers take up the gun, they were certainly "generals for the Jews," they being the instruments of the Jews… It's the Jews who possess all of the world's money. With or without war. And the people? their guts are already seized-up, strained under billions

of mortgages, while all of the carcasses of the people have been enumerated, promised, sworn, solemnized! to all of the Jews on Earth, bankers, courtiers, and Commissars, from New York to Helsingfors, from Pernambuco to Moscow…tortured, cut-out, skinned, counted-up, and speculated-upon, in their entirety! everybody in advance and "on the hoof"…towards that next great butchery… And let me tell you about it… In order to make things waltz along as they should, the whole thing will be put to music!… Impulsion, and a steady cadence… That which promises all the better to provoke, to incite, to spice-up within the flesh…to crystallize the terrible Death Urge throughout the herd… ["/134] the "Hobbyhorses" of the great slaughter… That Communist tune, for example, that great fanfare out of delirium? Jewish!… It's the fashion at present…of Death at present… The main thing is that it works…that it jumps and it whirls… That affairs do not drag on, or get put off, that the world takes the leap, that States topple, that inflation comes crashing back down…, The Jew holds all the ropes, the lodges, banks, States, opinion, command, and music, and he will render the Aryan into slices, rolls, in machine gun sauce, on the day of his choosing, on the Day Zero and Hour H of his choosing! soon!…

It is time. I believe, Aryans, to say your prayers, in recognition of the fact that you are all condemned, the happy, consenting victims, perfectly willing, offering yourselves up immobile and cognizant… "My dear Hymie, my dear insolent tyrant!" Let's all say it in unison! "I implore you! show yourself! my dearly cruel atrocious master! Deign it be so! O beloved monster! my overly discreet crucifier! whom I've too seldom seen! I adore you! Grant all of my wishes! You are leaving me on tenterhooks! you see me in tears! transfixed with joy at the thought that I am ultimately going to suffer even more still…more profoundly than ever… I who has already given you everything! All that I possess! All of my land! All of my children! There remains to me however several bowls of blood in my veins! I want to be skinned alive…for you! You will see my blood flowing for you! all of you! to fertilize your earth, my adorable [82/"] Jew!… Deign it be so…! deign it be so! I adjure you! if you are as good as they pretend, as they promise…from all sides, then, cut our throats, yourself, O my Jew! Cut my throat, with my eyes wide open! O your divine cruelty! All of you, in the end you will see everybody! everybody brought together, rejoicing! my merciless executioners! Everybody! You will see everybody beaming one last time. And then to die for you! Under your knife at last…"

This is a good prayer for veal calves, most perfect, for the bloody stupidest vealer in the world! of all the slaughterhouses in the world! of all the sacrifices in the world! the best prepared vealer in the universe! the one that bellows! that gallops after its butcher supplicating him for its throat-cutting.

["/135] Let us be accommodating. Let us set a compromise.

But first of all, what are they to be called? There is no more delicate a consideration… Her Majesty Madame Edward, the Jewess, the quasi-queen? …and he?… Monsieur Simpson VIII?… No one any longer knows… There's always that matter of identifying Jews, Masons and the Judaized… I wonder whether a numerical designation within each profession wouldn't make the best of the affair? …a registration number for example, all done quite simply… Monsieur 350 the Film Director. No need to add Jewish, that will be understood by everyone… Monsieur 792 the great painter… Monsieur 1617 the admirable virtuoso?

"Oh! what do you think of that pretty folk singer?"

"Why, that's little 1873! I recognize her perfectly! How striking! what an allure! what feet! …what brio! But wasn't she at the X.Y.Z. last Tuesday?"

I applaud her knowing of whom they speak…

"Who wrote that poignant article?"

"That's by the noted journalist 7735… Wait! wait! let's read it again a little more closely."

No more ambiguity, no more pseudonyms, or names which dissemble… Numbers!…

"Whose lovely pavilion, so wonderfully gilded?…"

"That's by 1871, the illustrious architect! Ah! Ah! and how many others?…"

"And that splendid delegation, which is going to represent France in the American exhibitions?…"

["/136] "Here we see, as usual, those great representative missionaries: Messieurs and Dames 1411, 742, 635, 14 and 10,357… And that's it."

"There's no Durand?…"

"No! No! No! my friend! never a Durand! or rather a Jewish Durand."

[83/"] "And that professor, whom everyone has been saying is such a genius?"

"Don't you know?… Why, that's the ineffable 42186!"

"You don't say!…"

For years they've been beating us over the head concerning the top two hundred famous families. Yet another fantastic bit of fluff! There is but one big family, much more powerful than all the others…the great international Jewish family, and their little "Masonic" cousins…

Insofar as Frederick the Great used to replenish his finances through the sale of noble "surnames" to the Jews, why can't we, in our turn, make a little money by obliging the Jews to buy registration numbers from us?… In accordance to the importance…the taste…the accomplishment…the profession of the client! with well-recognized international currency! with shillings, with Pounds, with one-hundred-Pound notes, in accordance to their affluence…per number registry unit. Those new arrivals with six-figure incomes will thus pay much more than will the older immigrants… Justice!

The small-time teacher, rag-picker, garment worker…etc…., one shilling per unit. Bankers, a hundred Pounds per unit. Justice… Certain professional placements, such as in medicine and law, which are overpopulated, will become priceless! …the number registry will moreover be annual, with an annual license placard and an annual fee, just as with motor scooters…it must be decided upon… Do something!

["/137] Adherent of the Common Front, the raised clenched fist has been the Jew's "sign of the cross" for some two thousand years now. They still do it in the synagogues.

I have recently received a book by J.-R. Bloch,[146] a book on the war in Spain, adorned with a violent dedication

"To Louis-Ferdinand Céline,
because down there, people kill!"

Possibly so! but isn't it really that some people don't get killed, J.-R. Bloch? So much the better! *Nom de Dieu!* So much the better! That they've respected the life and the liberty of J.-R. Bloch well and proper, who has returned from Spain all safe and sound! informed, robust, imprecatory, as warlike as General Cherfils, advocating intervention with every breath! more extreme, more passionate than ever!… I came, I saw,[147] I returned, I gave some lectures, strongly applauded, I embraced La Passionaria!… I climbed into my fine airplane, I buzzed off, my morale was rejuvenated, I came back again!… That's a *drôle de guerre* even for the war in Spain!… One goes in, one comes out as through a revolving door… The real wars are those from which one doesn't come back out… Already, the "parliamentary delegations" are at the front? already? already with the little "Poincaré-style" helmets?[148] already?… Little thrill-seekers, little sadists for the occasion, quivering to live to the full "the extraordinary times" of a world in catastrophe… Everything for the stimulation of the vagus! …and nothing in the hindquarters!… The race of the tendency-towards-crime is always true to type, the "go-to-war" bourgeois, the "tendency-towards-crime" Communists, absolutely zero difference! identical, like drops of guano! Apostles and strategists gambling with the guts ["/138] of others… It all serves to elicit some fresh sensations, no more, no less…"better than cocaine."

[84/"] There is a strong possibility that in a very short while the revolutionary leaders will be obliged to assassinate, obliged? to have the people in the opposition assassinated, before they themselves get run over… Such is a part of the great order of things, classic, fatal… This is starting to take place under our very eyes… But to engage in combat, whether it be for the famous ideal or absent an ideal…that's a completely different pair of balls…completely different, is it not… I'm not talking about entering into the line against "the masses of Franco's army," but combat straight and simple against bona fide regular troops…German regular troops, for example, and what's more to the point, fully armed… The real hammer-and-anvil, in essence… No amateurism… So? …what's my point?… Broadcasting and disseminating advice, orders, and raging manifestos, stimulating the morale, bringing the stockyards to arousal…all of that is nothing but play… the thrill of subterfuge, pretext… theater… bravado… cinema… The only proof concerning matters of idealism is your own personal ordeal, without spectators, early in the morning… of leaving your cover, like a man sentenced to death, and hauling your own guts up to the "barb-wire," at the level of the very highest ideals, much higher in fact than the very highest Ideals… That is what counts… And these are the proofs which are very rarely encountered, by consequence, as not being very "artistic," as bearing scant usable fruit… Everyone who is an artist must have a following, a "plantation"… Genuine sincerity doesn't have a following… The worship of heroes is the worship of good luck.

[146] Refers to Jean Richard Bloch.
[147] OV: "Veni, Vedi, [etc.]," set-up, *d'après* Caesar.
[148] Refers to an accessory for a pseudo-military uniform, various styles of which were sported by civilian politicians during both World Wars.

“Don’t you agree?… Would you still have heart in face of the holes prepared for you? …at the logical conclusion of each one of your gestures? …yes?” I think not… I get the distinct impression that you are looking at things falsely...that you are living falsely...everything about you sounds false... Spectators! ...thrill-seekers! you, to look at yourselves, want to enjoy...to profit from the great Jewish and Masonic victory…you don’t understand that it will cost you your existence—and you’re not even willing to risk your job… You’re going to be ambushed in the next war even more badly than the bourgeoisie was in the last one… Like the machine gun, the art of the ambush has made enormous progress, from what I can discover, currently eclipsing and eclipsing again its practice in years past… I don’t know of a single apostle who isn’t at least a staffer at General Headquarters… either that or a garrulous and photogenic super-aviator…

Those who are burning with the Soviet apostolic faith are not the ones who are [”/139] at present manning the trenches before Madrid and Saragossa, but are ultimately nothing but equivocating “little chatterers.” For them, it’s the Culture clubs! and picnics in the Cemetery.

During the next war, which is being drawn up and organized on every side of us, one shouldn’t be surprised to find, way in the back of all of these arms caches and armories, so many apostles and fervent warmongers in deep hiding… The world is rotten, it has been made so by the cinema, and by ham acting… (Oh those charges of the light cavalries!…) The most outlandish, the most indecent look-at-me-ism is the foundation, ultimately, of all of the important Ideological movements today, inseparably… The world in ’14 was much more simple, more natural, more sincere, and much less deceptive, less vicious than it is today. In ’37, ham acting and phrasemongering have sprung up everywhere, dominating everything, debasing everything, even the people, alas! themselves already quite overripe, well-advanced in their rotten hamminess… I remember my being in the firing line alongside some Breton combatants. They didn’t know how to either read or write, brigadiers included… They inspired an absolute confidence, which could not be denied! “*ac cadaver.*” I have a tremendous distrust of soldiers who know how to read…who go to the cinema… In the face of danger, he who knows how to read easily becomes argumentative, somewhat hesitant, subtle… He believes in the cinema, he wants to see what follows… Nothing follows!… Attention!… Everybody in the ranks must forget all about the cinema!… This would guarantee a lot work for the MPs’ Office… They [85/”] would hardly go unemployed. They would be working themselves ragged going after all of those “spectators.” Nor would the grunts be idle any longer…nor the issuing of orders…

["/140]

"Each war, each revolution brings us closer to the moment for which we await,
the supreme goal towards which we incline…"
– The Grand Sanhedrin, 1884.

This revolution has decidedly presented itself as being an enormous, fanatical augmentation of security… An adroit and gigantic consolidation of already-acquired beefsteaks.

Concerning this proposition, nothing is more demonstrative and more enlightening than to glance through, and then to examine somewhat more closely, those long lists embellished with the names of celebrities, for the purpose of recommending the various firebrand political parties, be they pacifists, liberators, interventionists, emancipators, etc…. Daily, concerning every question, leftist organizers put forth diverse documents, pamphlets, etc., covering the entire press and the Sovietophile literary circles… There is nothing more ridiculous. Take a quick glance through those lists of the important friends of the USSR. All or nearly all are politicians, bureaucrats, the privately wealthy, or retired Jews or Freemasons… And how! All of them amply remunerated, I might even say perfectly opulently, a hundred absolutely comfortable damned souls, impudently, grossly parasitic, each one making an average of one hundred thousand francs (francs Blum) annually… Parasites of the Super-States! Unite! assure yourselves by gathering around the big Jews!

The "well-to-do" of the Earth have arisen!… How many from among these "fat ones" share a few of their dividends with the community of the skinny?… I ask you? How many are going off to prove themselves, to die upon the crenellations of Madrid, should things turn out badly?[149]… Knock! Knock! Knock! …who's there?… A friend! a friend of whom? a friend of the Jews! a friend of the people! a friend of that fellow! a friend of himself! a friend of the sofa!… Of the real combatants for Spain, quantities of them are to be seen, debarking from the third class of whichever Transatlantic liner, returning from New York. These here, as far as combatants go, are the real ones, the authentic ones… They won't be heading to any Conferences! they won't be embracing La Passionaria.[150] Like all of the real heroes of this world, they make it from the carrier to the trenches in a single leap… They are not Jews!… One must not confuse the two, lest they become lost in transit! The ones destined for the rifle are over here, and the immigrant rejects are over there. The Great "Morganthau-Baruch-Loeb-Warburg Committee for the Liberation of Peoples" has paid for their fine voyage. By-and-large the heroes are going to give them their money's worth… They are going to see the thing to the end… I came, I saw, I engaged.

[149] Refers to the ongoing Spanish Civil War.
[150] Refers to a celebrated activist, in the Communist camp, in the Spanish Civil War.

["/142] A few days ago Denoël[151] had sent to me, for my personal instruction, a "C.G.T."[152] report on the book crisis in France. A most insubstantial document which exhausts itself giving the "on the one hand and on the other"…in which over the course of one long chapter one wonders whether it will ever reach a decision after so much "hemming-and-hawing." Nothing doing. The affirmative would have surprised us… One short passage, however, at the end of this magma of [86/"] inconsequential complaints, suddenly reawakens the reader… Oh joy!… Passages, all in figures, which, finally, mean something. I will cite:

"Mean annual expenditure in various countries, per inhabitant, per annum, for the purchase of books (the sole basis of comparison possible)

United States: 25 francs per capita.

Germany: 20 francs per capita.

Great Britain: 10 francs per capita.

Belgium: 3 fr. 50 per capita.

France: 0 fr. 50 per capita."

This is the thing which is overcoming us! and it is the simplest thing in the world, to reveal the problem before our eyes in all of its crude simplicity, as to why our daughter is mute,[153] and why the French have so recklessly abandoned the book, both individually and collectively… There's nothing to mull over, it's all black and white. Let us accept the thing for what it is… Well more amusing than tragic…as well as gratifying in that it had been enunciated at all. No need to make a fuss over it… But let us reject outright, for example, as ["/143] calumnies, as lies most repugnant, all of those explanations handed-down to us from academics most soporific, that it is to wit the cinema, the radio, sports, periodicals, etc., etc., which are responsible for the crisis…in impeding the French from reading, or from availing themselves of the good authors… Effronterous asininities, shameless screwings-over! The United States, England and Germany possess all of these forms of amusement to ten times the extent as we! and look at how they are continuing to read…

Benign Duhamel[154] the soporific, very measuredly moved, by all of the hubbub going on concerning the book, in all of the Reviews and Conventions, comes around in his turn to put on airs, to plaster-down a sentence or two, to ass-ream several pertinent adjectives, and to adverbalize unto death agony. He deems this delicate occasion sufficiently worthy as to deliver unto us yet one more magnificent *bouquin*[155] (the critics delight in the word "*bouquin*," in that it has such a use-worn ring to it, while being all the same respectfully admiring, tender, and filial). The Benign Duhamel waxes eloquent upon this malaise, with two hundred well-reamed pages, which are given over to his contrived sentiments…making the endeavor with a thousand recursive pieces of fluff… "But! yes! But! yes!…" as the Benign One wonders why things aren't going right anymore! What a crisis, my emperors! How excruciating it is, down to the core! …to be in such little demand! to die unproven!…

[151] Denoël = Céline's own publisher (cited also on p. 45 of this work.)
[152] C.G.T. = France's Communist-affiliated labor union.
[153] This is a figurative rather than literal attribution.
[154] Refers to Georges Duhamel, who wrote *Le Voyage de Moscou* in 1927.
[155] I.e., a venerable or otherwise precious book.

Where does it then go? Where is it dispersed? I ask you? that little piece of dough? …the clients' little wad of cash… I'm agonizing! I'm agonizing! There it is! …where the little wads of our clients' cash are dissipating, our dear clients, so reserved, so fine, so French so subtle so nuanced, etc….!etc…." But Duhamel, o illustrious one, don't give yourself a headache! my dear Dumouton, it's all quite simple, easy, elementary, all of their cash-wad is going into cheap wine! It's not hard to discover! we see our clients' little wad, as we put our glasses back on, and admire yet another passage of this lovely report, with some different figures… "Alcoholism in France" perfectly eloquent, as well as substantial. "France is the country which is the strongest consumer of alcohol of any in the world… 21.300 liters of pure alcohol, as taxed per capita amongst inhabitants…per annum…(if one includes homemade booze, that figure rises to about twenty-six liters per capita…). All of the other peoples of Europe have lower rates of consumption… By a quarter, or a half, or by [87/"] three-quarters… Italy 14.84 liters, Spain 14.80 liters, Belgium 9.27 liters, Switzerland 8.37 liters, Austria 5.64 liters, England and Hungary 4.89 liters, Czechoslovakia 4.52 liters, Germany 3.85 liters, Holland 3.5 liters, Sweden 2.99 liters, Denmark 2 liters, Iceland 2.77 liters, and Norway ["/144] 1.81 liters. Though the consumption of distilled beverages has declined by about a quarter (three liters of alcohol per capita instead of four) since the War, such a diminution has largely been offset by an augmentation in the consumption of wine, which having stood at about thirty-five thousand hectoliters annually, before 1900, has in the past few years come to stand at about fifty million hectoliters annually…

"It is thus inaccurate to maintain that alcoholism has declined in France, quite to the contrary, it has augmented, though it is today the product, more so than in years past, of fermented beverages… And what is more, as the habit of drinking has gained ground in feminine circles, certain alcoholic usages have become particularly tyrannical, such as that of taking an aperitif, for example." (P. Rieman).

Note that in France, people still know how to amuse themselves… In matters of rot-gut, it is absolutely official, tangible, palpable, that the Frenchman need fear no one… He has shown himself, according to the stopwatch right at the bar, be it with demijohns, boots,[156] liters or whatever receptacle desired, to be the universal champion of cheap wine!… A pathetic reader, possibly, but peerless as an alcoholic! There's not even a question of rivaling him… Who wants the glass? Even the Englishman who is so often cited as a redoubtable toper, when put to the test, doesn't even exist. What bluff! what pretentiousness! It's quite simple, that no Nordic type, no nigger, no savage, no civilized person, can even remotely approach the Frenchman any longer, when it comes to speed and capacity in putting away the wine. Only France itself stands to beat its own records in wininess, in its bending of the elbow. These are moreover practically the only records which France is capable of beating. But in this competition it's "First Class," "Without Competition." In other sports, involving muscle, involving windedness, the Frenchman is reserved, he holds back… He never appears very ardent, very gung-ho. He who shines so brilliantly in his *savoir vivre*, no longer shines so brilliantly in the stadium… Does the Frenchman hate reading? Such can very easily be understood and defended, while at the same time even becoming an endearingly unique trait… That he prefers chatter to texts, and labial rhetoric to the deciphering of paragraphs… Why not?… Where's the harm in it? But when he shows himself, on every occasion, without fail, for nigh-well fifty years now, whenever he is put on the line, to be unfailingly dull, flat and infantile, in no matter which sport, truly the laughingstock of all of the stadiums in the universe, though this could also be considered a form of uniqueness, it is nonetheless

[156] OV: "a la péniche" (lit. "by the barge (or, mud-boot)"), refers to a large unit of drink.

tenaciously humiliating. The enormous, infinite numbers of these athletic setbacks [”/145] trouble but little the natural self-assurance and conceit of the French people. But once all of these regularly imposed and inevitable defeats have become a given, their masters begin somewhat to cavil, and the masses become apprehensive…flustered…and begin to think it over… But why think it over?… The answer is right there, bursting forth, overflowing its sides, I am bold to say: Cheap Wine!…

This preamble has not been in vain, it has brought us into the presence of yet one more little King of France, a monarch in his own right, and viceroy, suzerain, and ever-loyal vizier to the great Jewish King…old faithful himself, well-seasoned, and entrusted with the stultification of the masses, using the bar, idle chatter, and the chemically-altered juice of the grape… King Bistro possesses, by himself, all of the rights, through absolutely intangible political arrangement, to complete immunity and total silence, with every encouragement, for the exercise of his formidable traffic as empoisoner and assassin… Nothing is allowed to cause him trouble: the press, the radio, the Commissioners, and the entire State [88/”] are, in consideration of his business needs, entirely submissive to him and his orders, on the alert and hasty for ways all the better to serve him… The two roaring lions of contemporary publicity, out-roaring all of the other noisemakers, are Cinema the Stultifier and Wineco the Empoisoner. Attaching to the amazing privileges given to cheap wine, this is the only crime in France which is showing rapid progress… France has been sold in its entirety, liver, nerves, brain, and kidneys, to the large vinicultural interests. Wine is the national poison!… The bistro is polluting, knocking out, assassinating, and putrefying the French race just as surely as it was opium that rotted out and completely liquidated the Chinese race[157]…hashish the Persians, and coca the Aztecs…

The Jew, when his papers are demanded from him for examination, immediately declares himself to be an old Auvergnat worker, a faithful Bigourdan, a loyal Corsican, a Tourangeau, a Landais, etc.[158]… Neither does skunk-wine possess such virtues, or such unanimously favorable references, good for all occasions, that much is understood! as is promulgated at the cost of billions annually… Cheapo wine is never anything other than an inoffensive, hygienic, anti-rachitic, Gaullic, digestive, antiseptic, fortifying, Intelligence-fueling (for the most brilliant people in the world) thing, in addition to being a panacea for “long life.” But despite all of this the mortality rate in France remains one of the highest in the world…

France 15.7 (per 100),[159] England 11.7, Germany 11.8, Belgium 12.0, Spain 15.6, Ireland 14.4, Greece 15.5, Sweden 11.2, Switzerland 12.1, Norway 10.2, Australia 9.5, New Zealand 8.2.

In this respect, as in every or nearly every respect, and in spite of the [”/146] heavy torrent of encouraging fawnings which are poured upon us each morning in full columns by our fine demagogic press and wastebasket-liner, France remains one of the most backwards countries in the world… The figures are in your hands. Let’s give plonk its due, however. Nothing could replace it when it comes to pushing the masses forward into crime and into war, by stultifying them to the desired degree. The most thoroughgoing, the most economical moral anesthetic known, that’s wine! and it’s first class… “One blow on the bugle! and they will all fly to the frontiers!” Gutman gloats. Gutman is right, he sees things correctly. But

[157] Or so it seemed in 1937. Opium had indeed debilitated, though not completely destroyed, the Chinese.
[158] Refers to inhabitants of Auvergne, Bigorre, Corsica, Touraine, and Landes, respectively.
[159] Sic; the author probably meant “per 1000.”

"having drunk!" let us add! The bugle is not enough. The link between stomach and heart is "wine at your discretion"… The crowing clarion is the music, the very soul of wine…

Without taking sides, I've found that elections favoring the Left do even more for the bistro than do elections favoring the Right. Never have the bistros known such crowds, as those which the "forty hours" have earned for them. And the people? Never have they had so much leisure time, Never have they been so boozed-up… Never has the lemonade business been so encouraging, never have the major aperitifs known prosperity of the like. Would you just take a look at their advertising layouts?… What sumptuousness!… A perpetual Bastille Day… Democracy above all… Never has the publicity attaching to wine (and to wine-derived liqueurs, etc.) shown such effrontery, such insolence… The pretentiousness of the major nectars is at its apex… What are they risking?… Not a thing!… France's 350,000 bistros have replaced everything in the lives of the masses…the Church, the songs, the folk dances, the legends, etc…. The little people, that crowd representing the poorest of the poor, is drawn in and drained at the bar, mechanically, like vealers at the watering trough, the first step on the way to the slaughterhouse. The people no longer feel the need for anything new other than for new bistros, "more leisure and more bistros."

And the libraries?… Just ask yourself, whether the libraries are frequented any more often under the forty-hour rule[160]… The very idea has been taken away from the people, even in the imagination, that they might be able [89/"] to escape reality, to transform themselves, in any manner other than by getting sauced…chronically… The spiritual center, the intellectual forum, the attractive power, the "catalyst" of the village is no longer the church, nor the chateau nor even the town hall… It's the bistro, front and center… What a spiritual improvement! …and in the cities it's the bistro plus the cinema…the "complete set" of modern stultification. The 350,000 bistros of France, those flattering and cloyingly sweet galley slave overseers of the little working people, are 350,000 times more powerful, immovable, and meticulous than all of ["/147] the other tyrants, bosses, lords, priests and bullheads, both apparent and preceding… They're beyond all comparison… They bloody up and knock down the people at the foundation… They deliver them up to the Jews, to the generals of the people, broken, staggering, belching, puking, perfectly consenting to all of the slave galleys, all of the massacres…

What have they undertaken? what is it exactly that our immense humanitarians are trying to do? our great dolorous brothers? Those "participants without limits" in all of the sufferings of the people, but to liberate the people from their most personal, their most implacable, their most insatiable executioner, alcohol?… Absolutely nothing of the sort!… On the contrary! Never before have the speculators at the Stock Exchange, buyers and sellers of all stripe, both Jews and the enjudaized, known a period so magnificently fruitful for raw materials, than the one which we have been undergoing since the victory of the Front of the Masses,[161] or the "Front of the Major Distillers and Viniculturalists." The most marvelous achievement of the "Boom Bloum" government must be the miraculous forty hours and the incredible growth in the powers of cheap wine over the crowd.

What are they doing, our quivering dissipaters and dispersers of the gloom, in the way of dispersing just a little of all of this alcohol that is killing us?… Ah! they would themselves be dispersed rather quickly by the most resounding storm ever blown forth from Lucifer's pigpen…if they were to venture a single indiscreet word! What have our great rebels of well-

[160] I.e., refers to the general forty-hour work-week, giving the workers more leisure time, not to library hours.
[161] I.e., the Popular Front (electoral victory of 1936).

known visage, our wondrous forfenders of all forms of iniquity, tried to do in the way of cleaning up the street a little?… In the way of doing just a little towards shaking off the most nauseating, the most vile and the most cowardly of all known dictatorships, that of the 350,000 bistros? all of them sparkling, dazzling in the fullness of glory and fortune…draining, decimating and putrefying, under the full protection of all of the public powers, with all of that famous leisure time going straight through the neck of a bottle? The entire length and breadth of the land is nothing more than a formidable enterprise of stultification, a gigantic cesspool of Jews and cheap wine… Isn't anyone up to date?… Isn't anybody putting up a fuss?… It's not just a single bouillon cube but an entire Himalaya for the tongue of the big Jews! "It's easy but it's hard"… What kind of nonsense is that?… The Frenchman has been bound hand and foot and delivered up to the big industrialists of cheap wine, be they Jewish or not… If the Jew is king, then Lemonade is queen… Go worry about them, crusaders! not about two or three unfortunate whorehouses out in the sticks, in the name of public morality, or general hygiene, or some such foolishness, for it is with impunity that you will be led on [''/148] to madness, to crime, to senility right at the counter, along the length of those four hundred thousand bartops, and not one person will so much as wince! and everyone is quite content!… What a lot of bitching by a bunch of shitty hypocrites!

All of our Hymies of the great socialist experiment (they who themselves hardly ever drink), show themselves in practice, in the political kitchen, as being in solidarity to the end with all of the cheap wines, and they will quite naturally go crawling unto their Emperor Piss-water in order to get people to drink him, vote for him, and enthrone him. Warnings, recognition, and homage… It's their second circumcision. Chattering Midi,[162] dodgy and vain, is an excellent podunk for the Jews, absolutely amenable. The opium of the people is no longer religion, that poor legend now under restraint, but rather cheap wine in its full triumph. Religion is discussed, is [90/''] refuted, is given over to a thousand occasions for ridicule, but not cheap wine… The Frenchman no longer has anything but the Jews and cheap wine, between himself and oblivion… The Jews and cheap wine triumph together…let us never forget that eighty percent of the enormous quantity of alcohol consumed in France comes from wine "The long viiine of our fathers!"… Our fathers, those simple souls, who in truth never drank any such thing, but rather some innocent, homemade "small beers," and some rudimentary fermentations. Never did they even suspect the very existence, those old-timers, of our terrible rot-guts, of our concentrated poisons, of brand-name vitriols, of our Elixirs for the Asylum, which are today filling-up, overflowing and inundating the sovereign people, as these rain down upon their bar tables and counters, under the delighted eye of those great apostles! The Bastille?… What a joke!… Look now all about the former site of the Bastille itself…at that great expanse of bistros… They are worth a hundred thousand Bastilles! …in terms of repression and exploitation. The sovereign people?… But since '93[163] it has exercised its sovereignty from within the inside of a still! It has never left there! It will never leave there!… There hasn't been one measure, one Edict, one simple decree since that famous day of sovereignty, which has not been premeditated, promulgated, and conceived in all its glory, but for the sake of the glorification, the impunity, the insolence, and the perfect prosperity of the proliferating bistros! We have seen it all, the very limit! We have seen a Minister, that of Public Education no less, advocate through his official circulars the consumption of wine in all of the schools in France!… For fear that one might not think of it often enough… To pressure all of the teachers, through very lively exhortations, to devote themselves in their classes to an elegy on cheap wine, and the creation in essence of the greatest possible number of epileptics, by sovereign order.

[162] "Midi" = France south of Lyon.
[163] "'93" = 1793.

O government of the people, for the people, by cheap wine!

["/149] O Hydra of Ignorance!…

This is in a country, we should note, where each year, fifty percent of all conscripts are eliminated on account of various forms of underdevelopment, "deferred" as being completely worthless, by a Selective Service[164] both increasingly indulgent, and very concerned with the maintenance of the lists of eligible recruits, and the retention of as many as possible under the flag… Fifty percent of the French population, thanks to booze, has thus fallen very clearly into the category of physical rejects. This libatiousness, this alcoholic massacre of the entire race is moreover not the least cause of that overall droopiness…of that enormous anemia, impotence, banality and boredom, of that effeminization, tedious repetition, lack of inspiration, and nit-picking gossip-mongering, viciously vindictive, all being that collectivity of defects most unfortunate, but very remarkable, which seems to have stymied all of French intellectual production, for nigh-well the last hundred years… The intellectuals, like the people, have gradually lost all of their significance, all of their power, all of their enterprise, all of their veritable music… Weak-willed types imprisoned within a thoroughly, fatally alcoholized flesh, dissolved into cheap wine… The recurring tragedy of the physical and mental decadence of alcoholic, condemned races. The big Jews of the Popular Front are perfectly-well informed about it, and are not mistaken… They've quite naturally established their headquarters in the major wine-producing *départements*[165]… They well know that a dictatorship in France cannot take hold, and cannot last save through this enormous libation, this besottedness, this colossal stultification of all individuals, children included, into hereditary winos… The Frenchman is actually the only living creature under the skullcap of the heavens, be it man or beast, that never ever drinks pure water… He is so inverted in his tastes, that he now regards water as toxic… He turns away from it, as from a poison. In what way, I ask you, were the Chinese definitively and absolutely conquered, relieved of their valuables, annihilated, dissolved, and pulled-down? Through opium!… And the Redskins? [91/"] they who had at first given such a splendid thrashing to the Yankees wherever they had been encountered, by what were these valiant fellows finally reduced, to slavery? …by brandy! …and all of the niggers? …all of those which are colonizable in general? by rum! …by whichever poison is the most popular at the time of conquest… Nothing is more sinister…

The French will submit to their destiny, they will be put, some day, into vinaigrette sauce… They are there already. Make no mistake… The conqueror must be ["/150] assured under all circumstances, that his slaves are always well in hand, sordidly submissive, and he must be certain of his power to project them, at the given hour, perfectly debilitated…docile…unto the bone…broken-in to service, into the very reddest, most roaring meat-ovens…without their ever bucking the trend, without a single hide of this troupe being predisposed towards hesitation, without the herd letting out even the most furtive whisper of complaint… Even so, the herd does admirably master all of the Calvaries which present themselves, and it climbs up to the crematorium very strongly, all by itself, under the simple stimulus of exhortations, and of cries from the gallery which it understands. This miracle has become common, it has taken place every day since the dawn of history, of tyrannies and wars…but all of this can occur all the better, even more admirably, more spontaneously, and all told dizzyingly successfully, when the organizers are able to warm up, prepare, and cradle

[164] OV: "le Conseil de Revision."
[165] Or, counties.

the grand sacrifice in their precipitates from various philters, of some sort of well-concentrated chemical rottenness, some sort of powerful, everlasting, indelible, economical nerve poison, that being our cheap wine, for us Frenchmen… Thus, it is quite easily doable! the Paradise of the hecatomb right here on Earth, where all are gathered together, upon one another, on the surface of the Earth as it is down in the depths… On one side of the slaughterhouse, preparation and prettying-up takes place…while on the other side there's distillation, with kegs and barrels being filled-up at full blast… The banks are happy, while the pressing, squeezing, and filtration goes on, full speed ahead!… Instinct does the rest… That instinct, ever present, crouching, unmistakable and inerrant, that Death urge, at the heart of men. at the heart of races which are on the road towards extinction, that instinct of which one never speaks, and which never speaks, the most powerful, tenacious and impeccable, the silent instinct… He who is never drunk, listens, and understands… So many billboards! so many promises! so much euphoria! …demagogy appears,[166] thunders, explodes!… It's a fair! the great carnival of the mendacious word… Listen to these torturer's assistants as they shout bold-faced lies right into the faces of their victims… They have the lies right on the tips of their tongues:

"What do the people want?… What do the people demand?…

"Work. And bread!…"

But no! but no! foolishness!… And you well know it! better than anyone!… The people demand leisure and cheap wine! above all. A working class family in France spends much more for wine than it does for either milk or bread… Alcohol and tobacco cost the people much more dearly than does their food. Own up to this rottenness!…

["/151] Wendel! Wendel! Wendel![167] Hypocrisies of Tartuffe![168] Laughable obfuscations! I know of a hundred distillers, each a hundred times as criminal as Wendel! …who year in, year out, kill a hundred times as many people as do all of the Wendels in the world… And their businesses are much more reliable, much less threatened than those of Wendel!… But aren't they allowed to prevail, as you well know, all of you electors with lists in hand, while you keep your dirty stinking mugs of so many menacing ham actors shut, because you are yellow, living in an infernal fear of your masters the distillers?… Would you just take a quick look at their [92/"] "dealings"?… Their augmentations of capital!… Has it even crossed your mind to begin regulating them? Don't be stupid! They are the darlings of the regime, of all regimes, including the one for which you are preparing. These Praetorians of the Poison can always afford to wait, like the Jews, under the elms, in complete serenity at their "tavern-headquarters," until the end of your masquerades, clown shows, frivolous upheavals…they know what is wanted over the course of every Revolution… They have anchored everything down with kegs, with barrels, everything, and they know that without them, all authority in France would founder, without recourse, without appeal… They know that nothing must ever be allowed to befall them… It is they who send our electors crawling to the polls, it is they who stir-up the blood of our soldiers. Without taverns, you are nothing, with taverns you are everything. Tomorrow, the revolution accomplished, "communist," there will be more taverns than ever on our territory… "Free France: staggering, swinish and happy!…"

[166] OV: "nectarde."
[167] Refers to a French armaments manufacturer.
[168] Refers to a hypocritical character in a work of that name by Molière.

As vain, narrow-minded and frivolous as you might be…it is the lessons of History which one remembers… You surely that the Tsar paid heavily for his last “Ukazes,” his ordinances against Vodka. Those are the actual edicts which led to the overthrow of the Tsar, the toppling of the throne, and the final discombobulation in a Siberian cave…much more so than the natterings of the Jew Ul’yanov-Lenin. But Stalin, he’s not so crazy… Despite everything, he always leaves his muzhiks a few rubles so that they can somehow get plastered, quite profoundly shit-faced, in view of all of their miseries. It is above all a man such as these, of whom there is never a time in which he is not more-or-less soaked, “between two wines,” who will never be, whether here or over there, anything more than a wash-out as a citizen, meticulously stupid, a villainous comrade and a doubtful soldier. He’s a dubious man, all puffed-up with defiance, an anarchist full of piss, in whom it would be nice to punk a hole.

[”/152] With the ransom that you turn over to the Jews, to your masters the international bankers, tomorrow the great commissars of the People, you would be able to have two days off out of every three.

Yet another impudent lie, a credo for winos and mugs, an infamous bit of cheek, is the “Proletarian International”! In all the world there exists only one true International, and that is the Jewish tyranny, racial, financial, and absolutely political… That is your International, there! one can say it! without interruption, without a deficiency, total, from Hollywood, from Hymie Wall Street, from Washinton (Roosevelt[169] is only the marionette of the big Jews Morgenthau, Loeb, Schiff, Hayes, Baruch, and ilk) to Moscow, from Vancouver to Milan… A true International, quite complete, quite intricate, quite inflexible, quite gold-plated, insensitive, suspicious, criminal, anxious, insatiable, always after conquests, never appeased, never relaxed, never sleepy. For Aryans, for workers, the “Internationale” is only a song…exactly! nothing but a song for slaves, nothing more… One day the people must violently, furiously wipe the bug out of their eyes, so as to recognize that their familiar “Internationale,” that famous fanfare, is only yet another record most warped, most bent, the enormous fantastic con-job of its appointed ring-leaders… Yet another Yid swindle! …the “Internationale” is no more for the “wretched of the Earth” than is the butter on the balcony!… The Workers’ International is a bit of prestidigitation, a socio-megalomaniacal imposture of its great ancestral “Marx Brother,” the first to go by that name…the Hirsute One, so as to rip-off the stupid Aryans.

He jolly well [”/153] succeeded! To the Jews went gold and beefsteaks, to the stupid Aryans, cudgels and songs…according to one’s kind…one’s destiny. The “Internationale”: a bunch of noise! A complaint by a drunkard, a lullaby for captives. There’s no longer a single workers’ fraternity across the breadth of this whole wide world, but that the Jews are at the head of it… It’s even the exact opposite of that which actually exists, as is quite evident, from one end of the planet to the other… That those peoples who are seeking to embrace one another, to meet with one another across forbidden frontiers…are unfortunately impeded by the evil capitalists from pressing together heart to heart… What a frightful refrain! What a shameless imposture!… There is nothing more absolutely contrary to reality!… But yes! in the Congresses, no doubt! in the endless jabbering and the banderoles, of course! …at the Grange-aux-Belles certainly, plus a few other places, there is fraternization! between “delegates” having a lot of verve, who have a lot going for them, who are not depleted, who are not incompetent, and with whom one can jabber oneself hoarse with the same sort of

[169] “Roosevelt” = Franklin D. Roosevelt.

stupidities! What fine bullshitting! What risk does it entail? There are toasts! the toasts are returned! promises are made! …and how they castigate! …made into as much mincemeat as you'd like! all of those profiteers of the various Regimes, and the iniquities, the exploiters, the organizers of "Scarcity" ah! ah! that fine tall tale! …the gluttons of one stripe…the ferociously well-fed of another… But in practice? Ladies, Gentlemen?… Once they've returned home, these very same sell-outs, these very same ones, how they converge on the police. to beg, to demand that the restrictions be reinforced, that immigration be cut off. turn off the valve! Then there are no more fine phrases, Ladies and Gentlemen, no more sighing! no more nonsense! …no more warbling!… Only reality! some very egoistic directives, quite insipid, quite formulaic… Devil take the down-and-out!… Devil take the "de facto" communists! And to all those who would divvy up and share the riches of the land, among all peoples! …who would organize redistribution, and social justice… All of those slinky dogs, wandering about, sniffing! at will! *nom de Dieu!* club 'em down! Such is the real language of the fraternal delegates of the most opulent "trade unions" once they've returned home…

Countries no longer exist! But those fine "standards" of living have never existed more than they do now… There are as many "standards" of living as there are countries, all of them ferociously defended, I would ask you to believe, by those who feed off of them…as well as being madly envied by those who aspire towards them… It is a profound, everlasting war…silent…inadmissible…between the various proletariats…and it's no less ferocious than any other…between the very lowest "standards," and those standards [”/154] "filled clear to the top"… The various standards have borders with barbed wire, even more so than do Countries… Go try it then, proletarian, lathe operator, hairdresser, milliner, typist, mediocre dabbler, to earn your daily bread in the United States! …in England, Sweden or Holland…spontaneously, just like that! …entirely without pretext…to have yourself just a little taste…of a higher "standard of living" (of being paid more for a little less drudgery), and in just a little bit you are going to see how you'll be thrown right back out! straight away! without appeal…ejected with a few whacks in the backside like some impudent, purulently mangy cur! Ah! that will not be a pretty thing to look at!… Ah! Working class fraternity, she is quite dead, it is so sad! …if she ever existed at all!… No sooner do you leave off with the formulae, naïve believer, and show up in your flour-covered face,[170] anticipating a degustation of the fruits of the promise, of that excellent thing that is fraternity, so highly vaunted and ranted over, participation in which is spoken of in all of the congresses, and echoed all over the world, than you see how you'll be knocked down!… It's not hard to find out! That adorable fraternity, it's nothing but rhetoric, it doesn't exist!… They'll show you, right at the border, with one of those merciless cudgels, one of those "iron-tipped" nightsticks, which will drop you right back down the whole that you'd crawled out of! impertinent madman! …no mercy! no lamentations! …each to his own galley, as in the working of slaves… No daydreaming… The deck on which they're better fed, isn't taking on any moochers or runaways from the other triremes…those who are swimming alongside that fine hull, how they'll be turned away! with a few big cracks with a drift pin right on the noggin! that's what they're going to get in the [94/”] …end for such foolishness! swollen up the hard way!… Ah! How well the defense of these fine democratic frontiers is organized! No mercy! No error! No sneaking in! Those envious types! those pugnacious types, to the shit-house with them! Each people for itself!… Use the dagger! use grenades if they're handy! On the door to each country it is clearly written, in black on pink…the fine welcome that awaits all of you proletarians of the world! "WE ARE FILLED TO CAPACITY HERE"… There! it's done!… Don't go imagining by way of an explanation, that it's the "fat ones" or the "two

[170] Refers to the practice in traditional theater, of applying excessive powder to the face of an actor portraying a naïve character.

hundred families" who are tossing the scoundrels back out… But no! but no! understand this well…it would give these "exploiters" far greater pleasure…to take them in, in great quantities! some "greasers"[171] from other hemispheres!… Why not? They can only profit therefrom… Less costly manual labor…a greater number of clients… For their mugs it's completely beneficial!… In this instance, ["/155] in each country it is actually the proletarians who, unionized, organized, on guard, and retrenched behind their bosses, are absolutely defending their borders…their "standard" consisting of their radio, their frigidaire, their car, their manner of dress, in sum their species of luxury (usually on credit), by every means of force and ill intent…above all through "Deportation," using an intractable police. From the first word to the last, one must take exception to those affectionate pratings which are jabbered forth at full volume. Any "Trade Union" no matter which, be it English, American, Danish, etc….is infinitely more dastardly towards the "lean" workers of other countries, than every kind of possible boss all put together would be…implacable! The stinking hypocrisy of this entire immense recruitment, sentimentalo-Masonic, this infernal babbling about class brotherhood certainly constitutes the most disgusting farce of the past century… The very fact of all of those boundaries drawn before us proves the absolute opposite, in terms of "who eats," which is the only fact that enters into the bottom line, "speaking to workers' interests." The "favored" proletarians have never been more strongly attached to their relative patriotic privileges, with those possessing within their borders the wealth of an abundant land, having no particular desire to share. "Nature did not make boundaries" Cheers! She has perfectly well endowed certain countries with all of the World's riches, while leaving other countries with nothing but flint and cholera as their entire appreciable fortune. Boundaries came into being by themselves, entirely by nature… Men set themselves to the deadly serious task of standing guard over as much as they can, holding higher than honor, the fine riches of the land… Truly, they defend them as they would the pupils of their eyes…against any intermingling of interests, against any kind of sharing with the proletarians of those other wretched countries, those children of misfortune, who didn't happen to be born on top of petroleum… Anything else is nothing more than larking about, clowning around, Marxoidalism. One has never seen, you understand, the rich "British Trade Union" presenting in "Commons" any sort of fine motion in favor of welcoming those unemployed specialists, be they Belgian, French, Japanese, Spanish, or Wallachian, "class brethren" fallen upon hard times. Never!… Nor do the labor unions of the USA demand a little flexibility in the severe "quotas"… Not at all! no way! to the contrary!… To the well-off proletarians, the others can either manage by themselves, or succumb in their own mire…neither more nor less… They deserve it… They're enemies…enemies from within the same ["/165] "class" when it comes down to the terrible issue of beef… Categorically! Each man for himself!… Galley slaves no doubt! All of them! But one must not confuse one galley with another!… Those which groan along with banks of oars, those that run on oil, "sailboats" and "steamers"… There are differences all the way around! Some capital nuances… No defectors… No master plans! Those who must remain shall remain!… This isn't some Salvation Army! …a most substantial leg of lamb, and a full face for he who chooses not to understand!… Only the Jews may, at any time, at any moment, enter into, filter through, and take up residence in any State in the world, enjoying completely and everywhere the exact same privileges as did Roman citizens of yore, across the breadth of their own Empire… The Jews [95/"] are at home, everywhere…given that, everything's fair game!… The Jews, the "Devourers of Civilizations,"[172] have never ceased to swarm, to wade back into the fray, always, ever more, on several new fronts… Therefore they always show up as a band! completely camouflaged, very sinuous, very supple, very greedy…bankers, Virtuosi, pilgrims, movie directors,

[171] OV: "des 'peigne-cul'," literally, "some 'butt-combers'."
[172] OV: "Civis devorans" (Lat.).

ministers, Masters of equivocation… They are immediately adopted, pampered, fit-in, doped-up, and tipped-off about everything…the darlings… These are the lords of this world… Nothing is normal anymore!… They begin to devour as soon as they've arrived. But for us, those simple tasks, those coarse gooneries, those petty tricks which alone are fit for our hands…what is there left for us to do in this great adventure? …so far from our own bell towers?[173]… The Aryan must not count for very much when it comes to barriers to immigration[174]… With a single stroke he is going to lose all of his illusions, his proletarian "humanity." As soon as he hits the very first customs post, he is going to find himself being leapt upon, tossed out, moved along, and broken up. No sooner will he cast a single glance, or take a furtive look at that promised land, that happy shore, than he will find himself undone, injured, put in a box, and cast into the depths of the cargo hold… This will teach that rotter not to repeat his old habits, something that he must not comprehend very well… Never has the Aryan been so ferociously interdicted at the borders and ports, bristling with absolutely exclusionary regulations, draconian prescriptions, isolation wards, and martinets… Interrogations, searches, fines, and disgusting quarantines all await him…the entire gamut of police humiliations, both unclean and prophylactic. every armament is brought to bear in the good war against the shit that is coming this way, he must be nipped in the bud! relieved of the very idea of ever returning…reprising to a limited extent the soldier of fortune…let him go play with himself! and let him go rot besides! That's the way the law is in the powerful countries. Pitiless ["/157] "quotas" protect all of those States, where life is a little less severe, against the inrush of beggars…the "proletarian proprietors"…against an invasion by the famished who come to whine at the frontiers, and to huddle about the pot in the fire…

It is only in France where all of them are allowed in… That is to say both our Jewish conquerors, and those who they are dragging in behind them…all of Africa, all of the Middle East, with all of their goatherders,[175] all of their assassins, all of their lackeys, all of them! and more and more of them are electors…

Apparently we can appreciate that the Low Kike, the butt, the "one-shirt" who has just recently emerged from his bazaar…coming out of the depths of his Romanian ghetto, he finds things seemingly different, humorously changed once he sees the Place Pigalle… All of those stores, those torrents of little bottles, those pyramids of trinkets, All of this becomes reflected within him…all of those most succulent salesgirls also please him enormously… At that instant he finds himself delighted, madly transported, he who for fourteen centuries has not ceased in conniving, in leaping from one bout of cholera to the next, from a bout of typhus to thirty-six massacres, shitting blood while making his escape, across all of the steppes and pogroms, then finding himself in this completely open country, prettily, madly delicious… One oughtn't be surprised to find that he has become delirious…that he's quickly taken himself for being some kind of pope… But we mustn't allow ourselves to become derailed, and to have it declared that it's a done deal… The reality is completely to the contrary!…

France is not a rich country, far from it!… It's even a poor country, a country with few resources and a small economy, a country which naturally has an avaricious and petty feel to it. A land which does not put forth either petroleum, or copper, or cotton, and which for all that, because of that, permits only a very mediocre agriculture, is not a rich land! It's a country with pitiful ground, for a pitiful people… It's a country where a guy has to bust a gut,

[173] "Clochers" (bell towers) here signify local affinities, or values which are not universal, as in "esprit de clocher" (parochialism, or chauvinism).
[174] Or, more literally, "The Aryan must not weigh very heavily upon the barriers to immigration."
[175] OV: "bicots."

to slave away, simply in order to survive. Above all with the enormous tithe (three-quarters of our revenues, or thereabouts) that we pay to our Jewish parasites, both nationally and internationally. If the natives overspend themselves, the Jews won't hesitate to throw them into the jug. That's the way the law is in wretched, "avaricious" lands. That's [96/"] just the way things are, neither more nor less. It is necessary for us to procure from abroad, all of the raw materials and essentials for our existence (except for wine, alas!) These economic conditions render us completely beholden to foreigners, form the outset… This is no more the land "blessed by the gods" than there's sugar on the balcony… The regions blessed by the gods are America, England (and colonies), the Scandinavian countries (on account of their location), Holland and a few others, in which the ["/158] proletarians *ipso facto* have no species of desire whatever to share their native resources with the wretches over here… Even better than that, it is they who are exploiting us! without mercy, and how! fronted by their Jews…they are all one as though a single man!… They are the privileged slaves, the captives in a sound galley… One must never be confused about things…

Every good English proletarian is to be found abundantly felicitous and ultimately in solidarity with the Lords on this point, their hearts beating as one,[176] in that the three hundred million Hindus in rags, plus various other exploited dudes, give him great pleasure. He's entirely of the same mind in that all of these miserable types, scattered hither and yon in the depths of the universe, half-human, half-animal, these fellahcioes, Incas in their plumes, coolies, hottentots, ape-men, red capoids, square heads, and Black Indians down there, can just hop too it, and be smoked, be tortured, go hungry, and bust their asses just for his sake… Working the mines, tending the rice paddies, combing the pampas, in order to send him his comfort… Upon that he is merciless!… Egoistic, "British first of all"! He doesn't feel himself at all to be "a brother through suffering…." He has no desire to share either with me, or with him…or with you… Only with "Britons" and their Jewish masters. He finds that the conquest of the weak presents significant advantages… It's the Puritan hypocrisy, though you'd no longer recognize it in the form reprised by the Trade Unions, and even then it's "glossed-over"… If you would like to find some amusement, then go try this experiment, just present yourself, at the "Alien Offices" (from the Latin *alienus*: crazy) in no matter which port along the coast… Dover, Folkestone or whatever… Go ask for information as to whether you might disembark…in order to go look for a little job for yourself in London…some trade somewhat up your alley… Unless you intend to cease your miserable existence, you're going to have to learn at least two… You will provoke their indignation, so violently, that you'll be hooted off the stage, blown away into the atmosphere… And the same goes for America! for Sweden, for Holland, for the Argentine ports, Cuba, Canada… Honduras, etc…. Anywhere where people can do well, all of those places where there are edible things…you are not invited…

Proletarian from these shores, my friend, if you were to want some petroleum, some cotton, or some copper, you will find it first of all be necessary to make your buddies see the light by giving them a little fat, somewhat and seriously, those proles opposite you…on the other side of the border, where those fine humanitarian sayings, once you're over there, won't be enough! Your brother by class, whose head was allotted more than yours by virtue of birth, soil, and luck, must first of all be paid his tithe… He was born over there, atop an oil well, and that counts for something… And how! And all the better for him! He's never going to make a gift to you of a piece of ["/159] cake that he might eat… He awaits your tithe…joyously! You could be dying over here, he's as completely insensible to the question of sharing as a Jew, as a boss… At that exact moment he becomes in inflexible chauvinist…

[176] OV: "in petto" (It.).

"Comfort" doesn't have ears for everything going on in the world… Keep your simplistic slogans to yourself!… The absolute sharing of all of the world's assets, is nothing but part of the chorus for the Jewish Congresses. an orchestra for the people!… It doesn't proceed any further than the music, like that beautiful hymn of Degeyter… That's all… In practice, your brothers by class, once they've cleared customs, once they've returned from the chat-fest, once their drool has dried, and they've ceased annoying you, become perfectly patriotic, finding themselves in perfect solidarity with their police, and their bosses, when it comes to your dying beyond their borders. Even if they have some merchandise to spare, and no longer know where to put it, they [97/"] would rather have it go to rot[177] than make a gift of it to you…doing so would make them ill… Literally… So doing would lower all of their prices, their way of life, their tithe on your head, and their bathroom. Given that, no more friends, no more phrases! no more brotherhood of the galley! Dog go lie down!… They wouldn't want that, *nom de Dieu*! Anything but that!… Frightful patriots as soon as one comes to repossess their bathroom… Down! Heel… Outside! calamitous dirtbag! cruddy, rotten, crab-infested!… That's how they would receive us! Now you know… Infinitely willing to share! humanitarian without limit, the eternal righters of wrongs, so long as it doesn't cost them so much as a single bite of food, nor the least little hampering of their comfort, of their security, of their super-radio…otherwise…Not a thing! they become paralyzed, entranced… There's no sense in getting all worked-up over it, or of crying murder, because it's only human, it's quite natural! The only things which are causes of concern to a "tributary" country, which is exactly what we are, are those essential materials, those items indispensable to daily life, and which enable us to function, with some effort, on credit, and by dint of luck, after which the honeymoon's over! You could await some sort of reawakening of extraordinary dimension, during which you would be seized by extravagance, outstrip your means and burn up your last reserves…as though you could fart higher than your hot-dog[178]… The dreadful realization awaits you…and it's not the least bit funny at all… It may even seem a bit strange… Even worse than you'd ever expected…to wake up one fine morning to the realization that, given your pressing and onerous chores, you are the slave of all of the others, decidedly and ["/160] irrevocably…of all of the world's Englishmen, Brazilians, cowboys, everyone…and of the Jews more so than of anybody else… This will become your hellish prison, and it will weigh on you enormously…you've automatically tumbled to the level of the bushmen, roundbodies, yataghan-wielders, Zulus, Cafres, and the like, who get flogged under "Colonial Governments." The entire lousy existence of the sub-slaves whose bones are left 'round about, in the deserts, steppes, and glaciers, so that the gentlemen on high, the workers as well as the bourgeoisie, won't suffer overmuch from hard times, so that their cricket season will still begin on schedule, so that crises will not inflict too much suffering upon those magnificent English dogs, so that kittens might have their milk to drink, so that the football season won't bring too many colds and flus upon the gentlemen, so that it will rain down upon he who calls for it…with the finest fabrics, two-hundred-franc-a-liter whiskey, and imperial dignity.

["/161] I was about to fill you in concerning a few professional matters attaching to the book crisis…and then I allowed myself to be interrupted… I am going to reprise the subject just a bit… This should put you at ease. "Books" are nothing very serious… They're rather a secondary subject…a divertimento, I should hope… Everyone is discussing "literature." In my own turn, might very well let on to my humble opinion as well…

[177] OV: "qu'on la bouzille."
[178] OV: "oignon," literally onion, referring to the entire male genital structure.

Touching upon this subject, I recall a brief series of articles which struck me as being extremely droll…in issues of *Nouvelles Littéraires*[179] (which I buy whenever I want to get hopping mad)…

The so-called critic, Yves Gandon,[180] armed with a powerful polishing brush, reviews for the delectation of the reader, with such care! some of the most well-chosen texts, by some prominent contemporary writers… The trick of this reviewer, the prowess of whom is completely admirable, consists of drawing attraction to the Charm, the fine artifices, the pertinent subtleties, the entire magic spell of the Masters, their indescribable sorceries, all by means of an intuitive, quite "Proustian"[181] analysis, of certain texts particularly charged with genius. [98/"] Labor, enterprise, and devotion of an extreme audacity! of a dangerous delicacy! The reviewer quivers with the prospect of taking a few more risks still…but while doing so, sweating in his agony! into the Holy of Holies! unto the very Treasure itself! unto style! unto the reflection of God! unto the vibrations of Form in the hands of the Messiahs of Beauty! After several pious approaches! What an ineffable luxuriance of preambles!… How many delicate swoonings!… Ah! If only I were to be treated this way, how quickly I would become impossible! Let us watch him at work… He soon ["/162] begins to stagger…completely bedazzled…our guide sets out again…and falters. The words begin to fail him… Breathless, he asks if we are still able to follow him…to endure such splendor… Are we worthy?… Are we worthy? He believes himself to know everything…troubled, he loses his direction… He comes upon an idea…some sort of chimera, confused in its scope, its profundity, and its stylistic pitfalls!… Presumptuous!… He doesn't know anything!… Scarcely even at the Introductory Level!… Within that manor of a thousand and one marvels, everyone succumbing in admiration… Gandon staggers! …completely shaken… Goose-bumps!… Tragedy!… Ah! The Tragedy! That Intrepid Soul! of that exquisite cascade of indescribable ornaments…of sublime passages of ever-increasing sublimity…and of vertiginous falls…these texts of mastery…literally magic in the way that they reveal themselves as tributary streams of an aesthetic of the infinite…as overwhelming Revelations…as priceless spiritual gems… One no longer knows which way one is now supposed to prostrate oneself… Ah! truly it is too much!… Gandon however, transposed by the cult which surrounds him, does all that he can do… He gives of himself!… He offers himself up!… He gives us the promise of his saving grace. Ah! quickly! We must act, we must go to his assistance! We must support Gandon!… We must prevent the worst! We must forestall any sort of atrocious cessation… Mercy! Let us consider every aspect! Let us partake of his ecstasy! Humanity is at his command! Be brave! Be valiant! All is quite simple, it is for him alone, either to grant, or to deny! There is a certain lethality! In these phrases! by way of these phrases! To be taken away from this world by way of beauty! …by way of Phraseological Beauty! Gandon! Ah!

It is too much! Too much verbal perfection…for one single devotee… It's a hell! …we are suffocating ourselves for him!…

O delightful littérateurs who kill! O murderously delectable phraseological inkslingers! To such atrocious paroxysms! saved from the profane, cease making a fetish of Purism! your finest children! Happy-go-lucky mud-encrusted louts! Blissful brutes!…the consonances of so

[179] Lit., *Literary News*, or, *The News in Literature*.
[180] Refers to a popular French literary critic of the 1930s.
[181] I.e., according to Proust.

many squatting tribesmen!… In the rough skins of bad syntax, you mount unto the heavens![182]…

But Gandon himself does not belong to the race of officious close-enough-ists…who are content to casts texts in an indirect light… *Mordieu!* He's a Jansenist,[183] damnably impeccable…lukewarmth drives him to kill… He doesn't wish your health save by way of ecstasy…and it's no dreamlike ecstasy… But a palpitating ecstasy! …transfigurative!… Ah! he exhorts us, of Grace…receive me then…such nuance! …here! …pursuant to that changeable turning of the phrase… Ah! To be blown away by that monstrous zephyr…that iridescent wave…haven't you been seized by it?… I am not going to survive!… Ah! Take me up, I am succumbing… Ah! I am fainting from it, [”/163] dear reader, with delight… Ah! the power of that "metaphor"…coming so hard on the heels of that "syntactical display"[184] ah! ah!… I'm in a tizzy… I'm blanching…that priceless audacity… Ah! how the Master has us transfixed! Ah! what a wonder-working virtuoso… Ah! tragedy enough to make you sigh! And the violence! Imagine it! contained in that single comma! It's pure genius! Genius!… And the irresistable delicacy, of that difference of degree in declination? Ah! don't you appreciate that most unique characteristic…those two conjunctions…in direct confrontation with one another… Ah! isn't that just like him!… He does Pascal in three words… Racine in [99/”] twelve!… Ah! how he takes us by the adverb! Ah! the monster! Ah! the god!… Ah! That Gide finally!… That Maurras![185] Ah! that Maurois![186] What is it that Proust said?… Ah! the dizzying heights of that Claudel![187] Ah! the eternal Giraudoux![188] Ah! Gandon! Why won't you sing?… That would be, I assure you, even better, even more marvelous! …more amorous!…

Look over here! Look over there!

What do you think of this?…

Look over here! Look over there!

What doooooo you think of that?

So it goes in *The Clodhoppers of Horntown*[189] with the music, the parasol and the intonations…

I certainly wouldn't want to attack Gandon's[190] effort, his Mass, or his devotional trances, nor to play the part of the little prankster, the bilious non-believer, the little spitter, the vandal, the denigrator for any reason, whether logical or for sadistic pleasure… That's not my way, or my intention…but all the same I'm not of the same opinion… Insofar as Letters

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[182] OV: "De cuirs en velours," literally refers to suede leather, but also alludes to illicit connectivity (*liaison*) in French pronunciation.
[183] Facetious attribution; refers to a follower of a strict religious sect, influential in the Seventeenth Century.
[184] OV: "synthote."
[185] Refers to Charles Maurras (1868-1952), royalist and anti-Dreyfusard, coeditor of *L'Action Française*.
[186] Refers to Émile Salomon Wilhelm Herzog (1885-1967), pseudonym André Maurois, biographer (Disraeli, Byron, Turgenev, Voltaire, others).
[187] Refers to Paul Louis Charles Claudel (1868-1955), diplomat, and symbolist poet and dramatist; Ambassador to U.S., 1927.
[188] Refers to Jean Giraudoux (1882-1944), writer, later chief of propaganda, 1939-40.
[189] OV: "les *Cloches de Corneville*."
[190] Refers to a popular French literary critic of the '30s.

are not a serious matter, one can say whatever one thinks… As for myself, in all of this, as admired as Gandon is, I can't find so much as a rabbit's fart of substance, so perhaps I must feel ashamed! though as much as I try to open my mind, the insights just don't come… I must really be dense… For my money it's only so much "Goncourt"[191]…pick me up, lay me out, pinch me again, and hang me, I can't find anything at all… Not among any of these aforementioned folk, nor among any others of the same vintage. I must be slightly handicapped. To my obtuse senses, they all look the same…ferocious in their insignificance… With a little more or a little less mummery, pedantry, wriggling, vague desire, and onanism. That's all that I've been able to discover!… I am fully well aware that they were trying for effects both great and small, and that they went to a great deal of effort, but just try to make dough rise by using such platitudes…and the dough will never ["/164] rise… It's a fact…as must as one might pretend to the contrary, it's a failure…a defeat…a lost cause…

The more effort they make, and the more they overwork the old cranium, the more all of their organs and drums sound terribly contrived… The more painful they are to look at…the more they talk garbage and the more they boil over with rage and hatred!… Let he who is in doubt go and see for himself… They are no longer capable turning out anything but "information," as can be seen by their oracular magma, of "lifelessness"… They are no longer sufficiently living as to engender anything other that hollow histories which won't stand up… These false pregnancies, so infinitely pretentious, authoritarian, oversensitive, delirious, and arrogant. The bone has become hollow, devoid of marrow… Some droll noises can still be made with them…but they no longer render any marrow at all… It's nobody's fault in particular, but they would rather have the whole world be that way… Even the most beautiful girl in the world… It could be that they're no longer capable of getting it up… They talk about nothing but creativity, in the same way that frigid women, between themselves, talk only about sex…uninformed, babbling, moralizing, idiotically vituperative. They are no longer capable of attaining climax, these great stylistic artists of ours… They're a bunch of poor pieces of work who while away their time by judging, co-opting and modifying the doings of others, in sex and in art… Such make up the worst leaves of the books that bore us shitless…interminable due to the reticulations of their style. They damn well never [100/"] really had any sort of style! and they never will have any such thing! The problems of such exceed them in every quarter. First of all, a style is an emotion, above and beyond anything else… They have never had any emotion…therefore no kind of music. Do they possess the saving grace of intellect?… This remains to be seen.

This is not entirely their fault…the fault of these great writers… Since childhood, since the cradle true to speak, they have devoted themselves to imposture, to pretension, to rationalization, and to plagiarism… Starting at the school-desk, they began to lie, to pretend that that which they read, they had personally lived… To consider this "read" emotion, this second-hand emotion, as their personal emotion! All of the bourgeois writers are at bottom impostors! swindlers in experience and emotion… They began their existences upon footings of imposture…they are following through…they made their debuts in life by way of an imposture…and the original protected environment is the "High School"… This seminary of Freemasonry, this incubator of every privilege, every treachery, every symbol. Those who have felt themselves superior, nobles "called" to a special station, ever since they were six years ["/165] old… An emotional world, an entire life, for one's entire life, separates the

[191] Alludes to the Prix Goncourt, which to Céline rewarded mediocrity.

grammar school graduates from those of the high school[192]… The former are equally well-grounded, from the very beginning, in the world of experience, while the others are a bunch of big jokers… Their experience doesn't come until much later, by way of high station, as lords, as impostors…even Vallès. They had taken the route to school by car, while the grammar school kids went by bike…the first had seen the route, while the others had memorized the route, doggedly, subduing it step-by-step… A man is completely made, emotionally so to speak, by the time he's about twelve years old. Thenceforth all he does is to go through repetitions, which is too bad! all the way through 'til death… His music is fixed once and for all…within his very flesh, as upon a photograph, on its first printing… It's that first printing that counts. The childhood of bourgeois children is the childhood of parasites and louts, having the sensibilities of parasites, of sensualists, of a privileged caste on the defensive, of little darlings, affected, artificial, with a vicious emotional dislocation lasting unto death… They have never really seen anything…they never will see anything…humanly speaking… They'll have acquired their experiences through the Greek translations, and learned about life through the Latin versions and the chattering of M. Alain… It's as though a recruit were trained to sit in the saddle wrongly, mounting with his balls towards the rear, and were to go on doing so throughout the remainder of his service…all of these little bourgeois products are doomed from the outset, emotionally perverted, desiccated, withered, affected, and decomposed, from the beginning, Renan included…

They will only "think" their way through life…never "testing" themselves, not even in war…in their vile "precious" flesh, those sly show-offs… Humdrum, sclerotic, unctuous, embourgeoisified, overly-elevated and whining,[193] beginning with their very first compositions, Throughout their entire lives, they'll retain a poker up their asses, and Latin pomposity on their tongues… They enter into secondary school like little Chinese girls with feet to be bound, and they'll emerge from it emotionally monstrous, amputated, sadistic, frigid, frivolous, and crafty… They will no longer understand anything but the grammatical tortures, of exchanging syntaxes and adverbs one with another, across the stumps… Never will they see anything… They will never have seen anything… Aside from the formalistic tortures and the scruples of rhetoricians, they will remain forcefully closed-off, impermeable to the waves of life. The parents and masters have dedicated them, beginning in high school, that is to say forever, to the simulacra of emotion, to all of the spiritual charades, to sentimental impostures, to word play, to equivocating incantations… They will remain set-up, penetrated, blissfully unaware of having been pilfered, rigidly pedantic in every fiber of their being, ["/166] convinced, exultant in their superiority, babbling their Latino-gibberish, blown-away into that Greco-Roman emptiness, with their buffoonish "humanity," their false humility, their fantastically serendipitous [101/"] second-handedness, pretentiously cooing formulae, and shaking the tambourine of axioms, all of which has been proffered and held high throughout the ages, in order to justify the stultification of the young by the most parasitic, phrase-mongering, sly, irredentist, politicized, profiteering, inexterminable, incompetent, eunuchoid, wormishly theoretical, disaster-creating clique in the Universe: the Stupid Teachers' Brigade…

The worship of the Greeks, the Latin versions, the pretentious, tendentious and Judaized twaddle by Alain, and the MultiBendas[194]…will always be correct in the mind of the graduate

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[192] Implied here was education beyond that which the normal person received. A high school education in 1937 was about as common as a college education is today.

[193] OV: "muffisés," from *moufter*/*moufeter*?

[194] OV: "PluriBendas," referring to multiple persons by the surname of Benda. This would include the philosopher and critical writer Julien Benda (1867-1956; also see p. 3/1), author of such titles as *My First*

as opposed to direct experience and direct emotion, with which the simple life and direct living, with all of its personal risks, abounds… The “amenability” of the high-schooler becomes inverted, once he leaves the “sixth grade,” and this is a much more serious matter than are the first wankings and inversions of the “onion”… Life is an immense bazaar in which the bourgeois enter, circulate, help themselves…and leave without paying…only the poor pay…the little bell of the cash drawer…that is the bourgeois emotion… The bourgeois, including the little bourgeois children, have never had any need to go by the cashier… They have never had emotion… Direct emotion, direct anguish, direct poetry, inflicted by conditions upon the poor of this Earth, beginning with the very first years of life… They have never felt anything other than high schoolish emotions, bookish or familial emotions, and then later in life, some “distinguished” emotions…that is, “artistic” emotions… Nothing upon which they subsequently elaborate in the course of their “works,” can be anything other than a patchwork of reprints, of things seen through a windshield or a buffer…or simply stolen from the depths of the library…translated, tinkered with, and rearranged, from the Greek, or from classical motifs. Never, absolutely never, any direct humanity. Only phonographs. They have been neutered of any direct emotion, sworn to eternal chattering from the very first hours of childhood…just as the Jews are circumcised, and sworn to vengeance… All of this is biological, implacable, nothing left to say. The combined destinies of bourgeois Aryan children and Jewish children, almost always brought into association, engendered, and given cover by their families, school and education, consists above all in being desensitized, humanly speaking. It is above all a matter of turning them into cheats, impostors, ham actors, the privileged, the socially frigid, and artists at “dissembly”…

The finely French French language, “clean-shaven,” is marvelously [”/167] adapted towards these ends.

It’s actually the absolutely indispensable corset for these little emotional geldings, sustaining them, reassuring them, doping them up, and furnishing them for every circumstance all of the charades of imposture, and that “gravitas” which they so desperately need, for fear of foundering… Not only is the fine style “relevant,” but it also contains a miracle! in that it equips all of these impostors, all of these frigid and rapacious types!… It provides them with a providential vehicle, an exact, balanced, and meticulous language, in which you have an impeccable shelter for their vapidity, a hermetic for all things insignificant. It’s a rigid framework of a “style,” an imposture without which they would find themselves literally denuded, blown away instantaneously by the brutality of life, having in themselves no sort of substance, no sort of specific quality…not the least weight, the least gravity… But in that proud classical corset, completely reinforced with formulae, excerpts and references, they can still play their roles, and how! the most monumental roles in the social farce…so wondrously fruitful for these eunuchs. It’s always the fake, the tacky, the wretched and imitative trash that winds up being imposed upon the masses, the lie always! authenticity never… From that point on, it’s all over! The issue has been decided… This is the “French” of the high school, the titrated and filtered “French,” the all-cleaned-up French, the frigid French, the rubbed-smooth (modernized Naturalist) French, the loutish French, the French of Montaigne and Racine, the Jewish French for secondary school examination essays on Anatole Jew,[195] the Goncourt French, the disgustingly elegant, [102/”] closely-molded, oriental, unctuous French, slick as a turd, perhaps the very epitaph for the French race. It’s like the Mandarin form of Chinese. It no longer takes any real emotion in order to express oneself in “high school” French, any more so than in Mandarin Chinese… It is enough just to

Testament and *The End of the Eternal*. It also alludes to such persons as the actress Simone (Pauline Benda, 1877-1985), who appeared in plays by Henry Bernstein.

[195] I.e., Anatole France (Jacques Anatole François Thibault, 1844-1924).

pretend. It's the ideal French for Robots. The ideally, truly cleaned-up Human, about whom all of the literary artists nowadays seemingly want to write, is a robot. Any Robot, let us note, can be rendered as brilliant, as shiny, as rationalized, and as streamlined, with "clean lines," as is desired, as well as most perfectly elegant, according to the tastes of the day. The Robot is destined to become the centerpiece of the Palace of Discovery… It is he who is the end-all and be-all of so much civilizing "rationalistic" effort…admirably Naturalistic and objective (the Robot occasionally becomes intoxicated, however! the sole human trait of the Robot at this time)… Ever since the Renaissance there has been this tendency to work with ever-increasing enthusiasm towards the advent of the Kingdom of the Sciences and the Social robot. The most reductionist…the most objective of languages is the journalistically ["/168] perfect one to fill in as the objective language of the Robot… We are already there… It's no longer necessary to maintain a soul in opposition to the reality of death, in order to express oneself humanistically… And how many volumes! how many aspects! how many facets! and what a lot of publicity! …any sort of robotic jabber whatever can be a triumph! We are already there…

All of those writers who are vaunted before me, and whom I am supposed to admire…will never, it's quite evident, feel the least little inkling of direct emotion. They will continue working in the manner of "surveyors" up to a moment to come very soon, whereupon they will cease working as anything other than surveyors… Perhaps at the final moment, at the moment of death, they might feel some wee little authentic emotion, some little tinge of doubt… Nothing could be less certain… The style of smooth neoclassicism for which they are famous, that shining breastplate,[196] beveled and adjusted with exactitude, without pity, impeccable, and having girded them against any intrusion by life ever since high school, forbids them now as much as ever from allowing anything whatever to penetrate to the insides of their carcasses, under penalty of being immediately dissolved, and reabsorbed by the waves of life… The least little contact with the human emotional torrent, and it's death! …this time, without any phrases… They move about beneath the current, as in the depths of too deep a river, under an enormous weight of mutely treacherous caresses, in diving suits, out of sorts, inhibited by a hundred thousand precautions. They don't communicate with the outside world save by microphones directed towards the surface. They pontificate in their impeccable "public" style, towards and against everything, those acrobatic, soothsaying cuckolds… They grew up with their breastplates… They will die with their breastplates, inside of their breastplates, embraced, swaddled, and trussed to the peak of perfection. wavy-haired, spice cake, polished, shining robots, crawling about in diving suits under an enormous paraphernalia, inhibited by ten thousand tubes and wires to the point of being almost immobile, practically blind, feeling their way along, they crawl thusly towards that pretty light at the end of the tunnel of their existences, at the end of the shadowy depths… Retirement…Nothing emanates from the fissures of their armor, from the joints of these "elite" robots, than a little spray, ephemeral bouquets, of infinitely microscopic gurglings, the bubbles of which rise. to the open air. One will never have to congratulate them for tearing apart their extraordinary metallic yoke, in light of the fact that they will have to die one day anyway. Such a realization to the contrary usually only succeeds in making them secure their harnesses even more tightly than formerly, into even more opulent bridles, embroil themselves with even more overbearing "cultural" appurtenances, and then maintain while going into their shadowy depths, despite everything, the possibility of some sort of slight gesticulation…contrived schemes, light-hearted sleights-of-hand, and equivocating hesitations, all known as "stylistic finesse."

[196] OV: cuirass.

[”/169] Once they’ve returned to their “cozy little rooms,” enhanced with chamomile, they are seized with anguish, for a long time, a very long time, strangled, livid, obsessed by the memory of those infinite murky waters, those abysses. These they depict with a distraught hesitation, along with all of those monsters that they’d glimpsed…those other monsters… They [103/”] are always very poorly revealed…very bruised, very painful…under the caresses of the light, of those tragic boy scout handlings, of their reductions to their causes. Therefore they must be “worked out” most laboriously, gut-wrenchingly, so as eventually to dissipate all of their fears, and to cradle them, so that they will finally take to paper, depose themselves, and adhere, black, soft and warm, on white… All of that affection ever so attentive, ever so vigilant, of a family looking out for one another until their diarrhea goes away, and their toothaches are appeased… Their very greatest Love of loves being but that redundance of nothingness, their great ear-piece to the hollow soul. How is it that all of these castrati have come forth to plague us with their novels? with their simulacra of emotions? Let it be said once and for all that they are opaque, blind, deaf, and one-armed! Don’t they fit the description perfectly, when it’s said that they merely parrot and patch-together that which they’ve read in other books?… Aren’t they conducting their careers strictly within the confines of a droll “Baedekerism,”[197] a descriptive Goncourtism, a thoroughgoing objectivist rummaging, a Zolaism for ’37, even more scientifico-Judeolatrous, Dreyfusian, and liberationist, into the most microscopic analysis of the ass-reamings of Poo-Proust, of “mounting nuance” unto half a quarter of the ass of a fly?[198] or more simply still, furious with constipation, which only makes them more obstinate, to the relentless sawing of wood, regardless of the weather, of a few cords, every day after lunch, and then in the middle of the night? Their fatal and robotic insensibility condemns them all, once and for all, to rigid estimations, to descriptions, to overviews of sentiment, to grimaces, to collective movements, to brochures in the interests of tourism, to captions for photographs, to subtitles and inserts for advertising, to programs for events… Aside from that, they’re screwed. They can’t take the risk of mixing themselves up in the least little reproduction of emotion, for fear of committing atrocious gaffes. We’re embarrassed just looking at them, quavering, floundering about as soon as they venture into the very least expressions of sentiment, even the most natural and elementary, making of it an abjectly [”/170] disheartening catastrophe. Indecent, rude, and refractory, they immediately bury themselves beneath an avalanche of oafishness and obscenity. Upon inciting the very least sentimentality they inflate and explode into a thousand infinitely fetid pieces of excrement. It’s nothing but a thicket of refuge for all of the robots supersaturated with objectivism.[199] Surrealism. In it, there is no longer anything to fear! No sort of emotivity is necessary. Anyone who wants can take refuge therein, and proclaim himself a genius! No matter which castrato, no matter which inverted Kike in a delirium of imposture, can make his own way to the top. There only has to be a little understanding, very easily concluded with the critics, that is to say amongst the Jews… “My grandmother in the stratosphere hunts for M. Picard’s connecting rods. The little fish at the Exposition are thinking of the war…the ones in the Seine are being quiet…sea-sickness… I will not be going to America…eels…munitions…my forty-two aunts…”

[197] Refers to the works of Karl Baedeker (1801-59), German publisher of tourist guidebooks. (Corrected from “Beadeckerism.”)

[198] As in the standard usages “enculage de mouches,” and “couper de cheveux en quatre,” signifying an obsessive meticulousness.

[199] The term “objectivisme” is attested back to 1900 (and “objectiviste” to 1901), several decades before the work of Ayn Rand (1905-82). The correspondences between the various usages of the terms are problematic, having some overlap, and some particularities.

An admirable Jewish trick!… The empty hype of the Jewish critics!… At a single stroke above all judgment! …superior to all points of reference! …to all humanistic texts… And the more emasculated, impotent, sterile, pretentious and farcical it is, the more of a bore and a poor impostor it is, the more forceful will be its effrontery, and the more genius and fantastic success it will have…(with Jewish publicity "on command," you understand). Admirably simple! presto!… The Renaissance splendidly paved the way, through its Judaic fanaticism and its worship of the pre-scientific, for this stinking evolution towards all things seamy. This catastrophic promotion of all the world's castrati into the Kingdom of the Arts… As a cultural manifestation of the "boys from the Freemasonic laboratories, and as claptrap even more bound-up, more constricted than Positivism, naturalism has since the Renaissance carried forth the same gigantic stupidities, the same [104/"] calamitous prejudice in favor of the ultimate power of vapidity. This trick has not fallen on a deaf Jewish ear…

Sterile, conceited, destructive, swinish, and monstrously megalomaniacal, the Jews are currently accomplishing, to full capacity, and under the same standard as their conquest of the world, the degradation, the monstrous crushing, and the systematic and total annihilation of our most natural emotions as conveyed in all of our essential, instinctive arts, in music, painting, poetry, theater… "Replacing Aryan emotion with the Nigger's tom-tom.

Surrealism, an extension of naturalism, is art for hateful robots, an instrument of Jewish despotism, swindle and imposture… As an extension of imbecilic naturalism, and as the rod and pruning shears of the Jewish eunuchs, surrealism is the registry of our emotional disenfranchisement…the ground for our hecatomb, our communal mass grave for idolatrous Aryan cretins, duped and cuckolded on a cosmic scale… And then it's an entirely done deal! admirably done…for mugs like us!… At surrealism's door, long quivering with impatience, with reductionism, and with objectivism, to all of its degrees, all or nearly all of our great writers ceaselessly hone themselves down to the infinitesimal, to the loss of that "jingling bell," to the loss of the very last bit of substance. Were they to continue to handle themselves somewhat badly, were they to apply themselves to fantasy, were they to be drawn into idealism or romanticism, there are those who would immediately and fatally so smooth them out, after so many analyses, as to put them on their way towards surrealism… That is to say those who are promoted, well positioned,[200] and delirious with impunity, in the most astounding imposture of the age, whose aim is the stupefaction of the people and the bourgeoisie…by way of the amassing of meaningless frenzies, parasymbolic simulacra, and frenetic fraudulent wanking… All of these are jingling bells as well! …jingling bells! …not even real bells! but vile little jingling bells! for rabid little beasts!

Every time, whenever it's a matter of whether it'll move to a greater or lesser extent…it goes…out of it come some odd little noises, some hail-like tintinnabulations, some little false notes. And then there's only so much of it, and then it's all over… The surrealist invasion, I've found, is absolutely ready, and it's going to proceed without hesitation, by virtue of the law of numbers… Therefore there remains nothing left to be said about Robotic art, before it swoops in to stay.

The standard-bearers of high culture, those works continuing in the classical tradition, at some point become deformed, due to stylistic constipation, and a certain degree of weakening brought about by internal friction, gratuitous wanking, pointless buffoonery, the transmutation of unworthy bladders, and the shopworn quality of certain symbols fallen into desuetude, and

[200] OV: "embusqués," meaning either ambushed, or lying in ambush.

rendered turgid with certain jaded hypertonics and bubbling banalities, all of which come together to lie upon all of the straw mattresses in all of the lofts of the grand official Jewish whorehouse!… They all come from the same vessel, the same infinite glass…of Goncourtian meaninglessness, of the slatternly recasting of Zola, from the same overused dishwater, from the same plunging into things squishy, opaque, suspect, and Medusa-like!…

Perhaps my taste is poorly developed, but in my humble opinion, I've ultimately come to find that Monsieur Duhamel's[201] chattering works serve admirably as continuations of those of M. Theuriet[202]…his powers of edification, coming from the House of Bordeaux, Bazin, cousin Bourget, and son Mauriac,[203] might admirably substitute for M. Gide when it comes to the weaving of cocoons. ["/172] The [105/"] "complicated babies of Goncourt" might yet take all of the critical acclaim and all of the prizes, it being enough simply to make the effort to "Freudianize" them a little… M. Giraudoux, as a most pertinent fact, polishes while putting out, just as much as Poo-Proust did. M. Paul of the Cemeteries Valéry makes his appearance, pecks about a bit, disappears into the waves, Baedeker-like,[204] consensualizing,[205] surrealizing if he must as a Roman…reappearing along one bow as Maurras, coming back as Barrès, losing himself again, now Bergsonized, irritated, taunting us with little nothings… And finally M. Maurois, who is by no means anything like du Gard, but even so, Vautel seriously quite makes us forget them all…over the course of several months erasing them completely…he alone might be enough for the entire Jewish future. Why not?…

I don't see anything among all these trinkets that might truly impassion us…that might revive so much as a single fly, a living fly, a fly that flies…the cause appears to me to be understood, Renaissance, naturalism, objectivism, surrealism, the perfect progression towards the Robotic. We are already there. As far as I'm concerned, everything is in admirable agreement. Baby rattles, childish games, Calvinists, "Vermouth" varnish. Baedekerisms, and an asshole. There's no way to bring the water in this vessel to a boil. Assorted groups of mixed lanterns, croutons of sweetened textbooks, Latin-book hair curlers, "Translation" chickens in "measure" sauce with the entire box of nuanced garnish. Meaninglessness raised to the ten thousandth power. A show, a fair of eunuchs dressed-up as dildoes, with a big strong-box, a lantern, a can, a bladder, more soakings, and slices of recircumcised prepuces! There's not one from among all of these vague motifs, these effronterous importunings, which has not been worked-over at least a hundred times and in all of its aspects, without ceremony, in vague high school recollections. All of these stories, these styles, these scenarios, these mannerisms are put into one's head at school… Never occurring to a fellow in and of himself. They are nothing but so many alibis, so many parvenu pretexts, for the consolidation of careers, for irrational academic crazes, as ornamental knickknacks for wine cellars… Contemporary literature is a calamitous crumbling catafalque of phrases, acrostics and flub-dubs, so dry, so chapped, that not even the maggots come to swarm upon it any more, a cadaver with no tomorrow, lifeless, ghostly, an oozing without color and without horror, more disheartening, more repugnant, a thousand times more disappointing than the most rank, most stark, most bloated, most oozing carrion, a literature in sum more dead that death, infinitely.

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[201] Refers to Georges Duhamel (1884-1966), pseudonym: Denis Thévenin.
[202] Refers to André Theuriet (1833-1907).
[203] Refers to Henry Bordeaux (1870-1963), René François Nicolas Marie Bazin (1853-1932), Charles Joseph Paul Bourget (1852-1935), and François Mauriac (1885-1970).
[204] I.e., in the manner of Karl Baedeker (1801-59), German publisher of tourist guidebooks.
[205] OV: "unanimise," alluding to "unanimisme," a literary school emphasizing collective consciousness.

["/173]

He who does not wish to be negrified is a fascist to be hung.

Anything that might elicit the least little emotional uplift, the most furtive revolt, in the hearts of the perfectly degraded masters, abused and deceived in a hundred thousand ways, anything that might reawaken among the indigenous people the vaguest desire, the least recollection of their authentic, instinctive emotion, will find immediate, hateful, ferocious, and implacable opposition on the part of the critics. The debate will become personal. It's their commercialized meat that has been called into question… They who had usually been so benign, so passive, so perfectly willing to shove their "meter sticks" into whatever slots, marked Jewish, that were placed before them…now snap to attention, immediately, upon the least appeal to the well of Aryan emotionality, the well of spontaneity. They hop to it. They sense that they are going to be strangled along with the rest of the Judaized negroids. Authenticity will kill them pure and simple, the undeniably know it, they begin to [106/"] act rashly in a most terrible manner, they possess a sense for danger, for catastrophe, just like rats sensing the sinking of a ship.

[”/174]

Even as the French are setting up an anti-Semitic league, the President, the Secretary and the Treasurer are all Jews.

Insofar as all of our great authors, those who determine the rules and the tone of good style, emanate from high schools emphasizing dead languages, having learned since infancy to fatten themselves on that fine mixed feed, of perfectly sterilized Greek roots, parchment, Mandarin mannerisms, examinations, and plutocrap Dictionaries, they no longer have anything to fear, being emasculated for life. No unforeseen circumstance, no rerouting, will ever induce these eunuchs to churn out humanitarian brochures. It’s all over, they’ve been painstakingly cleansed. Won’t they forever be nothing more than pretentious babies? sworn to defunct things, enamored and impassioned strictly by mummified substances. All of their life experience is in academic treatises, “entrance examinations,” and the cinders of an existence of conferences, and in psychological and medical staffs. They were devoted ever since the wet nurse to an existence based upon hearsay, to contrived emotions, to subtle set-ups for determined cheaters, to incubators within clubs, libraries, Stock Exchanges, Institutes and Deputations, and finally all of those cushy jobs of such an astonishing diversity, which run from Gobelins[206] to the Houses of Culture, from the Mines to the Tobaccos, and from the Transatlantic to Finances, cushy jobs, where all of that pampered flesh, infinitely preserved and enveloped in their “versions,” will find all of the comfort and security of the family cradle, throughout the length of their existence. They thus preserve within themselves, completely and for all time, an anxiety for all of the shocks coming from the outside, from real life, from pleurisy, from upheaval by the lowly, from all of those catastrophes which [”/175] stand to vaporize or blow away in an instant, all of those big babies of Administration and the Arts, should they ever risk the light of day…the great winds of the world. One must take it as evident, that the majority of our great authors have never been cut free, and that they remain attached throughout life to problems fit for infants, from which they do not detach themselves save after drink upon drink, and with an infinitude of misgivings, and interminable hesitations known as “mature works”… At the very end they tip over into senility, and into death, without ever having done anything throughout the lengths of their careers but make little iridescent bubbles, plus some fragments of chewed-up lexicon, re-sucked a thousand times over, and re-chewed unto infinity, into spit-balls, surprises, and rebuses. Should they be in a tearful mood, they are perfectly content to seize up the bicorne plume, that tickling epée, and then on top of it all, at the height of heights, have it put down right in the middle of the onionskin, that fine hollow epitaph for a eunuch: “All has been said.” This three-of-a-kind of such militant, implacable meaninglessness, this gigantic piece of buffoonery featuring every infantile fear, travesty and pomposity, plays-out admirably in the game, and fits in quite well with all of the plans, all of the tricks of the Jews. Practically all of these stammerers and pampered pontiffs are damnably incapable of reviving a taste for

[206] Refers to the Manufacture Nationale des Gobelins, a state-owned manufactory.

authentic emotion among the masses, the "translations" more so than the others. Why bother?…Let us standardize! the entire world! under the ensign of the translated book! the flat, descriptive, objective, quite insipid, proudly and pompously robotic, presumptuous, rambling and null book. The book for spectators completely absorbed by the cinema, and for lovers of the Jewish Theater, Jewish painting, and Judeo-Asiatic international music… The book which completely extinguishes the spirit and authentic emotion, a book like *The Cat who Sins*, *à la* Vicki Baum…the book for the stultification and the obliviousness of the *goy*, designed to make him all that he is, his truth, his race, his natural emotions, and to have him learn erroneous precepts instead, of shame for his own race, and of his own emotional repertoire, a [107/"] book for the betrayal and the spiritual destruction of the indigenous people, in sum, for the completion of the work already well advanced by movies, radio, newspapers, and alcoholism.

["/176] This is because all of the "native" authors, of this soil, are striving to write in an increasingly "reductionist" style, banal, lukewarm, insensible, and pointless, exactly like the "translations." This is because as students of a dead language, they naturally turn to dead language, to dead histories, to the flat, unwound bandages of mummies, to the extent that they have lost all color, all savor, any humor, or any personal, racial or lyrical tone, because it no longer makes any sense to go to all the trouble! The public takes what it is given. Why not submerge the whole thing! quite simply, in one supreme effort, in a stroke of supreme effrontery, the entire French market, under a torrent of foreign literature? completely insipid?… The Jewish critics (as intended for the less carefully Judaized, in their most obscure columns, whether of the right or left), order-up and prepare the passing of fancies. The windmill turns from day to day, putting out, in its oafish way, criticism so pedestrian, so perfectly obtuse concerning anything outside of its usual run-of-the-mill jabber, that there's no longer anything to it but Anglomania, and enthusiasm for the most dried-up old turkeys[207] of Anglo-Judeo-Saxonry. Completely lacking in perception, the critics set about trying to predict the future, they so kept-in-mothballs, so perfectly "elms of the croquet alley"[208] …homebodies living comfortably "inside the coffin!" …suddenly making a hyperbolic leap with a thousand international streamers… You'd no longer recognize them! Magic!… What happened? They haven't enough adjectives with which adequately to vaunt the English authors' "admirably understated affections"…their marvelously elliptical ["/177] palpitations, their treasures from the super-virtual depths… Our most seasoned Zolatrous[209] pontificators, our "purest of the pure" naturalists, our "free theater" types since day one, babblingly swarm to sensitization therapies at "Miss Baba's"… They all come back completely transfixed by exquisite ecstasies…thenceforth only sweetly favorable epithets flourish concerning this spring's English campaign… That's the way it is for poetry… But when it comes to psychodramas, there's no praise higher than that which they have for that super-overwhelming genius Lawrence[210]…the incredible courage of his sexual messages…(six hundred and fifty pages on some game warden's poor dick) of his world-renewing premonitions…of his inspirational tortures…of his trans-medullary disappointments…his matrimonial reversals… Was that her? Was that him?… What was he doing? What was she doing? Finally comes the entire Jewish tempest, that rigmarole of publicity, personally insinuating, Hollywoodian, which works just that much better on the suckers, to the extent

[207] OV: "navets," or turnips, signifying a failed theatrical or literary work.
[208] OV: "orme du mail," alluding to the playing of *mail* (a game similar to croquet) in an alley or public square bordered by elms (*ormes*); also a novel by Anatole France (*L'Orme du Mail* (1897)).
[209] I.e., in imitation of Émile Zola.
[210] Refers to D. H. (David Herbert) Lawrence (1885-1930), author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and similar works.

that the merchandise is even more vain, hollow, impudent, and catastrophic. From that moment on, once the Jews have decided, promulgated and made the acknowledgment. once and for all that all works of art with emotion may thenceforth be suppressed…the melody, the living rhythm, (the only test of authentic value) confusion reigns and triumphs, with farce, publicity and imposture moving in, instantly proliferating, and replacing everything. They are waiting only for that day of the Jew in order to replace everything, intrude on everything, erase everything. We are there right now. In the vanguard comes “straightforward” descriptiveness! those ill-prepared pastas! …those trouser flies without dicks! those spastic sphincters! those false tits, and every other trashy form of imposture. Immediately they all become completely legal, official, predominant, dogmatic, despotic, intractable… The dictatorship of phantoms is the most stifling and suspicious of any. From the moment when they take power there’s nothing that they can’t rape, tamper with, travesty, bog down, destroy, or prostitute… Any sort of crumby dastardliness whatever might instantly become an object of worship, eliciting typhoons of enthusiasm, this being a matter of nothing but publicity, whether scant or robust, in the press or on the radio, that is to say, definitely a matter of politics and money, and thus of Jewry.

[108/178]

By the time you think your ass has been reamed by a single centimeter, it has already been reamed by several meters.

The meager little market for French books, already so completely shriveled-up, beset, and under siege, has quickly found itself crushed beneath the novels and the pamphlets of M. and Mme. Lehmann, Rosamonde, Virginia Woolfe… Vicki Baum… M. Ludwig… M. Cohen… M. Davis… Mlle. “The Cat who Sins” …each and every one of them either a Jew or a Jewess…each one *mieux mieux* [211]even more tendentious, more vapid, more plagiarizing, more of a “genius,” more cut-and-paste, salacious, underhanded, depraved, supercilious, destructive, weepy, glib or longwinded than the last. All of them are of course well publicized, well received, consecrated, inflated, and overblown, with a great deal of assistance by international Jewish literary circles and juries…(the Jewish International Prizes for Literature) managed in France through the good offices of Jewish agencies…adopted with enthusiasm by all of the Judaized newspapers (that is to say all of them). Giant Jewish cocktail parties… Champs Elysées…orgies… Jewish cocaine… Jewish ass-reamings, etc…. If all of the authors being translated aren’t Jewish, they are at least painstakingly Judaized, the spouses of Jews, pro-Jewish, devotedly, insatiably…pro-Hymie, more than Hymies, hostages… All of the literary agents, the impresarios of literature, just like the impresarios of every other “artistic expression,” are Jewish. The directors, the stars, the producers, and shortly all of the so-called creative talents in theater, film, radio, song, dance and painting will be Jewish. The public, that is to say the belching horde of drunken Aryan cuckolds (in the cities, the countryside and outlying regions), [”/179] out of the same craving, feed indiscriminately, dine opulently upon all of M. Sacha’s[212] turnips,[213] M. Bernstein’s leftovers, M. Maurois’ salsify, M. Cocteau’s peelings, and the fricassees of the Comédie. Our snobs also swallow it down whole, the dos Passoses as well as the Sinclair Lewises, the Mauriacs, the Lawrences, the Colettes…the same rehashing, the same grease, the same pointless chatter, stultifying droning, sub-cycles of greater and lesser “implied elements”… Whether translated or not, they remain identical, absolutely, one to another, turgid and loutish, with the same tambourines, the same confusion, the same pointlessness, the same insensibility, fake and laborious, the same trashing of values, the same bankrupt debauchery. In order to assure the triumph of such stupidities, the Jewish critics, evidently going all the way (and they exist only for going all the way, towards such ends) insist, pontificate, praise, acclaim, and proclaim… Adorning all of these bladders with golden phrases… While tracking down and bringing the very worst opprobrium and ultimate tortures to bear upon those rare hooligans, those last doubters, those final scrapings of iconoclasm, scattered here and there, who allow themselves the liberty…of throwing a little cold water upon such fervor…of not being able to find that absolutely everything that happens to be Jewish is absolutely, transfiguratively divine.

[211] Play on words, between “de mieux en mieux” (increasingly), and “miaou miaou” (meow meow), alluding back to the title of the aforementioned novella.
[212] Refers to Sacha Guitry (1885-1957).
[213] OV: “navets,” literally turnips, also signifies theatrical failures (Eng. “bombs” or “turkeys”).

[”/180]

We are living under complete Jewish fascism.

One mustn’t believe that I have become lost, or that I am spouting off just for the sake of it, for though I have made a slight digression, I am now returning to my hobbyhorse… In their great, steeping puddle of plasmatic puke, that phraseological swamp, all of it run-through with mildewy filaments, and all done-up in successive rhetorical curlers, the Jews have not remained inactive… They are prospering from it marvelously.

[109/”] All of the ages of decadence, all of the ages of rot, were superabundant with Jews, critics and homosexuals. The Jews are actually in seventh heaven, in finance, politics and the arts. More persuasive, intrusive, insinuating, and worm-like than ever, they file into the wake of the Picassos, the Sachas, the Cézannes, the Poo-Prousts…they set sail in unsettled seas, they submerge everything… In the process the Jews consolidate their supreme Reform, the ultimate deconstruction of the Aryans. The forcing of the Aryans into ghettos cannot come much later…all done under Nigger enforcement. This will coincide with the advent of the very greatest Jewish Art, and of Robotic-Surrealist art for the robotized indigenous population. There is nothing secret, nothing occult about the “take-nique” of this conquest of the world by way of the Jewish cloaca, this consecration of Jewish Imperialism, and apotheosis of the Jew, both spiritually and materially. It’s there for everyone to admire… It’s taking place right beneath our windows… One only has to lean forward a little…

[”/181] What a fine thing it is that M. Faulkner, Mlle. Baum, M. Cohen, M. Lévy, and M. Jew Geniustein, copycats throughout the entire lengths of the triumphal careers, have been rifling through, redacting, and plagiarizing our most shopworn and superannuated naturalists,[214] even while disgorging onto us the gritty American “tough” taste. They cannot help but to win both ways…they and the Jewish cause with them. Our theatrical Jews both here and over there never do anything other than pillage, redact, and resell the folklore and the classics of the countries that they are devastating. They carry it off admirably. The universal mob of indigenous cuckolds, at the bottom of the waterspout at the various tellers’ windows, are happy and supine. At a high price, the Aryan crowd is resold copies of its own heritage, all well-soiled, beshitted, and goofed-up every which way… But what a fantastic gem!… The bloody stupid has become gold!… All by virtue of Jewish mutual assistance…its racism. its effrontery and its publicity. The critics never fiddle around, they set to it hammer-and-tongs! What a sudden stampede! irrevocable! Not only do they themselves withstand everything, but they exalt in every blow! They shine! They extol unto the heavens, unto paradise, the most rancid of deceptions, the most swinish of impostures. As for the Frenchman, he never recognizes his own best interests. He has completely forgotten everything about his own

[214] Refers to the literary “naturalism” of the Nineteenth Century.

heritage. His eyes and heart are focused only on his tiny four percent! which by the way the Jews also squelch, through the same fortuitous process. The Frenchman places everything at their disposal, his entire mind, all of his guts, all of his dough… He who is always so avaricious, is no longer able to hold on to anything. He is no longer a man, he's a veritable gift… The Jewish Miracle! He [”/182] buys his guts back from the Jew. Shylock resells to Dumfuq his own grease-meat of a book, after it's been thoroughly bastardized, squeezed, made to give up all of its juice, and then basted and garnished with Jewish spittle and shit. And the best part of the deal is that Dumfuq is delirious with gratitude. (A great victory of the cuckoos over the cuckolds.) Durand plays the Jews' game, Durand adores them, so that he can be all the better brutalized, inverted, perverted ever more profoundly, ruined in his sensibilities, and impaired in his judgment, above all in his own emotional rhythms… And the critics?… They speak to him with but one voice, and in what accents! heralding, praising, elevating unto the shies anything that might prepare, facilitate, and complete the masses' imbibition of the stupidities and shit of the Jewish publicists.

In this way they themselves plant the fence posts and meticulously lay the steps for the Jewish global conquest, of souls, bodies and goods. With rare exceptions, they're a bunch of well-embuggered choirboys. Kikes and half-niggers, my good Sirs, you are our gods!

[110/183]

Why has M. Martin du Gard[215] *taken the Nobel Prize? because he has spoken very well of the Dreyfus Affair in his books. (See:* l'Univers Israélite*, 3 December.)*

That fine literary standardization, most degrading and most astounding, will, once accomplished, be the finishing touch of that labor of desensitization and artistic leveling, which the Jews have already accomplished in painting, music and cinema. Thus the cycle of the international robotization of thought will be complete. The Jewish serpent, as the oracles have said, will eventually wind himself around the entire world, smashing, gumming-up, perverting, and mercilessly exploiting everything in his wake, in that well-known demagogic, pacifistic, progressive-educational, liberationist, Freemasonic, Soviet, and salvationist sauce. The only thing that the Jew dreads in this world is authentic emotion, spontaneous, rhythmic, and in its natural element. Any work that has not been adulterated, that has not been rotted-out to the core, unto its very most intrinsic fibers, provokes the very most defensive reaction, on the part of the Jew. In authenticity he immediately smells the loss for himself, and chastisement for his frightfully cosmic hype, for his phenomenal, cataclysmic Jewish imposture. The Jew avoids authenticity just like the snake avoids the mongoose. The snake fully realizes that the mongoose doesn't joke, and that it will strangle the snake, with one solid blow… Authenticity is the only set of scales, by which to weigh the Jew against the masses of his garbage and fraud.

To pillage, to steal, to pervert, to pollute, to bleed everything that he encounters, be it modesty, music, rhythm, or value, that is the gift of the Jew, that is his ancient reason for being. Egypt, Rome, the Monarchies, Russia and tomorrow, us, everything will go that way. He chews up the very least ["/184] literatures just as he does the very greatest empires, using the same "Art and Take-nique," of confusion, of poisons, of plagiarisms, of incantations, of a thousand different kinds of swindle. Ten thousand different poisons for doing all of the works of death, just as with certain toads. The Jew scarcely possesses any other talent, than that one there, and that one he possesses unto the roots of his prepuce. Even the most obtuse, the most greased-over, the most bumbling of Jews ultimately possesses that sense of attentiveness towards all that he able to take for himself, that he is able to ensnare with his web, topple over into his cesspool, and rot through with still more rapine, in his vat of evil spells.

The rest, all that he is not able to absorb, pervert, swallow, or bastardize through standardization, must disappear. It's as simple as that. He has so decreed it. The banks carry it out. In the robotic world that he is preparing for us, a certain few articles will suffice,

[215] Refers to Roger Martin du Gard, winner of the 1937 Nobel Prize for Literature, who would go on to write such lines as: "Des avions boches ont bombardé la gare" ("Some Kraut airplanes bombed the train station").

reproductions unto infinity, jaded simulacra, harmless cardboard cut-outs, be they novels, cars, apples, professors, generals, movie stars, or trendy piss-pots, all of them standardized, with enormous doses of the tom-tom of imposture and snobbism In sum, that universal junkiness, noisy, Jewish, and foul… The Jew is in charge of every government, he is in command of all of the mechanisms of standardization, possessing all of the cables, all of the currents, and tomorrow all of the Robots.

[111/185]

What would you have expect from these bastard hearts,
but to see my book tossed into the trash.
—D'Aubigné.

The Standardization of everything, that is the great panacea of the Jew. There's no longer any possibility for revolt in favor of the pre-robotic individual, since we ourselves, in our furnishings, novels, movies, cars, and language, for the preponderant majority of modern populations, have already become standardized. Modern civilization is the complete standardization, in body and soul, under the Jew. These "standard" idols, born of Jewish publicity, can never be very threatening to Jewish power. Never have idols been, true to speak, so fragile, so friable, so easily and completely forgettable, come a moment of disfavor. The adulation of the masses is at the command of the Jew.

All of the idols, be they political, scientific, artistic, etc., are cat's-paws of the Jews in every aspect. All of those movie stars, directors, musicians, and modernists, from the modernist junk-heap, all of them looters and plagiarists (of folklore and the classics), outdoing one another at it, and compelled to bluff and to plead and to lie, slatternly unto the utmost fiber, are built up, are torn back down, and fade away completely, in accordance to the least little whim of the money and publicity of the moment. These pretended immense creators are only so many imbecilic puppets, and virtuoso ventriloquists, both Jewish and not, which their masters, the potentates of High Jewry, the Learned Elders, allow to parade and to pirouette around the whole world, for the sake of the stultification and the anesthetizing of the debased colonial peoples, those niggers of the niggers. Up to the moment when, having grown weary of their own grimacing, they cut the wires away completely, whereupon the little shits fall clean away into nothingness. This won't even create a void, because there'll no longer have been anything there. ["/186] These authors of all that is false, trashy and imitative, tin horns of modernism, and of all modern art, of surrealistic deceptions, worked-over, be it in dramatic, humorous or burlesque sauce, will never be very threatening to their tyrannical Jewish masters. Strictly denuded of any direct emotion, singing, these clowns are incapable of awakening or releasing anything dangerous among the masses. They will never be anything other than the employees, the lackeys to power, the butt-lickers and the suck-slaves of Jewish despotism. For each one of these clowns that happens to succumb, a hundred immediately leap forward to take his place, even more supine, even more servile, even more ignoble if possible… The great whorehouses of the modern arts, the immense Hollywood clans, all of the sub-galleries of robotic art, are never at a loss for these depraved acrobats… The recruitment knows no bounds. The average reader, the semi-refined amateur, the cocktail circuit snob, the horde of abject movie-eaters, the radio-stupefied, the starlet-struck fanatics, the entire public in essence, that enormous, nattering, swarming international of drunkards and cuckolded dupes, constitutes in every city and continent the stable foundation, the magnificent humus, the miraculous topsoil in which the shit of Jewish publicity can flourish,

seduce and bewitch as never before. The modern public has been carefully conditioned by science, objectivism and the Jew, to be disgusted by any authentic emotion, and is inverted down to its very marrow, asking only to feast upon Jewish shit…

Given the signal, given the hype (the Semite, a nigger in reality, is nothing but an eternal brute with a tom-tom), the Aryan mass responds with a thrill, relieving itself of all of its dough, so as all the better to jump, and doing all that it can in order better to enjoy Jewish, to wallow Jewish, and to rot Jewish, in its head, its flesh, its soul and in all of its stupidity. It gives itself over to it. It goes to perdition with it. The Aryan mass believes only in the billboards of Jewish politicians and Jewish movies, and in the newspapers and movie reviews and art critics, all Jewish.

[112/”] By contrast, everything else seems to him to be entirely conventional, odiously contrived, quibbling, crude, vulgar, and hammy.

Never have domestics, never have slaves been in reality so totally and personally subjugated, inverted body and soul, into a posture so servile, so supine.

Rome? By comparison?… But an empire of whimsy! a fanciful philosophical Disputation![216] The Middle Ages?… The Inquisition?… Eras of freedom! Libertine adventures![217] of intense casualness! of unbridled free will! the Duke of Alba? Pizarro? Cromwell? Artists!

[216] OV: “Thélème.”
[217] OV: “Berquinades.”

["/187]

Behind all of the crash and thunder, of the great Communist and Socialo-obscurantist hullabaloo, there is but one sole passion, one sole cry from the heart! Everything for the Kikes, and death to the Goys!

Things have not been going very well in the Kingdom of the Fine Arts, ever since the Renaissance, that great triumph of the "false note"! We have already become completely lost, copiously Judaized, negrified even, by the tripe going through lying projectors, but now we are completely capsizing into the shit, we have fallen into it, reduced to a sub-Proustian sub-level, into spinelessness and insensibility, due to the influence of smug analyses, of academic arcana, of an offhand objectivism, of an emasculating scientism, "ever closer to the facts and the causes," of brazenly stupid speech, of super-wanker scenarios, of that entire immense spiritual and organic debacle owing to those great outpouring of loutishness, to that obfuscation-induced crumbling, to that Jewish flood, communistic, pursuant to which come the Jewish Ark and the Jewish prison, that is to say being ready to set sail on the ocean of Jewish murders. The World at the level of the Robots… You don't really understand anything, do you, Mister Bishop Turpin?…

No! No! Those are the souls which are going up into the air over the vapors of the flames…

The Jews' colossal trick consists of progressively taking away from the crowds, and then from the indigenous artists, through the standardization of all taste, any possibility for the natives to express or to communicate their sensibilities to their social brethren, which would stand to reawaken in them some sort of authentic emotion. The Jews are avenging the Abyssians! they have inverted the tastes of the Whites, so profoundly, to the point where the French now prefer the false to the authentic, the grimace to sensibility, and imbecilic mimicry to direct emotion. The time is not ["/188] far off when the French will blush at Couperin.[218] Modern music is only the tom-tom in transition… It's the Jewish nigger who is palpating us in order to ascertain the extent to which we've become rotten and degenerate, and our Aryan sensibilities negrified… Then all of the nigger Jews, having already robotized us, and turned us into Stakhanovites, will then see fit to unload on us only their trashy merchandise, that being good enough for dirty slave meat like us. (Just look at Russia.[219])

From that moment onward, given the perfect realization of all of their grand designs, the Jews will be able to operate with complete confidence in their omnipotence. By means of the police, and by means of gold, they will maintain the world in absolute slavery. We will return

[218] Refers to a family of organists, associated with the Church of Saint Gervais, Paris, *c*. 1660s-1820s.
[219] I.e., the USSR.

to the days of the great Jewish pharaohs. Under the feet of the Jews we will no longer be anything but an intense proliferation of obstinate animals, to be beaten along with billboards.

[113/189]

"The Christian merchant conducts his business by himself, each establishment being in a way isolated, while the Jews are like globules of mercury which, given the slightest inclination, glom together into a block."

(Petition to Louis XV by six merchant guilds.)

It is not without utility to revisit the subject. We might say right at the beginning that every commodity which is "standardized": movie stars, writers, musicians, politicians, bras, cosmetics, laxatives, must typically be, above all, essentially mediocre. This is an absolute condition. In order to win-over the taste and the admiration of the most stultified crowds, of spectators, of the most muddle-headed electors, of the stupidest drinkers of twaddle, of the most frenetic slack-jawed dupes of Progress, the item to be introduced must be even stupider and more reprehensible than any up 'til then. This species of science-worshipping, materialistic, "Cozy Corner" cretin has proliferated, pullulated since the Renaissance… They would kill themselves for the Palace of Discovery. As for the "standardized" literary productions desired by these neo-brutes, the modern Anglo-Saxon "masterpieces" rather well represent an appalling level which is worse, and much less artistic (there are a thousand examples) than that of the Cro-Magnons. What is more abusive in the making of moralizing foolishness, aside from cinema, than a pretentiously literary English novel, in the *genre* of Lawrence? or any other *genre*?… Hardy, Chesterton, Lewis and the rest? I ask you!… The most contrived, the most vain bleating of livestock? …the most stupidly vicious? blunderingly "slice of life" chaotic in their impotence, than the Dos-Passoses, the Faulkners, the Cohens[220] and accomplices? The worn-out redundancies of "mounting tension," the gratuitous extravagances of "mounting delirium," reworkings of our most outdated naturalists, hardback editions, the most hackneyed "true confessions," reheated leftovers, travesties, "gangster sauce"? …and more, and more…

["/190] I am somewhat familiar with all of the eminent personalities of Anglo-Saxon Hebraic art, the "Hellions" of Bloomsbury, the neo-Murgerians of the "Village," in reality the most damnable clique of little artsy-craftsy fakers, and lackeys to the Jews that one can imagine[221]…the most hackneyed little mystifying cocaino-literary marionettes brought together to slaver and to wriggle, under the skullcap/aegis of the Jewish piss-houses of publication. All of the delicate paralytics *à la* "Wilde," all of the little *Frankenstein*-imitator dervishes persist in their clown-shows, be they "lyrical" fashion or "power" fashion, only through the effrontery and the enormity of Jewish advertising, and the superannuated naïveté of Aryan snobs. Here are the rotten clowns of our debacle, the pederastic destroyers of the Aryan Epoch.

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[220] Refers to Octavus Ray Cohen (1891-1959), a writer of Negro stories.

[221] "Bloomsbury" = London literary circle; "neo-Murgerians" alludes to Henri Murger (1822-61), author of *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* (*Views of the Bohemian Life, c.* 1847-49); the "Village" = Greenwich Village, artists' quarter in New York City.

[”/191]

“The Jew does not live from his own labor, but from the exploitation of the labor of others.”
-- Rochefort

It seems hardly possible to capture all of the little crooks *in flagrante delito* of imposture, at least so long as they don’t get mixed-up in “transposition” and “lyricization”… Copy, plagiarize, as it’s been given!… All of our libraries grind and groan [114/”] to be so pillaged, with neither reason nor justice… But to transpose directly from life itself, that’s an entirely different pair of balls!… Good ideas arise only from truth, from authenticity, those which are born from the lie have neither grace nor force. But who cares?… The world no longer has a melody. There is still folklore, the last murmurings of our folklores, which rock our cradle… After that is finished, night…and the nigger’s tom-tom. Good ideas come to, and are born in the flesh, never in the head. Nothing issues from the head but lies. Life as seen by the head is worth nothing more than life as seen by a goldfish. It’s a formal garden.

The only defense, the only recourse of the white against aesthetic robotism, and without doubt against war, the regression to the worse, much worse, than the troglodyte, is the return to his own natural rhythm. The circumcised Jews are in the process of emasculating the Aryan of his own natural emotional rhythm. The nigger Jew is in the process of forcing the Aryan to topple into communism and robotic art, into the objectivist mentality of perfect slaves of the Jews. (The Jew is a nigger, the Semitic race does not exist, it’s a Freemasonic invention, the Jew is only a cross between niggers and Asiatic barbarians.) The Jews are the born enemies of Aryan emotionality, which they find insufferable. The Jews do not feel emotions, in our sense, they are the sons of the desert Sun, of date palms and the tom-tom… They can only hate us thoroughly…with their nigger soul, they abhor all of our emotional instincts. Established, emigrants, looters, impostors, under our skies, deracinated, unbalanced, they ape our reactions, gesticulate, rationalize, ass-ream a thousand times upon a thousand times the repulsive before beginning vaguely to understand that which an Aryan who is not too alcoholic, too stultified, too much a wino, seizes on the wing once and for all in twenty seconds…emotionally, silently, directly, impeccably. The Jew will never assimilate, he apes, soils, and detests. He can devote himself only to a rude mimicry, without possible repercussions. His African nerves always being more-or-less “galvanic,” the Jew possesses only a strongly vulgar network of sensibility, not at all advanced on the human scale; like all who come from the hot countries, he is precocious, he is of expedient construction. He is not made to rise very far spiritually, or to go the long haul… Jewish poets are extremely rare, and moreover all are reprisers of Aryan lyricism… A born trickster, the Jew is insensitive. He appears only in episodes of perpetual clownings, simulacra, funny faces, imitations, parodies, affectations, cinematographic allusions, exact reproductions, bluff, and arrogance. Even in his very flesh he possesses only a nigger'’ completely rudimentary nervous system for the eliciting of emotion, giving him the emotional balance of a slob. The Jewish nigger,

mongrelized, degenerate, has forced himself upon European art, mutilated it, massacred it, while adding nothing. He is compelled from time to time to return to nigger art, lest we forget. The biological inferiority of the nigger or the half-nigger in our climates is evident. His "expedient" nervous system, sold-out to precocity, doesn't go the distance very well… The adolescence of the nigger is extremely brief. A nigger is made by the time he is four years old. The Jew is anxious for refinement; it's his obsession to surround himself with gold and precious objects, to make himself "refined." But for him ever to be innately refined, physiologically refined, is impossible. I am well-traveled in nigger lands; I know him. Funny faces. Like the Jew the nigger needs golden adornments, many golden adornments of the drum, of the tom-tom, of the advertising which wakes him up… He understands only the full coffer, or the hypodermic Arab trumpet, at best. He passes over all of the nuances, he bounds, gallops, doubles-up, and shits on the violets as soon as you bring him into the garden, ["/193] like an ill-trained dog… And to think that we have become the slaves beneath these deracinated sub-brutes! At the end of his clown show, despite all of his contortions, the Jew remains considerably more akin to a log than a violin…disastrously impenetrable to any wave of intuition, given over to impersonal [115/"] enthusiasms, as well as being a greedy buzzard, madly pretentious and vain. And then, in a supreme act of effrontery, he sets himself up as a critic.

["/194]

At my burial I want the "Fanfare of Tel-Aviv" and the "Cadets" of the Rue Triangle.

Lord knows the Jew has tried to polish himself up, to give himself an "Aryanized" patina, so as all the better to fool us, to trap us, to strangle us. Despite this enormous effort he remains, after so many centuries, the unsurpassable muck-up of the five continents.

It is in fact difficult to discover even amongst the most alcoholically mind-numbed, down-and-out Aryan losers, any individual who could be compared to the most "refined" Jew, when it comes to the matter of "goofing up." In every circumstance requiring a certain degree of delicacy, you will recognize the Jew as the one who literally plunges headlong into making a gaffe. He will betray himself by splashing about with both feet, and what feet! (palmate, of the Afro-Asiatic, a child of the sands). It is normal for him to hate us, all the more for our spontaneous emotional faculty, our Aryan sensibilities, our Aryan lyricism attaching to our direct humanity, then for all the other reasons in the world combined. These will certainly do for now… This biological superiority vexes him, humiliates him personally, irritates him as much as possible, infuriates him much more than any conceivable opposition which might arouse his suspicion… Worried over committing gaffes, he is quick to redouble his tyranny. But after the great "standardization," the Jew will be able to rest easy, his gaffes will no longer count… Who will be able to perceive them?… Certainly not the robots! Long live the Liberty of the gaffe-ridden Jew!…

["/195]

I am not some "Mr. On the One Hand and On the Other." I don't weigh the Pros and Cons. It is they, the Jews, who are swarming, stripping and expelling us. These dosages of "for and against," these pusillanimous debilitations, are only for us. We are dying from them.

The Jew has already "standardized" just about everything in the domain of the major arts. Some very great efforts are going on behind the scenes at this very moment towards the standardization of the world's literature, translations, literary agencies, literary circles, and academies, from the undertaking of a work, clear to the end. One little fact among thousands: Do you think, dear cuckolds, that it is only innocently, through the effect of pure chance, that the Académie Goncourt is becoming more Jewish with each passing year…in its choices, its laureates, its academicians?… The Jewish power needs numerous agents, some very zealous quartermasters, well-placed, docile, devoted, refined gangsters, they being indispensable to the Jewish army of standardization as it proceeds without a shot being fired, in the strangulation of indigenous art in every domain, down to the very last redoubt, whether spiritual or material. The translations, those great works in brutalization, will do the rest. But it is indispensably the case that one is already expected to trivialize, undermine, saw away at, and be disgusted by the entire Aryan elite, and by all of its creative people, And that the platform, the lectern, the tenured positions, the security and the throne, all filled with the refuse, the worst remakes, and other spongy Jewish offerings, be built rapidly over the ruins of indigenous art. Nothing must be allowed to stop the great invasion by the movies and translations. When being embuggered millimeter-by-millimeter, the first centimeter is the hardest, and the most costly…it blazed the trail for those that follow! All of the faggots attest to this for us. Well-embuggered by publicity, [116/"] any sort of asshole can become an immense something-or-other, be it a religious article, a ["/196] movie star of the first magnitude, a superlatively horrible criminal, a leviathan catastrophe, a Dantesque film, a transatlantic liner sufficient to make the sea overflow, an aperitif that makes the world go 'round, the very greatest Jewel in History, a President of Council who bites off living heads. The more asinine and vapid it is, the better it'll go. The common taste exists at this level. The "good sense" of the crowd is: ever more stupid. The spirit of the ringmaster, it finishes with a trained flea, the achievement of realist and surrealist art. All of the political parties know this well. They are all the masters of trained fleas. Pimple-faced Melanie will take her dickin' like a queen, provided that twenty-five thousand loudspeakers shout above all the rooftops, across all the echoes, that she is suddenly Melanie the incomparable… A minimal amount of originality, but an enormous amount of exposure and cheek. The being, the turd, the object which is the intended recipient for publicity's outpouring of its massive propaganda, must above all from the very beginning be as insignificant, as bald, and as null as possible. The

paint of the publicity-hype will spread out over it just that much better, to the extent that it is painstakingly deprived of rough edges, of any originality, to the extent that all of its surfaces are absolutely planar. Nothing about it, from the get-go, can be allowed to elicit attention or above all controversy. In order to work its magic effect, the publicity must not be bothered, hindered, or diverted by anything. It must be allowed to affirm, sanctify, proclaim, shout through the megaphone, the very worst stupidities, no matter how thundering, phantasmagorical, mind-blowing, or positively Himalayan in exaggeration they are…whether concerning automobiles, movie stars, toothbrushes, writers, club singers, hernia belts, without which no one can function…nor raise from the parterre the most innocent minuscule objection. The parterre must at all times remain perfectly hypnotized by stupidity.

["/197]

"You know how considerable is their multitude, how united they (the Jews) are,
and how much influence they have in our assemblies."
—Cicero.

It is quite evident that the Jews, at the outset, had taken great care in their choice of Judeo-Anglo-Saxon writers as the leaders in their global standardization of literature, while the movies are of the same tobacco. Identical schemings. A language immensely widespread throughout the world, books in which already sell perfectly well in their market of origin. Herein lies the trump card of all those "standardizing" Jews. Take for example the "average" French author, who publishes in France, if he's lucky, about twenty thousand copies. That same author, completely average, but English, would publish, quite normally and automatically, on his own Anglo-Saxon market, about two hundred to three hundred thousand copies.

This is due to the simple reason that the Judeo-Anglo-Saxon market is much richer and has infinitely greater potential than has the pathetic French market (a hundred million possible readers as opposed to two or three million). Though perfectly equal on every point in terms of mediocrity, the English author nonetheless becomes an author "of renown" and an "immense talent," by virtue of ten-fold greater publication, while the poor French author vegetates or literally succumbs to his misery (provided that he is not also a part-time Civil Servant, which is twice as stultifying).

The theater contains several exceptions, but it is nevertheless entirely Jewish. They put the Jewish International's worst rot into all of their tableaux: be it in cinema, [117/"] police, radio-theater, politics or banking, they are avowed unto the prepuce, to the international ["/198] trade in reworkings. But when it comes to books, the advantage is immense, incomparable, the royal privilege of the Anglo-Saxons, their market being a hundred times ours…

It is in this way, through the "effect of numbers," that we get the quite mediocre Lawrence, Huxley,[222] Cahen, Lewis, Faulkner, dos Passos, etc.…with whom we have long been bored stiff by all of those Reviews so tinged with traces of snobbism and with inflated publicity for those fantastically renowned personages! these "Victor Hugo Prize winners"! …all of them completely droll once one comes to recognized these birds. The Jews, in order

[222] Probably refers to Aldous Huxley (1894-1963).

to impose them upon us, count to an enormous extent upon the snobbism and the gibberings of tiny cliques of the so-called “avant-garde”… Judeo-artistico-communardo-embuggerers and you can hardly think otherwise. Everything is proceeding perfectly, our asses are in the full view of others.

["/199]

Long live Liberty! No! Long live Liberia! Under some sort of Tatar! Even better!

Insofar as the Jews have a passion for Folklore and the classics (note that the Comédie Française is eight-tenths Jewish) it is only in order all the better to smother us, my children! to place their own works little-by-little on the same level as the classics, and then to eliminate the classics, and Folklore even, to sack them, completely, you'll see! The Jews are the world's greatest readers, they rifle through, redact, pillage, and Judaize without end, everything that falls before their spectacles, everything that serves them, or might serve them, or that can be translated into Jewish propaganda, songs, novels, music, is Judaized.

Aryans, above all the French, detest books and "bare-bones ideas" (Ah! but!… Ah! but! …well then, do they give a damn about them?). They demand something positive![223] something rational! objective! with substance! What is it that takes them in? Good blood! Good sense! *Nom de Dieu!* Good sense! Descartes! Upon closer examination, this demand for the "positive" consists in rambling about in a circle, not in any exact pattern, encompassing all of the "scuttlebutt of the day and bar table, while recklessly stammering the various slogans from billboards. The great ability, the proud achievement, the adventure, is to learn and to know by heart the contents of an electoral billboard, inevitably, completely Jewish in its entirety, with perfect clarity. To drink cheap wine, to gossip some more, to bleat, to add to the collection, and to go out after new challenges. This is positively the complete spiritual, artistic and moral life of the Aryan.

Perhaps we should move on to leisure, and sound off at the behest of hiccups…a little all around…the times which are spend with cheap wine…may she bring cheer…["/200] still belching forth the fine contents of the Jewish newspapers…to show one's culture to the passers-by…to have them learn as well, in this way, the extensive orders of the day from our Jewish directors… Those orders in sum which have been deciphered to a greater or lesser degree… The instructions of the invisible masters…who haven't forgotten you…those whose command…inevitably…invariably, is that brothers of the white race hate one another more and more, and hurt one another by all means possible, in the build-up to the next war and "the Hour of the Jew"…all of the Aryan cuckolds will be of one heart, truly unanimous, finally unanimous… They will go to have themselves massacred in their entirety for the Jews.

The women, all of whom are just as alcoholic as the men, are a little bit more stultified even than the men, as though that were possible…through their interminable gossip, their delirious [118/"] "housewifely" pettiness, "the lady concierges' spy alert," the rage and the mania for rendering everything mediocre, for reducing everything and judging everything

[223] I.e., that which pertains expressly to that which materially exists, as emphasized in the "positivist" philosophy of Auguste Comte.

according to the least common denominator, or even lower still, to the lowest of the low, every word, every unknown idea, every work, every lyric, every mystery, except for the shit already well known, that magnificent Jewish shit, which the women adore and feast upon even more blindly and frantically than do the men… It is they who drag their husbands along, and force them into the theaters where the most super-silly offerings of the screen are shown, those of good "ideologgy," materialist, objectivist, Kikeish… For the veneration of super-luxury, blockbuster productions, and super-wanker Jewish platitudes; for super smoking jackets, super-cocktails, super-cars, in essence the entire mechanistic and robotic super-stupidity of those darkened rooms, those caverns a hundred thousand times as stultifying as the worst idolatrous catacombs of the first centuries. All of those poor devils, those delirious serfs, completely wormed-up with the "ideolozhical" propaganda of film and radio, and of the current delirious "buzz" over material desires and militant loutishness. Unemployed types are standing around in rented smoking jackets!

"It happened to us as well, right in the face! they're going to embugger your bitches." Cuckolds indeed! The Jews are waiting for you just around the bend, cretinous libertines! in order to give your gongs one hell of a ringing, leading to the final incarceration, the definitive slipping-on of the 'cuffs, the ultimate complete success, at the precise moment…at the moment when the impeccable, communist Jewish jails (Russian model), already prepared, close in around you, your words and your dicks, wine-pukers, she-asses! They will close up around you!… Your words of hatred and vindictiveness will be drawn out of you, with great blows of rifle butts in the gut. You ["/201] will collapse in your irons completely exhausted, ruined, while you continue puking forth cheap wine, completely brainwashed by the various and sundry stupidities being shouted forth in every tone in the universe, by which all judgments will be made. Aryans-become-good-"Robots," you will vote like all of the robots, for those who set your guillotines and your hangmen's ropes back up, and who will furnish you with every aspect of your daily lives: the Jews.

["/202]

Why don't I have the right, in my own country, to shout aloud that I don't like the Jews? The Freemasons are not embarrassed to conduct a war unto the death against the priests. We are under Jewish fascism.

In speaking to you about matters such as translations and bookstores… I had become somewhat animated… But don't think of me as being jealous! To do so would be to fail to recognize my complete impartiality. I annoy the Jews quite a bit, though the are capable of getting back at me, from the right, from the left, from the center, and crosswise, in particular. Personally they bother me very little, practically not at all. Our conflict is entirely one of "ideologgy."

Quite naturally, I can see that it is through the intermediation of the Jewbies: editors, agents, publicists, etc…., plus the influence of the movies, Jewish scenarios, those aggressors and wanking rotters, in sum all of that Jewish policy coming of Jewish provenance, whether clandestine or official, that that slight French artistic production, already so meager, and so limited in distribution, is in the process of dying out completely and absolutely… That the Jews must destroy everything, is well understood… But life is neither so long nor so carefree, that this in and of itself is sufficient to roust you out of your slumber. And
[119/"] to be completely fair, the Jews have always been well-assisted in their work of destruction through the good spiritual offices of those mannerisms deemed of "noble" or "renaissance fashion," followed by pusillanimous and official bourgeois mannerisms, and then finally by that emasculated set of academic, purist, and desperately obtuse mannerisms, to which our so-called French arts have succumbed.

When one considers the situation, the thing that pains us most about the Jews is their arrogance, their vindictiveness, their perpetual martyrological fanaticism, their foul tom-tom. In Africa among the same niggers, or their cousins in Cameroon, I lived for ["/203] years by myself, in one of their villages, in the deep jungle, in the same thatched hut, at the same drinking-gourd. In Africa, these were good people. Over here, they pain me, they dishearten me. They became completely unacceptable in Cameroon only at the time of the full moon, when they became torturers with their tom-tom… But on other nights, they let you rest in peace, in complete safety. I'm speaking of the "Pahoin" country, the most nigger of nigger lands. But here, in France, at present, Moon or no Moon, always the tom-tom! Nigger for nigger, I prefer the man-eaters…but not here…just in their own country… In the end, the only

damage that they did to me was an aesthetic damage: I don't like the tom-tom… As for the material, my God! it would be extremely easy for me to arrange it… I would be able to pay for first class, rather than having to ignore all of these turpitudes, but it would be childish of me to profit, however so abundantly and marvelously, from this invasion of the walls…putrid… A thousand ways, a thousand examples!

…

Is it not amusing likewise to observe that young Jews from the best families (French Jews included), most often show-up at Oxford in order to complete their studies. "The finishing touch!" The final coat of varnish! If I wanted, if circumstances obliged me, I could perhaps write my books directly in English. It's a cord with which to defend myself, one little cord in my bow. I will not need to cry… But no one ever gave me my little bow as a gift… I'd always wanted to be given come gifts in life! This is all I have!… For the moment, I still prefer to write in French… I find English too soft, too delicate, too namby-pamby. But if it is necessary… And then another reason, is that the Anglo-American Jews translate me regularly…and read me!… We are not very numerous, we French authors ["/204] of the "international class." That is the saddest thing. Five or six, I believe…there are a few more, that we could jot down… That is few…much too few!… The invasion is one-way, and that pains me.

The Judeo-Anglo-Saxon publishers, very up-to-date in matters of literary fabrication, identify "standard" novels, and are going to make exact reproductions, every year, by the thousands, in our country. They are going to make only "reprints," and are burdened by other fripperies… It seems possible for me personally, beyond doubt, to defend myself during such a time by virtue of my incantatory *genre*, my trashy vociferous lyricism, anathematizing, in its very special *genre*, sufficiently Jewish by…

…

…

[120/"] shores, I did better than the Jews, it was I who gave them *their* lessons. This was my salvation. Amongst the Jews of the United States I was taken for being something of a hard-ass. May it ever be so!

["/205]

We recommend that every Jew three times a day curse the entire Christian people, and pray to God for their extermination along with their kings and princes.
– The Talmud.

Quite by accident the other day, I happened upon a newspaper which I would usually have ignored: *L'Univers Israélite*[224] of 15 November 1937… We are remiss not to read *L'Univers Israélite* on a regular basis. Just one issue of this *U.I.* would teach us much more about the essential things going on in the world today, than does our entire treasonable press, fit for slaves, over the course of a month.

Thus we read: "The Art of the Habimah.[225] At the '37 Exhibition." We are going to see why this is so instructive…

"Art can generally be divided into two categories: national art and international art…

"Belonging primarily to the first, are the artists of the spoken word:

poets, orators, actors…

"Belonging to the second, are the painters, sculptors, musicians, and singers. The scope of the artists of the spoken word is very limited; it extends to one particular country, or another—sometimes it embraces a neighboring country as well. In other words, the artists of the spoken word are organically connected to their land, and only their own people know, understand and appreciate them at their proper value.

"International art is more fortunate: its gifted children are cherished by the entire world, and they are everywhere at home, and for them, the eyes and ears of every people are open. There is no dearth of examples! Picasso and Chagall, Rodin and Epstein, Duncan and Fokine, Menuhin, Heifetz, Chaliapin…

["/206] "From time to time the very greatest artists of the spoken word do break the barriers of language and country, and become international—such as Sarah Bernhardt, and the Duse.[226] But this occurs very rarely, requiring as it does an extraordinary, prodigious talent, particular circumstances, a rare energy, and a universally-recognized language.

[224] I.e., *The Israelite Universe*.
[225] Refers to a type of Jewish theater.
[226] Refers to the Italian actress Eleanora Duse (1859-1924).

“The director Vachtangov, a cordial Russo-Armenian—and in a certain sense a Jew as well—is the creator of a new method. He has not wanted to wait until the great, the very great artist has been born: he whips them into being himself, he infuses them with living soul. He has succeed in this primarily because he has known how to unite the talents of the spoken word into a magnificent ensemble, giving the diverse artistic temperaments a single rhythm, in which the qualities of some complement the deficiencies of others. In addition, he has incorporated every possible art into each theatrical piece, —music and painting, choral pieces, dancing and song. This he does [121/”] not do in a mechanical fashion, but in an organic fashion suggestive of religion, with its ecstasies of prayer and faith.

“The language of the Bible, beautiful though it may be coming from the mouths of the ‘Habimah’ artists, plays only a minimal role.

“It is not in vain that numerous theaters are trying to imitate the ‘Habimah’ in their art, for they have caught sight of the dove of Noah’s Ark, the enunciator of an international expression for artists of the spoken word, these spiritual emissaries who are creating bonds between peoples better than can any sort of diplomatic representation. This is why we must all welcome the ‘Habimah’ and its artists, on the occasion of their renewed appearance in Paris, and contribute to their moral and material success. No one is better able than ‘Habimah’ to speak for us to the hearts of foreign peoples who might not know us or might not want to know us.”

……*…*…*

We are told:

"On the occasion of the performance at the 'Habimah Theater,' a reception committee has been formed and is composed of MM.:

"The Grand Rabbis M. Lieber et Eisenstadt, Louis Jouvet, Charles Dullin, Gaston Baty, Georges and Ludmilla Pitoëf, Pierre Renoir, Marc Chagall, Max Nordau, Naoun Aronson, Chana Orloff, Jules Adler, Georges Duhamel of the French Academy, Victor Basch, André Maurois, Chalom Asch, Z. Schneour, Paul ["/207] Abraham, Edmond Fleg, André Spire, Henri Hertz, Joseph Milbauer, Ivan Goll, Dr. Weill-Hallé, Me Marcel Mirtil, Louis Asscher, Robert Lévy, O. Pernikoff, I. Jefrykin, Léonard Rosenthal, René Rocher, Maurice Lehmann, I. Naïditch, Léonce Bernheim, M. Jarblum, Nahoum Hermann, Joseph Fischer, etc..."

Prague:

"The Jewish Telegraphic Agency informs us that M. Léon Blum, Vice-President of Council, who represented the Republic at President Masaryk's funeral,[227] turned his stay in Prague to good effect by paying a visit to the famous old synagogue, Altneuschul. M. Léon Blum, who was accompanied by Mme. and Mlle. Blum, was received at the synagogue by the president of the Jewish Community of Prague, who welcomed him in both French and Hebrew."

Palestine:

"The Tel-Aviv Municipal Council has decided to name one of the city's streets after President Masaryk."

(Despite all of these journalistic effronteries, President Masaryk detested France; the grand prince of Freemasonry in Central Europe, he did everything in his power for Jewry, both Freemasonic and Communistic. He swore by nothing but Judeo-English culture. Along with Beneš he did everything in his power to prepare for the advent of [122/"] Judeo-Bolshevism in Europe.[228] Czechoslovakia is merely an advanced citadel of the Kremlin in Europe.)

[227] Refers to Tomáš Masaryk (1850-1937), the first President of Czechoslovakia, 1918-35.
[228] Refers to Eduard Beneš (1884-1948), President of Czechoslovakia, 1935-38, 1939-45 (in-exile), 1946-48.

Vienna:

"At the request of the Hungarian Government, Viennese authorities have arrested one Dr. Buxbaum, of Jerusalem, delegate to the recent Congress of Agoudath Israël held in Marienbad.

"The Hungarian Government requests the extradition of Dr. Buxbaum, who in 1919 took part in the government of Béla Kun.[229] He was condemned to death by the military tribunal, following the end of the Communist regime, but succeeded in fleeing and seeking refuge in Palestine.

"The British Consulate in Vienna has protested the arrest of Dr. Buxbaum, as he is a Palestinian citizen."

("Jew" and "English" are perfectly synonymous, one must convince oneself that a Jew and an Englishman are the same.)
["/208]

Miscellaneous Notices

Palestine:

"While the KKL remains now as always the great procurer of land for the Jewish National Home, it has so far in 1937 come to acquire 20,000 donums of land, out of the 25,000 of which Jews have just become owners.

"Despite all obstacles the KKL intends to raise, this year, half a million pounds. There is no shortage of offers, as the strike has been disastrous for the Arab economy. Thus the Arabs are ready to sell everything that they can.

"Sixteen years ago, Keren Kayemeth possessed only 20,000 donums of land. Today we have over 400,000. We have conducted a land reform, consisting of the nationalization of farmland, which we have done magnificently."

The Army:

"We have learned with the greatest pleasure of the nomination of Dr. General Worms, Adjunct Professor,[230] currently the Director of Medical Services of the 1st Army Corps, as the Director of the School of Military Medicine in Lyons, and we extend to him our sincerest felicitations."

And each edition of *l'Univers Israélite* contains at least as much information and instruction, as precious as does this ordinary specimen. It is absolutely useless to read our other indigenous gossip-sheets, all completely soporific, distracting, and slyly frivolous (in that order). *L'Univers Israélite* outpaces them, scoops them, dominates [123/"] them, and kills

[229] Béla Kun (1885-1937), a Hungarian-Jewish Communist, was Premier of short-lived Communist regime in Budapest, March-July 1919.
[230] The designation was "*professeur agrégé*," meaning that he had passed the necessary competitive examinations (*concours*) to claim the title of "Professor," whether or not he was actively engaged in teaching at that particular time.

them all, from on-high to far-away. It gives us the actual news of France and of the world. Here is the true "Enlightener of France."

["/209] More from *l'Univers Israélite* of 19 November 1937:

"Mr. J. Chernov, Esq., on Sunday the 7th of November, before the audience of 'Chema Israel' held a very remarkable conference on Judaism, the source of justice and morality… Our readers would recognize Mr. Chernov, respected lawyer at the Parisian bar, and one of the undisputed masters of financial criminal law, as well as historian, sociologist, writer, and excellent Jew [*sic*]. Mr. Chernov has always with understanding and sympathy concerned himself with 'Jewish problems,' etc., etc. …"

What do we then learn from Mr. Chernov, Esq., in the course of that "remarkable conference"?… "It is absurd and criminal to want to identify Judaism with Bolshevism, a doctrine of peace and morality with a doctrine of violence and revolution…"

Is there anything more cheeky?…

What more does Mr. Chernov, Esq., tell us?…

"The Bolshevik Revolution of '17 had taken place among 'some other dejudaized Jews'…" Magnificent! …sublime… Look here at the Jew *in flagrante delito* of self-exculpation, of oblique Communist propaganda… "Some!"… "Dejudaized!"… Delicious! Adorable! Supreme!… And the synagogue dies laughung!… But the original Soviet of People's Commissars[231] of "'17" was precisely composed entirely of Jews…and since then nothing has changed! Mr. Chernov knows that better than anyone!… "Dejudaized!" But the Comintern is Judaism itself! …the ["/210] Supreme Executive Consistory! …the most ardent, the most intransigent, the most bloody on the Planet!

So long as we are discussing the Revolution of '17, this is a good time to say a little bit more about the famous Felix M. Warburg[232]…you know, the big New York banker? the son-in-law of Jacob Schiff, head of the Warburg family, of the clinic of Loeb, Baruch, Hanauer, etc.[233] … Warburg who subsidized the old Breton Trotsky[234] (15 billion, then 200 billion francs), Parvus, Lenin and all the rest to make revolution in Russia in '17. Was he also one of the aforementioned "dejudaized"?… Was he "one of some Jews"?…

It would scarcely seem so… The very powerful Felix M. Warburg, the veritable instigator and creator of Communism in Russia, just so happened to die in New York last 20th of October[235] (rest assured, the Warburg family is not extinct)… And what do we hear concerning his death… That all of the synagogues

In the entire world are humming, resounding with prayers for his soul's repose… What emotion in the Consistories!… There is solemn funeral service after solemn funeral service… In Paris last 31st of October specifically, M. Leon Bramson, president of ORT (the Jewish

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[231] "Sovet Narodnykh Komissarov," or "Sovnarkom"; appellation remained until 1946.

[232] Felix Moritz Warburg (1871-1937), member of Kuhn, Loeb and Co.; brother Paul Moritz Warburg was a member of the Federal Reserve Board (1914-18); brother Max Warburg was advisor to the Reichsbank (1924-on).

[233] Refers to the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., in New York.

[234] Facetious attribution; Trotsky was born in what is now Ukraine.

[235] I.e., 1937, contemporaneously with the writing of *Bagatelles*.

charitable works organization)[236]…M. R. de Rothschild, MM. Bodenheimer, Bader, Weill, etc. …brought words of lamentation… We find all of High Jewry in tears…and Little Jewry as well…with "charitable work"… The entire tribe has clustered around its rabbis in order to wail at the loss of its oh-so-great Jewish Patriarch, the Americano-Sovietico-billionaire. "The extraordinary charm which emanated from Felix M. Warburg, his great 'nobility of character,' his generosity, his devotion to the work [124/"] of the economic reconstruction of the dislocated[237] Jewish masses… It was during the course of the Great War and of the years that followed that the deceased, constantly filling the breach, employed himself most actively and most generously in the alleviation of the sufferings and in redressing the incredible hardships caused by the War to millions of Central and East European Jews… Thanks to him, American Judaism coordinated these efforts…, etc.…"

You don't say!… In essence, the funeral eulogy of a great universal monarch… Justice moreover… Justice! Louis XIV was just a country squire, considering the victories on the side of Felix M. Warburg of New York!… A triumphal reign was ascribed to him!… Do you understand those very handsome euphemisms? …"the dislocated ["/211] Jewish masses…" dear cuckolds? "the coordination of efforts? …the redressment of sufferings?…". "Dejudaization"?… Fork over the dough!… Let's go do it one more time!… The Jewish sign of the Cross! As in the synagogues, likewise at the Place de la Nation! for the soul of Mr. Warburg… For his complete felicity! My good knucklehead!… The Warburg children have their eyes on you! …as well as do MM. Baruch…Loeb…Hanauer…Brandeis…Samuel…Belisha…

Kaganovich…Rothschild…Blum…and even His Holiness the Pope…"dejudaized"…as you say. ["/212]

[236] ORT = "Society to Promote Trade and Agriculture," established in St. Petersburg in 1889. Headquarters were relocated to Berlin in 1921, to Paris in 1933. Activities in the USSR were suspended in 1938. (See: *Atlas of Russian History*, p. 70.) At the time of the writing of *Bagatelles*, the ORT was an agency based in Paris, financing activities in the USSR.

[237] The term "*déclassées*" = economically dislocated.

It is a commandment for every Jew to make the attempt to annihilate all that appertains to the Christian Church and all who serve it. Christ is the son of a Prostitute. He is ben-Panthera, that is to say, the son of a lascivious beast.
– The Talmud.

From *l'Univers Israélite* (25 June 1937), as always:

"Whither Europe without the Judeo-Christian Spirit? Conference by R. P. Dieux (superb!), Ambassadors' Theater. Dieux is not paying us to say:

"'Between Christians and Jews there is no divergence…Israel has suffered for having spread throughout the world the conception of God of the greatest beauty…the greatest purity…the greatest nobility…" Long live the Bible… *Nom de Dieux!* And the author cites André Gode (*sic*)[238] on human indignity in the USSR…further on, Dieux adds…: "The Pope and qualified representatives of Protestantism and Judaism have solemnly condemned racism (the very idea!), and ordinary citizens must follow that example… But no single ignition is powerful for the undertaking of an effective struggle. That is why it is necessary to organize the Judeo-Christian Front (in essence a celestial Popular Front) for defense and liberty"…

"'Two specters must be consigned to the past: anti-Semitism and anti-Christianity, as anti-Semitism is the first chapter of anti-Christianity. In a few places 'round-about, believers from all confessions are already associating. French rabbis are protesting the persecution of Catholics in Spain, while an understanding of the grandeur of Jesus has begun amongst Jews… The great future event will be the meeting of all of the ["/213] sons of the Bible and the Gospel… But while awaiting that far-off [125/"] day, in order to preserve the Revelation, civilization and peace, we must lend them a helping hand,' concluded the orator to enthusiastic public applause…"

We are not dreaming… That plural usage of "Gods" ("Dieux") is assuredly Freemasonic…and even more assuredly as Jewish as the Pope… To the utmost! the Devil is everywhere! the review of this meeting is signed: Mandel.

["/214] In spite of all this I don't mean to imply that my humble opinion has anything other than mediocre influence, being merely an annoyance to those about me… Amongst so many who are limp-wristed, embuggeromaniacal, multi-Proustian, or Gidean[239] Bordeaux-

[238] André Gide is implied.
[239] I.e., in the style of André Gide.

ugly, a few heroes are to be found… Their merit is just that much more immense, in a country where readers and book-buyers have shown themselves to be just as incredibly few and far between, as are the furtive grouse of Buttes-Chaumont. They thus constitute a most stoic phalanx, growing ever smaller, giving way to attrition day-by-day, all eventually succumbing to the base needs of journalism and radio. Chained by the Kikes into the galley of Jewish litanies for the drunken masses…

And one more thing, I'll tell you this right now, you'd be mistaken to think that I'm taking myself as a model, in the hopes that others will copy me!… Of course, I make my own little music, and those who can say the same are no longer very numerous in the times which transpire… The are even becoming, due to the machine, to mental fatigue, and to frenetic objectivist emasculation, ever-increasingly rare. This prevents me from being jealous… Jealousy is for others. It would be inept on my part… I rail out of principle. That's all. Challenges, impostures, false names, I don't like any of that. I am shocked and appalled, by all of these people who are moving in. It's my right. I know incontestably that the art of Gide following the art of Wilde, following the art of Proust, makes up part of the relentless continuity in the Jewish master plan. [”/215] To draw in all of the goys, all the better to embugger them. Painstakingly to rot out the goy elite and bourgeoisie, through an apologia for every form of perversion, snobbism and vanity, to irritate them, to infect them with gangrene, and to ridicule them in such a manner that the least little movement by the proletariat, which the Jews will have so perfectly and meticulously doped-up in advance, priming them with envy and hatred, will make that supposed elite dump everything through the end of its cloaca. One good flushing of blood, and it'll be all done! …carried away by the sewer! …a triumph!…

Let us return to that which in all humility concerns myself. I don't force anybody to buy my books. All of the critics are ever on guard, at the door of every bookstore, to keep people from buying my books. Any prospective reader will find himself painstakingly forewarned by extremely virulent, thoroughly Judaized criticism (from the right as well as from the left, I repeat), to steer clear of my junk. Even a majority of the bookstores themselves are hostile towards me. They have their own particular tastes, the tastes of rather narrow-minded Frenchmen…they deplore my work…the dirty cuckolds! Ah! If only I had seen fit to sing along with the "emancipators," how much they would have offered me for that at one time! A week before the publication of my *Death on the Installment Plan*,[240] not a single "lefteest" newspaper would have failed to have sent around a special courier offering me a well-illustrated little blurb…giving me advertising space, and at what great prices!… And a week later, what a deluge of orders! Ah! those shitty bastards!… Ah! how vile and reprehensible they all are! How well Gide, *Nom de Dieu*, has already reamed-out all of their asses! As for myself, I would just as soon that people no longer buy my books. I know of two hundred other less fatiguing ways in which to earn a living… All of these four-eyes would have eaten whatever shit I'd have deigned to beat out. Ah! if only I had sung their tune, how fine they would have found me! a Lion! a Prophetic Messenger! Unsurpassable! Ah! this is what they would have called me: One of the Great Voices of the World!… Ah! if only they could run as quickly as I am capable of boring them, they'd go on to win the [126/”] Grand Prix. Of what importance are these adversities? I digress!… I do have a few admirable colleagues, but I am not going to cite all of them for you, as I do not want to do them an injustice. Take Simenon[241] of the "Lean Ones" for example, one would have to discuss him anew every day! Marcel Aymé succeeds at the short story even better than Maupassant. The *Conquerors* of

[240] Refers to *Mort à Crédit*, Céline's second major work.
[241] Refers to Georges (Sim) Simenon (1903-1989), Belgian writer of detective stories ("Inspector Maigret").

Malraux, as far as I am able to judge, is a masterpiece! Evidently an "asthmatic" Jewish press has now managed to lose its breath. Such are the terrors of the trade. Elie Faure interests me, insofar as a half-Hymie Freemason is able, save when he talks of love, whereupon he bullshits full bore, laying ["/216] down at a single blow several tons of malapropos shit, as do practically all of the Judaized who venture into the sentiment. As for Lenôtre, I would die for him.

Dabit[242] of the *Villa Oasis*, so little remarked upon… Morand[243] (when he is not trying to write a novel, with emotion) seems to me to be the very model of a completely vigorous writer of that genre. And Mac Orlan![244] He had foreseen it all, and put it all to music, thirty years ago. I would like to have at my disposal, if I could, all of the "Comic Strips." I am as you would say something of a crusty type, not being delicate even for the sake of civility… I want that which is best in every genre (as you can see), none of which I regard as being inferior in itself, provided that the material is organized and organic, that its blood circulates, everywhere, all about and within, beginning with the heart, and breathes with its lungs, and stands upright, in sum, that the whole deal turns upon a quite living catalytic nexus, as living as possible! unbearable, to the well-hidden, well-sealed-off center, in the shadowy depths of the flesh, where I cannot be sure whether that which is being vaunted before me is pulsating with life, or is some sort of poor cadaver with babbling twitches… All of those inorganics, those rotten tricksters, those limp-wrists of the "genius" genre make me puke. I'll give you all the Prousts in this world and in another one besides, for one "Brigadier you are right," or for two songs from Aristide.[245] If one is determined to become delirious then it is truly necessary to have the fever…and not to do something similar!… I very much prefer Claude Ferrère[246] to twelve or thirteen counterfeiters. On my very short list of personal favorites I gladly put Barbusse,[247] and Daudet[248] of *The Awakening Dream*. Among painters, Vlaminck[249] seems to me to come the closest to my ideal, along with Gen Paul and Mahé… Now don't go imagining that these aforementioned people are my buddies, or would want to be… That would be a fatal error! Perhaps it's even the case that they detest me, or use me as a whipping-boy. For the most part, I've never met them. I have no intention of ever meeting them, or of pleasing them, but to the contrary, I regard them as being the hairdressers of life, who are always trying to please everybody, the whores. I've found that the more hated you are, the happier you are… It greatly simplifies things, in that there's no need to be polite, since I'm not trying to make myself liked… I have no need for "affection"… It's always the most abject things of which I've ever heard, which have been done in the name of "affection"[250]… It is through "affection" that the abject things reassure themselves. It's just like honesty, probity, and virtue… What walls in this world hear these things being discussed the most?… Those would be the walls of a Judge's[251] office. In which arenas do they shout out loud in the name of every ["/217] Liberty? of France for the French? of the abolition of injustice and

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[242] Refers to Eugène Dabit (1898-1936), left-wing writer of novels and short stories, to whom Céline dedicated *Bagatelles* (see p. 3/1).
[243] Refers to Paul Morand (1888-1976), writer of stories about the "smart set."
[244] Refers to Pierre (Dumarchey) Mac Orlan (1882-1970), writer of adventure tales.
[245] Refers to Quintilianus Aristide (*c.* 1st Centure AD), Greek compiler of songs.
[246] Refers to Frederic Charles Bargone (1876-1957), writer of naval/exotic-location stories.
[247] Refers to Henri Barbusse (1873-1935), editor, internationalist, and writer of war stories (WWI).
[248] Refers to Leon Daudet (1867-1942, son of Alphonse and nephew of Ernest Daudet), journalist (*Le Figaro*), cofounder (with Charles Maurras) of the royalist/right-wing journal *L'Action Française*, and writer of books in a variety of genres.
[249] Refers to Maurice de Vlaminck (1876-1958), French "Fauvist" painter.
[250] *Or:* I've always heard of the most abject things in existence being done in the name of "affection"…
[251] Or, Examining Magistrate's (OV: "de Juge d'instruction").

privilege?… In the arenas of Communism, which are filled to bursting with Jews delirious with racism and voracity. It's insupportable! Dear wild men, allow me to tear down all of these golden calves!…

Let us return to our gay sheep… I have digressed like some old gaffer.[252] In matters of "literature" I am not presenting myself as a model, nay! I have been extensively imitated, certainly, to put it mildly! without divulging anything, that would be fatal… Here and there, 'round about and in a number of foreign countries… Those who imitate me pointedly find me abominable, and excoriate me as much as they can, more than anyone else at any given time. I am the papa of many little children, to the point of having spent my balls, having been returned for my efforts some little pretenders, some little inspired ones, and some feverish prophets, in one short "hop" to the next, to the right, to the center, and above all [127/"] to the left. I do not want to disturb them, I being discreet by nature, knowing as papas do that it's best to stay in the background, and that it's a child's pleasure to show off a little bit… I do not want to play the party-pooper, and disturb them… I even have for them, I must admit, a quite understandable bit of affection… I would like to be able to give them all a drop of glycophosphate, to help strengthen-up their bones a little…to give them more solid a framework… In general, they are soft, lacking in heart, carrying the odor of the high school, of babbling, and of wanking. It pains me to have to look at them… Every now and then I briefly disown them. It's a sad thing, in fact, in essence, that they haven't continued to write in the polished "Goncourtian" style. That Goncourtian genre goes so well amongst the louts. All polished people are louts. No one is more polished than an executioner… Once one has taken the time to determine whether such-or-such an adjective is the most appropriate, it's going to come out as dry as a blow from a cudgel, by the time it gets to the pen. Believe me, I have often had the experience. Our fine neoclassical literature, Goncourtian and Proustophile, is nothing more than an immense parterre of desiccated louts, an infinite dune of delicately wavering ridgelets. In order to succeed well at brutal candor, at direct emotion, it is not enough, it would be too simple, to invoke shit every time that the opportunity presented itself. As soon as they feel themselves stymies or led somewhat astray by treacherous terrain, such classicists and romanticists seize upon it for salvation God the Father! and impose it as soon as possible. Cheap tricks! silence! and veneration! In order to devote yourself to the "profane" all the better, it is increasingly imperative for you to retain all of your instincts, the further you go along…and that is the paradox, of these wallowings in the garbage…of these things left behind by the ordinary…of this dead material in ["/218] essence…of all of this trash, in a word… May it all serve despotically to bring you back to that which is fluid, that which is dance, that which is life.

Coarseness is insupportable save in the spoken, living language, and there is nothing more difficult than to dominate, direct, and transpose the living language, the common language, the language of emotion, the only sincere one, into written language, to fix it down without killing it… Try it… With this you have the terrible "technical problem" in which the greater number of writers founder, a thousand times as arduous as the so-called "artistic," "smooth," or "standard" forms of writing, close-fitting and affected, which are wankingly taught in grammar classes at school. Rictus, who is forever being cited, wasn't always successful at it, far from it! He was forced to resort to elisions, abbreviations, apostrophes Trickeries! Villon[253] was the master of the genre, no contest. Montaigne, full of pretensions in

[252] OV: "chaisière," signifying one who has an undemanding occupation.
[253] Refers to a poet known for his use of acrostics in verse.

that regard, wrote in exactly the opposite way, Jewish, a sower of arabesques, almost a "France"[254] before his time, a Pre-Proust…

As soon as you feel yourself to be somewhat "ordinary," in your being and in your relations, the best thing to do, by far, no contest, is to commit yourself to good manners, to make a career out of "a smoothness of 'an elegant conciseness, a delicate sobriety, a tremulous refinement, Colettism.[255]'" All of those "perfect styles" will thenceforth belong to you, with the pinkie finger more or less distended 1

There's no longer anything to fear from your desultations!… You will never discover the world, so turbid, so swinish, always so irremediably lower than the bottom of your ass end, its "shit-holes" always so close by your heels, and you never wiping your self with anything other than fine paper, sanitized… That's the entire distinction!… The only one, true to say. For that reason and for no other, you will observe how the ladies are challenged by the hard issues, becoming panicky and disconcerted, while wincing at the least vulgarities. They who are always so quick with the broom, always such maids by nature, as soon as they take to writing become as affected, as refined, and as flowery as they are capable of being… It is only from Musset, Marivaux, Noailles and Racine, that they borrow their seductions and travesties. Let us suppose that they were to let themselves go…what an outpouring! wait a [128/"] minute! Divine Judgment!… It would truly be the end of the world! Whether writing about shit, or dickheads, nothing is obscene in and of itself, or vulgar. Vulgarity begins, Ladies and Gentlemen, with sentiment, all vulgarity! all obscenity! with sentiment! Writers, in parallel with the lady writers, being equally reprehensible these days, Judaized and domesticated unto their ventricles ever since the Renaissance, without cessation, have frenetically done their all for the "delicate," the "sensible," the "human"…["/219] as they call it… Towards these ends, they regard nothing as being more convincing, more decisive, than a recitation of the ordeals of love…of Love…for Love…by Love…the entire "lyrical bidet" in sum… The lips of these crumbling degenerates and affected pigs are full of their "Love 1!"…

It is in writing about Love unto damnation, in vocalizing a thousand tons of verbiage about Love, that they reckon themselves saved… But this is precisely it, scoundrels! the infamous word! the rancid effluent from the cattle barns, the most onerously abject vocalization that there is! …the evil trash! the most stinking, slimy, obscene word in the dictionary! along with "heart!". I had forgotten about that other viscous expectoration! The mark of the personal baseness, the immodesty, the insensibility of a wallowing slob, irredeemably destined for extraordinarily wretched artistico-sludge-encrusted sties… Each letter of each one of these suave words is weighted with its own half-ton of exquisite diddle-shit… All of the Femina juries give it a degustation, not breathing save through these turds, as they swoon, intimately enraptured, in feasting upon "all about shit," being drawn into it by sonnets, photographs, conferences, a thousand screeds and telephone calls and love letters…

Racine? That deceitfully flickering exhibitionist! That obscene, swooning weirdo of a cur! And a half a quarter of a Jew besides!… Just look at the wild animals for a while, always noble, always modest. But the rabbits in their hutches, the dogs in their kennels, the pigs in their sties, there you have beings who speak, dream, think, and act out of Love! All of the degeneracy and reduction to servility of races originates, and is attained by way of love, the "competitions," the excitements, the whisperings of Love!… One good dose of alcohol from above and down they go! They are now the well-bastardized, well-matured types for all forms

[254] Refers to Anatole France.
[255] I.e., in the style of Colette.

of slavery, provided that they continue to embugger themselves for ever and ever…in all of the kennels and coops in which they find themselves…wallowing in their subtleties and their arabesques of Love, they are exultant!… It's their proper straw bedding!… To speak frankly there is but one obscenity. But it is elemental, inexorable, and infinitely corrupting biologically, this putrefying "Tell me about love." Nothing can resist it. All who find themselves in it become, in a very short time, corrupted, worm-eaten, and loutish as never before… This is the true "debauchery"… This unbridled whoring of words and sentiments must certainly cost very dearly, and result in some very cruel tortures. To the deformed, "love-smitten" hordes, infinite servitude!… All of the prostitutions of the ass end are nothing but ["/220] trivialities compared to the "Niagara-like" puking-forth of "soft murmurings," "burning sentiments" and "ineffable intoxications"…that entire deluge of reprehensibility which is submerging us in our decadence. The effete nature of these things of the heart has turned us into a bigger bunch of dolts, serfs, irritating madmen, and deaf and obtuse maniacs, than a century's worth of poxes all put together would have done.

[129/221]

The Jew who violates or corrupts a non-Jewish woman or even kills her must be absolved by justice, as he has only made an error in judgment.
– The Talmud.

“What is it that goes in hard and comes back out soft?” This is a good riddle…

Those who know respond: a biscuit!… Movies are the same way… They begin hard and finish soft…in the shit of schmaltz! …the juice of “sentimentality.” The crowds eat it up, it’s their great joy, their intoxication, they must have their shit, their fine Jewish shit, shit-radio, shit-sports (all boxing matches, and all car and horse races are fixed), shit-alcohol, shit-crime, shit-politics, shit-cinema, they just die for it!… There’s never too much! Never too many turds! Never too costly! Literature moreover prepares them better to appreciate that fine guano. Literature is set at that level, which is most necessary, of the most overwhelming, the most over-stimulating scenarios. It now vegetates at that level, as Judaizing as it knows how to be, consequently being amenable, falling a little deeper into the pot, exceeding itself in sentimentalism… All done-up with turds!… Coming ever closer! Ever closer to the people! more political! more demagogic! The “ringmaster” spirit in essence… The spirit of the clown Tabarin (things were already Kikeish enough in 1630)… And now for our next act, the trained flea! Ladies and Gentlemen, by the third day, the people will have had you sent back to the jug!… And then everybody will be in prison! …and then there’s the Robots, *Nom de Dieu!* …with surrealism taking the lead!… The trick of modern art is simpler still… I’m going to show you how to do it for nothing… You photograph an object, no matter what object, chair, umbrella, telescope, bus, and then cut it up into a “puzzle”… You then scatter these fragments, these scraps, across [”/222] an immense sheet of paper, green or orange cream. Poetry!… Do you understand?… When the robot tries his hand at poetry, people eat it up… We are now merely in the final stages of the decrepitude of naturalism, stylized, cosmeticized, neapolitanized, persuasive, fawning, shouting. You just wait a few months!… You are going to see robot art! The Aryan slave will be spoiled rotten by it, he has been preconditioned for it in all of his behaviors: he’ll be a glutton for it!… Whenever some sort of little Jew, by dint of luck, comes up with some new way of stupefying and debilitating the Aryan even more thoroughly, more intimately… His future is assured… And what a future!… What a spectacular contract! He’ll need only three weeks in Hollywood, with its intensive worldwide publicity, in order to transmute the scrawniest, most polluted, rancidly ulcerated little piccolo of a Hymie, who would normally be in the process of rotting away entirely, into a most resplendent Phoenix, the reincarnation of Michelangelo! or Rembrandt even, or a Mirandole! Look for yourself right here! You don’t exist!… The Jew is the source of all cinema…at the

headquarters, in Hollywood, Moscow, Billancourt… Meyers upon Meyers… Korda, Hayes, Zukor, Chaplin, Paramount… Fairbanks… Ulmann… Cantor…, etc.…, etc. He is within his own milieu in those “interconnecting” studios, and those editing offices…and with the critics. He is at the end of the deal…at the cashier’s window… He is everywhere… That which comes from the Jews returns to the Jews! automatically! …inexorably. Having in his comings and goings along all of the routes in the world, drained all of the spiritual resources as well as all of the dough off of those stupid Aryans, so stupefied, cuckolded, inebriated, and driven to fanaticism by all of those shits! for all of those shits! as well as being in the shit!… How well they have taught the crowds, those Hymies of the reel, all of that obscene sentimentality! those “promises and caresses”! …that dumping ground of long kisses…the shamefulness…the enormous pukings of “Love”!…

[130/”] One of these evenings, very soon, the theater is going to capsize in its entirety, without making much of a splash, into the cinema! …that twisted turd! through the gigantic drain, into the common tank! into the Universal Attraction! the global art of the Jew. You can see how the crosscurrents of starlets (all of them great theatrical geniuses, apparently) have become increasingly active and intense these past few months, between Hollywood, Moscow, and the capitals of Europe… These “artists” travel only on business… They are all participants in the Jewish cinema’s great colonization of the world… Each one of them in her turn bringing along with her to Hollywood her own little personal treason, her own little intimate agenda, her own little treacheries, being ever so anxious to give pleasure to Ben-Mayer and Ben-Zukor[256]…just itching to convey unto them [”/223] yet one more emotive trifle, stolen from the indigenous arts, from Aryan arts, in order to make that filmed Jewish rot more acceptable. A surreptitious little penetration… This entire abject traffic is painstakingly remunerated, I assure you…spiritually… Jews of all grimaces, unite!… It’s done!…

There’s another parallel traffic between Europe and Hollywood, of aspiring starlets. The trafficking in the most beautiful, the most desirable, the most succulent little Aryans, most docile, well-selected by the negrito-Jewish khedives of Hollywood, the “Directors” (!) writers (?) dykes, technicians, and other pashas…assorted bankers… All of our viziers of the Jewish Universe!… It’s no longer the route to Buenos Aires…it’s the route to California and to the “life of luxury,” and vice versa. All of those little Aryan pussies, the most tender, nubile, and cute, the best that the herd has to offer, all of it absolutely prime cut, goes to those negrifying geezers…to the Hymies of the most concentrated fermented rot, of the high cinema!… Jewish all-around! right in the ass! of all of them! and right in the dick! …that good Jewish screwing!… You are going to get your hemorrhoids buffeted about by that fat, doughy, waxy, famous Kike, that hateful pasha, little sister of the race! …beauty queen!… They do so love underhanded maneuvers! You’re not even sixteen years old, for such nonsense! You want to have a career?… Pretty face? You want to be adored! you tell me?… You want to be Queen of the Jewish Universe! Just a minute!… First of all you’ll have to attend to a little something…tremblingly! Get down on the dick, child!… Do you believe that it’s enough just to be beautiful?… First of all open up that fine front of yours… Do you believe the movie magazines?… You are not finished! Do you want to reign supreme, little bitch?… The world’s favorite? Very well! Then first of all go down just a little bit upon the anus of Mr. Levy-Levy, also known as Samuel the Abyssinian, also known as Kalkeinstein, also known as Ben-Cinema, and amuse him in spite of his prolapsus…gently suck in that entire large wad…let him try you out!… Enough talk! go!… Don’t gnash your teeth so!… Glory is an asshole! well worked-over, and delicately swollen-up, with Jewish tallow…gently!… And

[256] Refers to Louis B. Mayer and Adolph Zukor.

above all, my charming little one, don't spoil things! Don't make Mr. Kalkeinstein suffer… He is waiting for you!… Hurry along, dearie! Quietly!… And now another one! Mr. Kalkeinstein, Ben-Cinema is above all else crazy about "blondes"…just like all niggers… He already possesses, dear applicants! all of the photographs, standing on his great directorial desk… He gets wet. The Stag Park of Abdul Hamid? Rio de Janeiro? Primitive bordellos! Hollywood does them one better…an even finer selection…much more astute, and more rational… The rule of ["/224] this great Preserve is, that the most beautiful white women go to the Jews exclusively. A new roundup is made every Sunday. The great Jewish jackals of California pay particular attention to the French contingent among these beautiful young sylphs. A magnificent reputation as cutesy, succulent whores precedes Frenchwomen wherever they go… That Judeo-Kanak of a Hollywood nabob, just out of his ghetto…quite naturally, he thinks that he's a king…think about it… I once knew one of these pashas, a splendid example of the type. He even died on the job… From the time of his debarkation up to the time of his departure he didn't cease enjoying himself… He personally tried out [131/"] all of the aspiring starlets, as long as his dick and the night held out… It was impossible to imagine that man ever being satiated… The number of sweeties who presented themselves in order to secure nothing more than the indefinite prospect of a Hollywood contract…or even a little screen test somewhere around Paris… This brought them in by the dozens! Completely alluring! each one cuter than the last, there to suck the dick of Monsieur…and his hot piss and his syphilis… And these weren't dogs, I can assure you! nothing but tenderloins! …all of them presented by their families, even virgins. Nothing but Aryan and bourgeois girls, none of them underdeveloped. None of them above the "age of consent"… Ambition!… And that Abyssinian was horrible and more! ugly, old and dirty, lumbering and stupid, a real piece of garbage, in his person and in his surroundings…a real vomiting forth from the ghetto. He never encountered any resistance… He took them all in…with great expectations, the Jewish mirage, a turn of the phrase! Ah! Don Juan! What a bullshitter! The mothers did everything in their power, to get their pretty young daughters embuggered even more! they being so well-endowed for the Arts… He couldn't take any more… They licked him all over…his old balls went flaccid… Hollywood! The more they considered themselves "fiancées" the more he licked it… He kept a little book in which he enumerated the maidenheads taken…sometimes twenty-five a month… He was as sadistic as thirty-six Persian cats… From time to time things went badly, there were altercations, when fathers and brothers of the families showed up…some little blackmailings concerning prospects… But these pashas are protected…this one even had, attached to his own person, and at his own disposal, an actual police commissioner whose job was to get him out of trouble…when things became too heated… The police would intervene. Even the Prefect down at the Prefecture would be roused in the middle of the night, in order to be given his instructions…and so that some sweeties could be sent his way, when they had to be put up for the night…when Monsieur's retinue kept him ["/225] from his sleep…just like it was under Louis XV… That's it. our taxes go to serve some purpose. Only it's necessary for me not to spoil you, and have you going around thinking that you're a Pasha… There's an enormous difference!… The "Pleasure Palace"[257] still exists…it's just that it's not the same people who are benefiting from it, that's all… One mustn't be confused!… You little dunderhead, you mope of an Aryan, you'd certainly make yourself sound silly if you were to partake of the fantasy of acting like those little satyrs! even to a quarter part! even to a tenth part! you would quickly lose the taste for it… You wouldn't even get as far as the fall of the Bastille![258] You'd have the right to play your "castanets"… Phooey! indigenous hack! who's now pissing all over the place! Unclean coyote! Ball-licker!

[257] OV: "Le Bon Plaisir."
[258] Or, "You wouldn't even get to first base" (the fall of the Bastille being at the beginning of the French Revolution).

to the kennel! wretch…dog lie down!… There's nothing in it, I swear to you, but so much juvenility… Rest and relaxation for conquerors! entertainment for khedives. Trifles! A serious work will not be tolerated! Quite the opposite!… The Talmudic program will tolerate no delay in execution. A smutty eroticism is part of the program. End of discussion. An intimate chapter.

As for the general principles, they are intangible. Observe how all French, English, and American films, that is to say Jewish films, are infinitely tendentious, always, even the most benign and the most amorous! …the most historical and the most idealistic… They wouldn't exist and wouldn't be made save to serve the greater glory of Israel…under various guises: democracy, racial equality, the hatred of "national prejudices," the abolition of privileges, the march of progress, etc. …in essence the entire army of democratic myths…their strictly defined objective being to numb the mind of the Goy even further…to bring him around as quickly as possible to the renunciation of all of his traditions, all of his unhappy taboos, his "superstitions," his religions, to have him abjure in sum his entire past, his race and his own rhythm, to the profit of the Jewish ideal. To bring to bear within himself, through film, an irresistible taste for all things Jewish, be it of materiel, or of luxuries, through the purchase of which the Aryan, himself, will forge the irons with which he will be shackled, and the rods with which he will be beaten…and so that by paying the entirety of this exorbitant "profit," he will so pave the way for that entire apparatus of his servitude and his thorough brutalization.

[132/"] You will note that in the movies, the Jew, insofar as a "Jewish character" is represented, never appears before our eyes save as some sensitive, "persecuted" character, beaten-down by malicious events, by malign chance, and above all by the brutality of the Aryans… (Just look at Chaplin)… "Crying for something to eat" admirably! Jewish humor is always unilateral, always directed against Aryan institutions; we are never ["/226] shown the Jew who is greedy, voracious, larval and vulture-like, and arrogant or as supine as a flounder, so great is the extent to which he is able to transform himself, tirelessly to dissemble and insert himself, into the everyday life of every age, according to the needs of the conquest. What a prodigious field offers itself to the whimsy of humorists! analysts, satirists, fanatical righters of wrongs, virulent redressers of all manners of injury, fine scalpels against iniquity! What a godsend! what astounding unforeseen material, incredible imbroglios, pursuant to that gigantic inrush of Kikeish rats upon the universe, insatiable, unquenchable, deliriously voracious, maddened by a virus which has the whole World annihilating itself…with them, under them, before our very eyes, what a universal cyclone!… From cataclysmic grotesqueness to the most heartbreaking Punch and Judy show…everything!… From Transcarpathian Russia to the American deserts…to those little "fancy cafés." The world is in torture!

Funny! At the moment when one broaches those infernal topics, concerning his own problems, his own destiny, the Jew, the *djibouk* of the arts, becomes self-absorbed and elusive, and evaporates… There's no longer anyone at home!… Upon the moment when one confronts the only real, human question of the day, that same old song of the Earth, of attaining some small measure of remission from that anthrax: the Jewish Conjuration…the infiltration and monopolization by Kikingdom, of all of the world's levers and mechanisms, all of its headquarters… In essence the loom of the Demiurge, the apostolic Hebrew… There's no longer anyone there!… Not one Jew!… The same bright flashes of humor, the same merciless scalpels, those super-vibrant dramatists, go soft…all of those extra-lucid types become muddled…those astounding super-analysts begin to jest, the entire clique of Hymie super-artists dodges, weaves, evades, lies, freezes up, and then rallies, pivots, and comes back

at you at a gallop, stabbing, whining once more, with even greater moping, though that were possible, once again aiming to lambaste, rip into, and abolish that old dastardly bourgeoisie (always nationalistic), that most dissolute, most fetid old nag, fatigued by its own rottenness…to the point of no longer giving a care… We are once more served-up with "those privileged by birth"…the "prejudices of title," "criminal jealousies," contrarian "passions"…mid-life crises leading to extramarital affairs…disastrous hesitations, archaic traditions, the perversities of inheritance, the stupidity of Aryan industrialists…the menopause in Genius…, etc…., etc…., and finally the entire theater of Bernstein[259]…international…that stock of ancient, overworked second-hand goods, that bazaar of overweening, faded old phantoms, in dramaturgical noodle-wigs… That entire hollow discourse, crude, fictitious, and absolutely unreal, a con-job cried out loud… Always about "the two hundred families,"[260] more or less!… But who is coming forth to recount to us the fundamentally Jewish ["/227] …dirty dealings of the five hundred thousand unaccountable Jewish families, encamped on our soil?… Of the frightful progression of the worldwide Jewish horde? No one!… Of our progressive strangulation? For this is the real tragedy! By comparison no other tragedy exists… For great and small, for each individual and for us all…

I myself have not made it a habit to surround myself with a bourgeois existence. In this I am doing much better than a Jew, ever-so-much better, in full recognition of the reason why. But each in his own turn! let the barbs fly!… I would very much like to see, at this time, the Jews also being treated to them! They deserve it! enormously!… What are they waiting for, before they have at themselves with those fine lancets, those super-vibrant cellos of humor and tragedy?… Merciless, meticulous, reckless, under every sort of Regime, in exposing the lepers, and everything that is awry, driven to fanaticism by the least little social blemishes, heroic in lancing the most [133/"] oozing of abscesses, but now that they are in power…do I find them paralyzed, having lost their enthusiasm? What a surprise! What a disappointment! In humor as in war, those who are in command ought to be the ones to suffer first of all! It's quite elementary! poetic justice! The magnificent Louis XIV (and his entire court of dandies) understood this in all of its nuance and all of its severity! and they heeded it and gloried in it. Our Jews are poor sports, being much more petty, intolerant, and oversensitive… I am continually awaiting some truly substantial play, some truly epochal piece, from our Bernstein, Vermeuil, Achart, Passeur, Deval, Jouvet, Sacha and the rest…which will portray the Jews for us in their great task of penetration, conquest, and subjugation.

This is the time to be objective! striking! "slice of life"!… Yet the subject isn't being taken up! no one is doing anything with it! With or without euphemism! each according to his nature! his humor! his predilection! Of presenting us with the Jew, in an undissembling fashion, in the act of shaking our wheat…of making himself look good through our stupidities…of thoroughly insinuating himself into our chicks…of wiping his ass on our curtains, of giving us "let there be joy!" on our brochures for the next war… I'll bet that you won't be seeing him there! neither in film! nor in song! Is that tragic? Peripatetically extravagant? the Prince Affair, and a thousand others? Quite simply so! What super detective novels! Quite Jewish through-and-through, classic! Masonic! Decidedly of that famous Jewish humor…objectivism breaking with everything…analysis of the highest caliber…an ideological arabesque…prophetico-logically transposed…

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[259] Refers to Henry Léon Gustave Charles Bernstein (1876-1953).

[260] I.e., the two hundred wealthiest families of France, who were supposedly acting in collusion in the direction of capital.

["/228] None of these illuminating marvels does very much for the Aryan, all of this is true: for the Aryan…analysis of the Aryan…pulverization of the Aryan! never of the Jew! All of the Jewish films are replete with defamations of the Aryan, and flatteries always for the Jews. It's a rule… Look at it from up close, dear cuckolds…as all of the Marxes, the Chaplins, the Cantors…etc. .., don't give a damn about our poor allotment. If we are shown some little Jew in whatever role at the theater…in a film…at the music hall (all of the music halls are entirely Jewish) as a Jew, an 'avowed Jew,' then you can bet on receiving a solid punch! He will be presented to you in the form of an idealist, endlessly! touchingly illuminated! an even playful, spirited, quivering little neo-Jesus, dedicated body and soul to our redemption from our endless depravities, from our relapses into bloodlust, from our frenzies as incurable pithecanthropes, as inveterate massacrers. He offers himself up… Brute! we are cutting him to pieces!… Your ass! Shit-ball! Never will they show us what the Jew actually is: an implacable little piece of polluting racist cholera, tied by every fiber of his being to the Jewish incubus behind every evil incantation in every age in the entire Universe… And that is what makes me despondent. It is precisely that little Jew that you want to see on the screen.

[133/229]

In the movies (all of which are Jewish) all of the roles that are grotesque, criminal, and imbecilic are for us, and all of the good roles, of Glory, Subtlety, Humor, Goodness, Beauty, and Humanity, are for the Jews.

Every little Jewkin, upon his birth, finds in his cradle all of the possibilities for a fine career as a movie director, a great actor, a Grand Rabbi, an enormous bastard, a big banker… Should some audacious non-Jew adventure into cinema, he will be forced to offer proof of his absolute servility… can genius arise through bowing and scraping? …if it so happens that he can make himself tolerated , and admitted amongst the Jews, it will be necessary for him to believe, ceaselessly and endlessly, in the Judaization which he is being forced to undergo, so strongly…so profoundly! in such a manner! that he opens himself up! …bends over and spreads his ass wide! …in order to [134/”] love them all at the same time!… But this will not be easy!… But these films will literally drip with Messianic “ideolloggy” and super-tendentious humor… And unless he offers a hundred thousand upon another hundred thousand proofs of his wholeheartedly viscous sluggishness, most irrefutable, he won’t be going to Hollywood! He won’t be allowed to crawl up to the apex of his career… He will never be able to meet Ben-Cameraman, the Supreme One in person! the “Living Jerusalem” of today! all of whose Revelations, Aryans, through the miracles of light, we all so adore…may he deign that we remain securely at his knees… to pray… to attend… as darlings most docile… Would that all receive a good reaming…let each one have his turn! let the whole world have a tun… for it’s the Host[261] of Hollywood… Jerusalem Ben-Yiddi! …while waiting put all your money into the collection plate… Would that Ben-Yiddi think of us!… For he is there for our own good! as he is God already! …would that he’d screw us clean to the heart!… We can only hope above all that there will be some need for our asses. Which are so empty… so sad…

[”/230] In days of yore, certain noblemen maintained theaters in their châteaux. They would put on comedies, as a family: the audience, the actors, the playwrights, everyone was a family member.

Today the theaters of Paris are still family theaters, they function according to the same principle, except that everyone involved is Jewish: actors, playwrights, audience, critics… They all belong (the Music Halls included) to the great Jewish family, most especially the plays themselves… or rather how they’re arranged, doctored, enjudaized… tendentious… “silently implicit”… to the extent that they are Jewish all the same. In this we have returned to the family theater, those of a “certain social category,” the grand profiteers of the day, our Jewish masters… The success of the plays which are put on is entirely dependent upon Jewry,

[261] I.e., sacramental “Host.”

such success being maintained, sustained, and propagated by Jewry: jewelers, high fashion, banks, snobs, furriers, whoringdom…, etc…. If you were by chance to go into one of these theaters (whether avant-garde or rear-guard) you would find there, in those theaters, an odd sort of air… strange… ambivalent…, It's you who's strange…the foreigner!… The spectacles will never truly interest you… They scarcely concern you. They don't speak your language… You will find yourself to be ill at ease… A certain snobbism… a certain extravagance…will discomfort you…a certain affected sweetness… will put you on your guard…a certain tendentious insistence… Sentimentalistic obscenity… a most certain atrociously bad taste…a certain rhythm will irritate you… The people speak in an oddly ["/231] specious, reticent manner…at one moment sermonizingly…and at another patronizingly… The actors comport themselves in an odd manner…like salesmen…they always have the air of trying to sell you something… One never knows quite what…love? …sentiments? to vaunt some piece of merchandise?… By the Heavens! You will be in a quandary!… In the Jewish "family theater"… You will be an intruder… And then there's those "Peoples' Theaters"! (even more Jewish if that were possible than the other theaters) despite all of their anathemas, their declamations, and their entrancements, do not escape from the general rule of the day: these "Theaters for Jewish families" are conceived, created, and subsidized for the forcedly virulent defense of Jewish global interests: exclusively! of the privileged Jewish families, and of the great global Jewish family (as opposed to ours).

There isn't anything "*Sozial*" in this entire venture, any more so than there's butter at the bottom! impossible! [135/"] Strictly "Jewish and familial" are all of those theaters termed popular, or communist, as well as all of those terrible inescapable fiascoes, very easily foreseen, in Russia just like in France: Street Theaters, Art Theaters…the same tobacco! …meticulously! …the same obsession! the same mission!

These family theaters can never truly be of interest except to Jewish families, our Negroidal potentates, that is to say those parasites, those whores and their johns, the Freemasons and other traitors… Just like those ever-so-idiosyncratic spectacles that Grimaud de la Reynière used to present in his château at Passy, which were of interest only to himself, his family, his clique, his whores, the other tax-farmers[262] and other great parasites upon the Farms, all of them infinitely pleasure-loving, extravagant satraps who were inevitably like-minded concerning the essential questions and ways of amusement.

[262] OV: "fermiers-généraux."

["/232]

The Earth is the Paradise of the Jews. They are everything.
Everything is permitted to them.

So long as we are in the Fine Arts, let us not quit this chapter without saying a little something about the Poly-Jewish-Masonic Exposition of '37.[263] I have termed it correctly enough insofar as all of the important commissions have been equally divided, fifty-fifty, between the Jews and the Freemasons. The one-hundred-percent native, from the last war and from the next, gets some nails for his ass, in order to fortify it, plus the right to drop his coin into the turnstile. We've been told that, what a pity, this exposition is going to close down, but the memory is going to remain, the memory of the official seizure of ultimate power by the Kikes over all of France and the French, temporally and spiritually, from the Commission on Steelworks to Public Education, from the least little bazaar, to the schmaltziest "regional specialties" store. The whole thing has been Hymiefied unto perfection, even more so by the architects with their fine Sovietesque pavilion, than by the entire School of Fine Arts…and by those Commie Trade Union[264] words-of-the-day. All of those good things, well-understood, going under the aegis of "Enfranchisement," of Peace, and still more Peace, of *Sozial* Progress, and then of "Transparency"…of "Enlightenment"…of "Candor"…of "Justice"…of "Humanity"…of "Discoveries"…unto the limits of Kikery…of Messianic *Djiboukerie*… I know full well that it was all cooked-up in advance, and that all that the Jews had to do in France in order to seize power was to humble themselves a little… Humble themselves? …what am I saying? …let me correct myself a little!… Our Aryan bourgeois, ass-in-the-dirt and whining, are a thousand times more reprehensible than even the most fetid Kike…much more crawling, ["/233] weak-kneed, dissembling, materialistic, immobilized, rancidly greedy, anti-artistic, anti-lyrical, songless, perfectly yellowed louts. In truth the most revolting mass of larvae that can be crammed together into the crevices of a most spongiform social dungheap. An extraordinarily abject blob of anarchistic, unhinged, depraved peasants, debauched unto their spittle, gluttons with rotted guts, frantic with shortsighted circumspections, delirious from dirty dealings, treason and the shits… Ultimately a rotten bouquet of decadence in the form of winy diddle-shit. I can therefor imagine nothing worse than an Administrative Council composed of Christians, a sort of "cathedral construction committee" which would almost always be painstakingly enjudaized. The Jews as is their solid rule can still put on a show for us, to be funny, to procure some good times for us with their racist chortling, their ceaseless merry-go-round of martyrs, their nattering, their astounding episodes, their paranoiac doings, their long waiting-lines moving ever forward,

[263] Facetiously refers to the Paris Exposition of 1937.
[264] OV: "C.G.T."

forever getting stuck and stuck again in the doorjambs, getting crushed and then recuperating in a thousand-and-one trances and contortions. It's a perpetual clown show, an entire practical joke of *djibouks*, a carousel of voracious cuckoos—it's enough to make you laugh. You might find them [136/"] entertaining. Meanwhile our native-born bourgeois are quite frankly not worth looking at…dissolved in boredom, in their "cemetery-style" living rooms, their familial Waiting Rooms. They don't speak except in order to lie. They would sell Heaven and Earth and all of the innocent in-between, in order to obtain one nugget, or to retain one coupon. Woven together one with another they make up the doormat to the "Lodges." It is upon their backs that the Jews are skipping and dancing. They would sell all of their racial brethren for much less than thirty pieces of silver. Judas Dupont is considerably worse than the other Judas.

["/234] I am going to permit myself one more little remark concerning that '37 Exposition. It's odd that the Jews, always such "prognosticators," or better yet such "oracles," would be like that, for once, completely confused, and all beaten-out…for them not to be better able to foresee the Future, that grandiose and inevitable Phenomenon of the great Jewish Empire. It's a completely insipid, ridiculous, "comb-over and toupee" of an Exhibition, for the contemporary epoch. It's petty, it's superannuated, set up as though it were still 1900. It's incapable of inspiring anybody. The herd has already seen it all in awe-inspiring films, or heard it all in jabber over the radio. It would have been okay in the time of Félix Faure,[265] "Upon Descending from the Autobus," but by now it has become a dull show, strangely cruddy, more appropriate for the county fair of a rural county. Nowadays the people have become blasé. They're always expecting more the next time around. It's necessary to crush them with anxiety, hang them by their heels, give them a whiff of Death, and make them show the whites of their eyes, before they begin to be entertained… It's all over, it has been surpassed, science has become too much of a bluff of the sort of P. T. Barnum, it's all fixed, it's no longer capable of covering the casts all by itself. But do it up with a little sensationalism! throwing everything wholeheartedly into the music, and making everything truly to the measure and the scale of our time, in exhibiting those enormous projects, gigantomaniacal…of truly mammoth, pharaonic labors, of titanic enterprises…to make the urchins gasp…to make wag the tongues of schoolboys from the four hemispheres…at the genre of the super-Pyramids…of the multiple canals ["/235] of the White Sea[266]…the leveling of the High Alps[267]…the filling-in of the Channel[268]…and finally some things quite monstrous…just to show off a little… No outlines or architectural shambles…no! no! Some real marvels now in Fashion…in the super-arrogant plan. Super-enterprises the likes of which could very easily employ millions and millions of slaves over the course of years, nay of several decades!… Therein lies the decisive criterion… But what is the rhyme or reason, I ask you, to all of that grotesquely piss-poor jumble of dull, crumbly, drafty! shacks?… to all of that infinitely shabby, crumbling, pretentious agglomerations of false splendors?… What sort of confidence could be inspired? what sort of veneration? by such a miserable mass of plaster rummage! But as we'll see, it's all a burlesque!… It's not by means of these that the slave will be constrained to throw himself on his knees, in complete self-abnegation… But no!… But no! The slave, as you will observe him on those exhibition floors, fortifies himself with sarcasm, deprecatory banter, and snide asides… The Exhibition becomes something no longer to be taken seriously!… But this is not at all the objective, the essential role of such a palace

[265] Refers to François Félix Faure (1841-99), President of France, 1895-99.
[266] Built by Stalin using impressed labor.
[267] OV: "Hautes-Alpes," which refers to a general geographical feature as well as to a specific *département* of France.
[268] OV: "Manche," which refers to a general geographical feature as well as to a specific *département* of France.

of marvels, of super-overwhelming attractions! A truly calamitous failure, in each and every tableau! How is it that the Jews, they who have wandered back-and-forth across the world, and who have never ceased to travel, didn't come immediately to understand that their new Trocadero[269] would be even more slightly shabby, even more ridiculous than the last one… Demolition is too good for it! Just take a look at those two pathetic "pieces"[270] that they have set up, don't they bespeak of two very mediocre "Savings and Loans" of a minor suburb of New York?… Insofar as we are supposed to be exposed to the material, didn't they, the Jews, perceive that the majority of all of these kiosks, these rickety pavilions, which they have kept going throughout the entire month, would amount to nothing more than decent little outhouses, without distinction, in no matter which Chicago? Since it's the Eiffel Tower that is always the anchor, it can well be said that Citroën[271] through his trumpery did even better![272] He obtained some [137/"] results from it…really incendiary…absolutely, truly superb…some that are actually worth a damn…there's nothing comparable!… As for the fireworks…Nogent-le-Routrou[273] makes them pale by comparison! To be blown apart properly one has to be in the countryside!… In sum, let us recapitulate, our fantastical khedives of the Popular Front have succeeded in only one thing, which is to have produced for us the most awful, the most insipid, the most costly fair that the public will ever see… Yes, it's quite a dissembly without justification, an absurd diverticulation… So long as we are speaking of ["/236] machinery, their Palace of Discovery doesn't amount to a tenth part of the former Gallery of the Machines: It's a gas can with a hole in it. The whole thing, I must admit, must have cost billions of francs, a fact which is not lost on anyone. But the people have been had, it hasn't been worth the wear on their shoes, apart from that well-understood asparagus,[274] that super-kazoo of the Kikes, Blum's Boner, which has been overshadowing the Trocadero, and which is the only, truly memorable thing. All the same this is not enough to hypnotize the foreigner… He has to be taken in differently, in another manner entirely. Far be it for me to give advice! yet if it has ultimately been left to me, I would have centered my campaign around some sort of gigantomaniacal project. For example, the tripling in size of the Seine from Paris to the sea, in width as well as in depth… Such a proposal really exists! It's one of those things which is actually doable! Make the Seine an extension of the sea! Enough of those "backwaters"…those culverts at the ends of sewers, those splicings of "collection basins"… *Sacré nom de Dieu*, let them be done away with! once and for all! They're horrible, all of those little canaliculi full of the oozings from drainpipes, those massive stagnant depositories, those pestilential decantings of all of the butt-juice from twenty provinces… Your sailboats no longer sail, but crawl across viscous shit… To the sea with it! The Seine rendered maritime would already be very handsome, but that would not be enough!… No! No! No. I would first of all decree the necessity of augmenting traffic in the direction of the sea, in a manner most monstrous! leviathan! I would decree the construction of the very finest superhighway in the entire world, and one of immense size at that, fifty meters wide, four lanes, in the direction of Rouen and the Channel. Can't you see it?… Now there's something that they ought to think about! All of this would cost just a little bit more than that entire crumbling bazaar, that entire calamitous jumble of bistros and "I-know-everything-ism." And there would be twenty more additional highways that I would toss out

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[269] Refers to the Place across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower, and adjacent to the two halves of the Palais de Chaillot, these latter frequently used as exhibition halls.

[270] Refers to a pair of outdoor sculptures which were emblematic of the Exhibition.

[271] Sic; refers both to André Gustave Citroen (1878-1935), and to the automotive corporation which he established.

[272] Alludes to the illuminated advertising formerly mounted upon the sides of the Eiffel Tower (1920s-'50s), of which Citroen's was a notable exemplar.

[273] Sic; refers to Nogent-le-Rotrou, a small city west of Paris.

[274] Refers to the aforementioned outdoor sculptures.

towards the beaches, towards the cliff-sides, towards the fresh air, past the point of Rouen… I would open up a fan, the likes of which one has never seen, in the countryside… That's the only thing that's needed between Le Havre and Tréport! a fan of immediate access towards happiness, towards the lungs, towards the fresh breeze, towards the corpuscles, towards the sea!… For the common bus route from Paris to La Bleue: twenty francs for the round trip… Such are the project and the results which would be brought into existence. There would be no more *djiboukeries* in this… Here you'd have the sound, the depth, the color, and the duration, of real progress! without palaces, without roofs, without bell-towers! Paris, so long as we are at it, is a city which can no longer be reconstructed, ["/237] nor even managed any longer, in any fashion whatever. The time for patch repairs, for tinkering, for mildly deprecatory asides, and for sharpening things up a bit, is long gone… It's a city that has already lived its entire life, and that has now become harmful, even deadly for those who inhabit it. The best that could happen would be for it to be left to vegetate in permanent retirement as a sort of "tactile" museum, with turnstiles if desired, a permanent exhibition of past events, just like Bruges, Florence, or Aigues Mortes… It must be completely dismembered, leaving to it only the dead parts, all of the rot suitable to it. For humans it's another thing entirely, they cannot live within a cadaver… Paris that pretty stagnant city, gently dying between the noble Place des Vosges and the Carnavalet Museum… Perfect. Death agony is a spectacle which many people find interesting. Fetid old skag which is breaking-up while murmuring the great things of History… The only acceptable suburb for a city of four million inhabitants is the sea. A sea sufficiently powerful, sufficiently generous so as to cleanse daily that hellish agglomeration, that frightful mass of [138/"] organic rottennesses, inhalants, exhalants, scatologics, fermentations, enfebrilants and iatrogens. The most unhealthful city in the world, the most boxed-in, the most overbuilt, infested, landlocked, and irremediable, such is Paris![275] under its yoke of hillsides. A dead-end segment of a sewer, simmering with cadavers, with millions of latrines, with torrents of burning oil and petroleum, a consummate achievement of rottenness, a preconceived, maintained, and enthusiastic physiological catastrophe. Beginning in May, the population, is plunged, held, and tied-down under a prodigious dome of gas, literally suffocating, strangled by the emanations, the upwardly-curling fumes of a thousand factories, of a hundred thousand vehicles in traffic…sulfurous emissions, the stagnation of millions of outhouses, absolutely corroding, eating-away, putrefying unto their very last hemoblasts, by the most insidious, the most pernicious airborne filth… With zero ventilation, Paris is an escape pipe without an escape. Fogs, clouds from all of these carburations, all of these oils, all of these rottennesses, unto the second deck of the Eiffel Tower. An asphyxiating tank, at the bottom of which we crawl about and expire… Vaporous rottenness of such density as to be impenetrable to all direct solar radiation. At night, even the famous "Ouessant" Lighthouse with its five hundred million candles is but a laughable cigarette, against that curtain of stagnant, perfectly opaque Parisian rottenness. No sort of light is able to penetrate, or to disperse that fog. ["/238] A prodigious rottenness, superheated, and infinitely enriched, during all the months of summer, by so many other perpetual makers of filth, organic secretions, chemical residues, electrified, from millions of contemptible carburations, all of which proceed directly into our bronchial tubes and then into the treasure-house of our blood. To the good health of the City of Lights! A gaseous wastebin for imbecilic tortures!… Health! Humans only drag themselves about in Paris. They are no longer living, not really!… They always fall short in their normal human count of corpuscles, having three to five billion instead of seven. They exist only in decline, as disturbed ghosts. In order to get them to hop to it, they have to be doped up! They are

[275] This can no longer be true, given the exponential population growth that has transpired in the "Third World" since 1937. Céline's rant should here be seen as being anti-urban, rather than as a comparative critique of Paris in particular.

aroused only by alcohol. Observe the faces of these death-agonics… It's horrible to look at… They always seem to want to put an end to it all through suicide…

A capital so far from the sea is but a foul tank of asphyxiation, a Père Lachaise[276] in convulsion. It's not "Urbanity" that we need!… It's rather the complete end of Urbanity. The ring of suburbs must not be set up, but must rather crumble away, and dissolve. The ring of suburbs is the infectious muffler, which maintains, and preserves all of the rottenness of the city. The whole city, the whole world to the sea! …down those arteries through the countryside, in order to make your blood whole, and to discharge into nature, into the wind and the spray, all of the guano, all of the unworthiness of the city. Relieve all of those crevasses, those streets, those pustules, those seeping glands of all of their pus, their buildings, and cure humanity of its foul vice: the city…

As for our major industries, those immense empoisoners, forever complaining about the Seine and transportation needs, they can be easily satisfied, to their hearts' desire…relocate them immediately in every direction along the superhighways, along all of that immense rural route. They would be relocated by category, according to the location. They would have tens of thousands of verdant open spaces in which to release their putrefactions… This will thoroughly dissolve the poisons, these tens of thousands of kilometers of atmosphere, while the greenery will thoroughly absorb the carbons… Root the asphyxiated masses, the "damned of winy visage," out of their asphalt, pull them out of their bistros, and relocate them along with their schools and their cows into the prairies, so that they might all the better be able to reflect, to see whether they might be a little less stupid, and the women a little less hysterical, once the are less empoisoned…

[139/"] However great the distances, when it comes to the needs of work or school, there is no question. The people must be served by the transportation services… The greater ["/239] the distance, the more valuable they are… "Transportation services" exist in order to provide transportation… Constricted by its suburban belt, Paris still does things the same way it did when it was ancient Lutetia, during the time of Julius Caesar. For transportation this fellow used horses which were harnessed together like dogs, with the same sort of collar, which held them down to a trot, and was not practical. It would take less time to go from Paris to Rouen by superhighway, than it takes nowadays to go from the Porte Montrouge to the Place Clichy… This is what should have been shown to the foreigners! so insatiable and frenzied for sensationalism! an entire European capital ever on the move, packing its bags, and in the process of moving to the beaches, with its entire population…

They will not have come for nothing, these "so much per head" tourists… They will have something to talh about, and to elicit reflection during those long winter evenings. It's not difficult to comprehend the fact that Paris is no longer inhabitable. Just take a look at the rich people, they hardly ever live here any more. Whenever they spend two months out of the year in Paris, they become completely frazzled!… Paris is lacking in everything, as these fat-asses well know, that allows man to live a somewhat bearable, not too depressing a life: clear water, fresh air, lungs, flowers, open spaces, gardens, red corpuscles, and quiet… All of this has been stolen from the masses, on the sly. It's the very vilest scheme, the most disgusting swindle that has ever been committed by a sinister administration consisting of rapacious, sold-out assassins, in the full knowledge of what they're doing.

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[276] Refers to the Cemetery on the eastern end of Paris.

The Exhibition represents the acme, for it could not have been made more ignoble, than that overripe muck pond charged with the residues of every form of chintzy merchandising, every species of alcohol and every odor in the universe…a thoroughgoing sewer. Everything having to do with Jewish hysteria, expressing itself in grease, in loudspeakers and puppets, in bistros and sausages, such is the bouquet of our city, its real heart…

It is not necessary to urbanize further, but rather it is necessary to crush, break up, and dissolve the cities! and Paris…for the sake of example, first of all!

Scatter this Paris, and take it, Tom Thumb, unto the edge of the waves. It always gives me such enormous shits, whenever I hear some dungheap of a writer, a doped-up journalist, singing out the *Credo* amidst a crisis of dithyrambic effects, intoning one more time the Hosanna unto that marvelous city (that wretched and marvelous city). He can only be one of those guano-encrusted types, just fallen off of his "potato truck," his ass still thoroughly bedded-down in the cowsheds of his native podunk, to be singing out with such enthusiasm… "When I trod, in my twenties,[277] that magical ["/240] pavement…the Boulevard Saint-Michel! I seemed to have been given wings!…" Such birdbrained blatherings!… Finely inseminated with a false colic! Perhaps if you had spent some of your childhood in the Passage Choiseul, beneath those calorific windows, if you had been somewhat familiar with those evenings filled with the tortures of the steam room, in that bakehouse with sulfurous gas, you would not be speaking of such nothings… You would perhaps be less ardent…less impassioned, much less of a "bard" concerning Parisian delights…concerning the hidden allures of the incomparable capital! It's always on account of some banal reason…all of those disgusting *Credo*s…those urbane fawnings…for all of those imbecilic gibberings: done blindly! rusticity is everything! All of this is the adulatory hum of those overwhelmed "out of their province"… It's not so extremely important when these young hobbledehoys put out such garbage, they don't have much of a voice in this chapter. But where the error is deplorable, is when the big Jews are likewise wrongheaded. It is they who will have to think of cracking Paris open, and taking us out into the fresh air…amidst much fanfare… Herein lies their terrible omission! [140/"] overwhelming!… *Sozial*! *Sozial*!…it's easily said. But "*Sozial*" above and beyond everything else, is a question of air and corpuscles!

It is necessary to maintain the herd, so that they will not arrive at the war in soft shape. The Jews do not much like the Channel, so much is understood…the climate does not suit them…the Riviera is more their speed, Senegal is just as good. Never above the Vaucluse! But it is necessary that they be content, Paris is the capital, and one cannot send it to the Devil!

[277] Note the previous allusion to this lyric, on page 16 (bottom).

["/241]

"It is necessary to strangle the best of the Christians, for he who spills the blood of the profane offers an agreeable sacrifice unto God." – The Talmud.

When Lord Samuel, the Jewish English Viscount, head of the Liberal Party,[278] tells us straight-out:

"France is the primary power interested in the Mediterranean," we understand perfectly well what His Grace is trying to say: "All Frenchies to their fanions! All men who aren't dead,[279] on deck!" It remains only to be understood, once and for all. M. Léon Blum, implacable racist, and most sanguinary pacifist, is thinking only of our deaths, and doesn't try to hide it. He very significantly clarifies the words of His Grace Samuel. He dots the i's for us. In a style which is moreover very Semitic, full of ramifications, completely recondite, and completely negrified, that is to say precious, reticent, inhibited, unctuous, overly-Duhamelized,[280] syrupy, embuggered, a veritable scrap of *Harach-loucoum*, that which the French high school homos, likewise negrified, call Good Style. Ah! how he writes so well, our Bloum! How intelligent he is! Ah! the Orient! With a big fat wiener most Proustian[281] to wish for! most Kikeish!… All the better to toast within with your dirty hopeless tender buns! This is what the Bloum uttered: "International commitments are defied or stalemated if the powers which subscribe to them are not resolved to go to the bitter end. And of course, to go to the bitter end is to accept the risk of going to war. It is necessary to accept the possibility of war in order to preserve the peace."

What can one say about these two brigands, these two associated Jewish surgeons, M. Samuel and M. Blaoum, who are in cahoots, to push the patient into the operating room…in order get him, through persuasion, to allow himself to be opened-up…

["/242] An amusing little detail, have you any idea as to the tempo of the Jewish invasion of Paris?…

Before 1789……........500 Jews
In 1800……...….4,000 "
In 1830……..…10,000 "
In 1848……..…18,000 "
In 1870……......30,000 "

[278] 1931-35.
[279] "les hommes du péritoine"
[280] Obliquely refers to Georges Duhamel.
[281] Obliquely refers to Marcel Proust.

In 1914……..…90,000 "
In 1936……....400,000 "

[141/"] In another illustrative aside, let us note that under Philip Augustus, the Jews owned half of Paris and were driven away by the people themselves,[282] so well they knew how to render themselves odious through their exactions, through their practice of usury. They were banned anew under Philip the Fair,[283] Charles VI,[284] Louis XII, and Louis XIV. Finally Louis XVI, weaker than his predecessors, paid with his head for the other kings' resistance to the Jews. There is no more of democracy, no more of the liberation of peoples in this history, in all of its fetid aspects, than there is with the cultivated trout of Bas-Meudon…

Do you know, and this is rather piquant, how our great patriot Poincaré[285] (married to a Jewess) replied to representatives of a very important financial corporation, who had come to solicit his advice and assistance, for an eventual prosecution of the Rothschilds?…

"My good Sirs! don't even think of it!… The first time I was Minister of Finance, I could have been recalled at any instant…a single word from Baron Rothschild would have sufficed…"

Tardieu,[286] our great neo-Puritan, certainly partakes of this advice… *Pardieu!* how he's fixated! Think of it! Never does he speak to us, any longer, about the Jews!… He who shows himself as being mad enough to want to knock over the Jewish banks can say good-bye forever to Power, to all forms of Power! Even to made-up forms of power, with "fascistic oppositionists" having even more reason!… Feints! Diversions! morphine!… There is only one serious ultimate issue in all ["/243] of politics: the Jewish globalist conspiracy, all the rest being nothing but babblings, lollipops, dronings, and confetti!

In spite of appearances, and the ostentations of History, the French have never had a national sense. They have fought in numerous wars, very long and very bloody, amongst themselves and against foreigners, but almost never in their own interests, always for the benefit of some foreign clique. Successively a Roman and then an Italian colony, during the centuries…to the Spanish, to the English, to the Germans, and at present a colony of the Jews, France is in reality given-over to the most crafty, the most brazen team of gangsters of the moment, who bend her, bluff her, and bleed her...

France is a feminine country, always ready to play the slut. Listen to the women at Victor, how they jabber into empty space along the curbsides, out of all of the doggy little enclaves, nattering their petty litanies of bullshit, enough to make a guy curl-up and die…stupidly mean madwomen…they are the "real Frances"… Like the women at Victor,[287] France also descends lower and lower each year in the priorities of the pimps and in the priorities of the gossip, as do all whores. Within this environment, take a close look at those old mummies: they finish-off their careers by doing the niggers, quite content, quite drunk, well-rewarded, well-reamed-out, well-beaten… France is laid bare at that moment! At the

[282] In 1182.
[283] In 1306.
[284] In 1394.
[285] Raymond Poincaré, President (1913-20) throughout WWI, also held various cabinet posts, including Premier and Minister of Finance, on-and-off at various other times.
[286] Refers to André Tardieu (1876-1945), French politician and journalist (*Le Figaro*), Clemenceau supporter, Premier (1929-30, 1932).
[287] Refers to a venerable establishment in Paris, popularized in the '30s by Maurice Chevalier.

nigger moment. Deep down in his ass, the Jew is happy, he will make her succumb, that's his role… Destiny is that simple. It's enough to have a little experience.

Every Frenchman of race who rises to power feels lost without foreigners, without foreigner managers. He makes haste to sell himself out to them, that being his first concern…

We have never had a king, a president of Council, a *conventionnel*,[288] a "chief" who didn't sell-out to some foreign power at least two or three times. That is to say to Jewry, to be precise.

[142/244] Let us speak less of smutty things, perhaps you are familiar with the prediction of Dostoevsky (following the Commune of '71)[289]: "Once all of the riches of Europe have been dissipated, the Bank of the Jews will remain!"

Let us speak some more of the War: "Do you know why the Jews, during the great hecatomb of '14 -'18, counted only 1,350 fatalities? Let me fill you in: because the Jew Abrahami, a.k.a. Abrami, a Turkish subject, originally from the ghetto of Constantinople, was Undersecretary of State for Active Military Personnel throughout the duration of hostilities—it's that simple—. He was ably assisted by the Jew Rheims, Colonel-Director of Recruitment for the Seine. So it was.

But that's not all! Do you know why our Military Justice, up until the last day of the War, was always so implacable and ferocious in its repression of the simple French soldier? Because Military Justice was under the command of M. Isaac Israël, revanchist Dreyfusard, Undersecretary of State for Infrastructure, and, along with Mandel-Joroboam Rothschild, son of a veritable king of France, quite simply one of the effective dictators behind the puppet Clemenceau. What an admirable division of labor. And then there's General Mordacq, Jew, was Director of Headquarters for the High Command. There you have your complete slaughterhouse for Aryans… And for the registry of Complaints!!

Let us not leave the War so soon. Did you know that all wars, not simply the last one, are premeditated by the Jews, planned-out by them long beforehand, like a musical score? It is even amusing to observe a little more closely, the details of that enterprise. To rediscover the prophetic Jewish words (even from antiquity). Did not the prophet Daniel (Leviticus 26) predict for the year 1914 "the Great Upheaval of the world, the beginning of the end of the goyish empires"?[290] The jabberings of a fanatic? No doubt…

But more seriously, did you know that the student Prinzip, the assassin of Sarajevo, of whom there is now a statue in Belgrade, was Jewish?

["/245] Do you fully understand the response of Wilhelm II, during the War, to the Mother-Superior of the Abby of Mendret (Belgium): "No, Madame, I did not want the War, I am not the one responsible. The War was imposed upon me by the Jews and Freemasonry."

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[288] I.e., a member of the National Convention (1792-95).
[289] Refers to the Paris Commune, of 1871.
[290] This is not an exact quote, nor a complete citation. Leviticus 26:41 serves as a back-reference for Daniel 12:2. *Viz.*: *Nave's Study Bible* (KJV; 1907, rpt. 1978), Daniel 12:1-3, plus note attaching to Daniel 12:2.

A more recent, belated echo of the “Grand Illusion”[291]: The declaration of Lloyd George to the House of Commons on 19 June 1939 (regarding the Palestinian problem): “In 1917, the French Army was in mutiny,

Italy was in defeat, Russia was ripe for revolution and America was not yet lined-up on our side… From all quarters, the information came to us that it was vitally important, for the Allies, to have the support of the Jewish community.”

So long as we are discussing England, do you realize that the English Intelligence Service, a clandestine organization having unlimited resources, and the creation of Cromwell, constitutes in fact the Super-Government of England, well superior to the Monarchs and to Parliament, and is a Jewish instrumentality, entirely devoted to Jewish interests, and to Jewish globalist politics…that there are two queens in England…Mrs. Simpson[292] and the other one. The Queen on English Jewry and the Intelligence Service and then the other one — the one being [143/”] much more powerful than the other, the future…the past… The Viceroy of India, in addition, is always more-or-less Jewish.

And the Sino-Japanese War?[293] It belongs to the same species as all of the other wars on the planet. It represents on the Yellow Theater only one of the acts of the World Conflict, of a fight to the death between the Jews and the anti-Jews, Judeo-Sino-Russian Communists *versus* Nipponese militarists… Coming very soon, and for a long time thereafter, there will not be many times, places, or peoples in the world which will occupy themselves with anything other than the Conflict: Jews *contra* anti-Jews…

It’s the books of the Jews that can best instruct us on the state of Jewish vindictiveness, on the temperature of their hatred and [”/246] racism. We read in the book by the Jewish Professor Arthur Ruppin, professor of Sociology at Jerusalem Hebrew University: “If it were true, as the Nazis pretend, that the place taken by the Jewish minority in German economic and cultural life is insupportable to the non-Jewish Germans, then the matter which remains is nothing less than the manner in which the German Government has attempted to resolve the problem, through the total violation of the rights of the Jews, which constitutes a veritable outrage. When Napoleon I sought to resolve the Jewish problem in France, he convoked the ‘Jewish Sanhedrin’ and submitted a certain number of questions to it.”

Well! well! look at me the little trickster! That Professor Arthur Ruppin! Ah! what a comedian! with his “Sanhedrin”! But the “Sanhedrin”…is what led to Napoleon’s downfall. It was the “Sanhedrin” well and truly that sucked Napoleon dry. Not Wellington! Not Nelson!

He would not upon St. Helena have died,
Had Napoleon never “Sanhedrinized.”

The Sanhedrin! here we have the major artisan of the entire Napoleonic debacle, that catastrophe. It was the Sanhedrin, that great Jewish Consistory, which viciously sabotaged that supreme Aryan attempt at the unification of Europe…

That which diplomatic journals call the English Tradition is in reality only Jewish globalist politics (just as the famous Anglo-Saxon optimism is in reality only Jewish

[291] Alludes to the film of 1937.
[292] Refers to American divorcée Wallis Simpson, fiancée (later wife) of Edward VIII; was never actually coronated as Queen.
[293] Refers to the already-active East Asian Theater of the nascent WWII.

optimism, their triumphal chant of exultant niggers). The Jews have always used their pull, and what pull!…to undermine, deconstruct, degrade, and very quickly bring into collision, all of the serious attempts at European federation. All of them have been run aground, demolished by the Jews.

In matters of European and of global unification, the Jews don't want to hear of anything other than their Jewish unification, under the Jewish heel and nobody else's, in the tyrannical Jewish Global Empire.

Doesn't this passage by the same author, Ruppin, make you think? It will tell you a little something about the relentless march towards the ghetto, this time by us!

"In the Middle Ages, when economic life was maintained by the system of guilds (Aryan corporations), ["/247] it was considered dishonest to seek a very elevated rate of profit, because that would have been seen as an attempt against the livelihoods of the other members of [144/"] the corporation. But the Jew, excluded from the guilds, could see only competitors, not colleagues, amongst those who held the same profession as he. He was in perpetual conflict with the organizational spirit of the guilds. His manner of understanding affairs seemed immoral, reprehensible, from the point of view that one had in the Middle Ages. A vestige of the old way of looking at things remains in the professional codes of doctors and lawyers, amongst whom it is tacitly forbidden to advertise for patients or clients.[294] In commercial affairs, this mentality has completely disappeared along with the system of guilds, and the commercial methods of the Jews have found themselves rehabilitated, by their universal adoption as the way in which things are done, in that free competition and the search for profit have become the bases of the capitalist system. The Jews rapidly took important places in banking, commerce and industry, improved and expanded their businesses, attained to the top ranks in the liberal professions, and generally succeeded in ensuring for themselves a better existence freed from anxiety. In many cases, they even made fortunes, sometimes of great opulence."

M. Ruppin has thus told you everything about why your press is mute, why you find yourself at the bottom of the quagmire, and why you are dying… Judaically strangled. And why you will be in a "boilin'," Jewish Hell.

The Jew Kurt Munger in his book *The Voice of Zion*, tells us moreover:

"It will be impossible to get rid of us. We have corroded the bodies of peoples and we have infested and dishonored the races, broken their vigor, putrefied all, with our Mosaic civilization."

Would you like to know how the Jew Leon Trotsky, creator of the Red Army, calls the soldiers of that same army, in his book *My Life*? "Tail-less apes, proud of their technique and pretending to be men."

You might well imagine that the Soviets had wanted to execute Trotsky, during that considerable period since that was said![295] As though he had ["/248] really embarrassed them!

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[294] This practice of restraint would later fall into disuse, under the influence of television advertising, and looser moral codes.
[295] Trotsky would be assassinated in 1940, some three years after this writing.

But Trotsky? he's a comrade!… He represents the Devil in this farce… The "confederate" of Stalin, he works in "exporting," that's all…

According to what the Jews of New York are saying, the next war is supposed to break out towards the end of June '38. Rumors…

Perhaps you are familiar with the term "Universal Rally for Peace"?… A creation of the Soviet Union financed by the USSR, the partial expression of a vast international popular front? Do you know how Dr. Temple, the Episcopal Archbishop (pro-Jewish) of New York expressed himself at the time of the last Rally?… In these terms:

"It will perhaps be necessary for a terrible major war again to occur, in order to reestablish the authority of the League of Nations… It will perhaps be necessary for the current generation and subsequent generations to be decimated, sacrificed, in a new world war, so that the Genevan League might in a way be reaffirmed, just as the last war was indispensable for its creation."

Well! Well! The Protestants also? What a fine jest! Protestantism is nothing but a chapel of the very greatest Jewry. Protestantism owes everything to Jewry, [145/"] beginning with the "Reformation" itself. The Anglo-Jewish Universal Pact rests upon Protestantism. The Religion of Transition. When they hit you up out on the street for the "Universal Rally"… You'll have some idea about what's going on.

As an aside, to speak of something closer to home, and much less serious, do you know why the French Academy seems to be submitting to a renewed assault of snide commentary? …of vivacious, venomous affronts? Why the leftist pamphleteers and mutineers are in such a lather to portray the Academicians, through review and satire, as being more diarrheac, more "candy-assed" than ever?… Why the Jewish festivities, the great Jewbieramas of '37, are seemingly sounding the Academy's funeral knell? Why its newspapers are subscribing to it?… Because its bank account is good… Ah! but how she has increasingly hastened, while there is still time, how she has quickly had ascend into her number MM. Bernstein, Maurois, Picasso, Sacha, ["/249] Golding, Carco, all of the Alexanders and Samuels, and Leos, membership pending, plus a few Jewish generals to add color to the assortment. She has saved herself from her just desserts! But it is now too late! A thousand flatteries won't change anything about it, its days are numbered. Old Toilet, irrelevant old antechamber, you are going to get a cleaning-out! You are going to be the very first to get the treatment!

Observe then how amusing it is, that the smaller academies in the peripheral regions, in their concern over the way things are going, are now making haste under great pressure, to take in their fill of Hymies, and to offer unto greater Hymiedom a hundred thousand indications of their crawling submission…of their absolute understanding…of the need to be seen favorably by M. de Rothschild…and to self-Judaize until splitting at the seams. A perverse spectacle!… It would be most piquant were I in my turn recklessly to come to the rescue of the old whore! But no! No! A *faux pas*! The French Academy has done much, enormously much, everything in its power for the triumph of Jewry, for our colonization by the Jews in every domain. This very antiquated wrinkled-up old skag now wants to shut off her slot! To barricade her rottenness within? For what reason? In what manner? Now this would be one of those insupportable affectations! One of those rude acts most burlesque! One of those cheap tricks! The old piece of filth is going to have to die, just as she had lived, from niggers, her buttocks spread wide open. Justice.

["/250] The Frenchman, if he were curious, would learn a few things. For example, suppose that he were to want to acquaint himself somewhat with all of the names, the real ones, of those who supervise him, and especially the names of the parents and grandparents of those who command him, who govern his complete household, who make up his political life (Right or Left), his theater, his administration, his finance, his Public Education, his painting, his music, his novels, his songs, his medicine, his law, his police, his aviation, and soon all of the highest officials (but not the combatants) of the Army and the Navy. One can see that bit by bit throughout the years, especially since the Dreyfus Affair, Frenchmen of race have been almost completely ousted, dissuaded, minimized, eliminated, and banished from all places of authority whether official or clandestine. Through emasculation and systematic disarmament, they can no longer form anything on their own soil, other than an amorphous herd in the hands of the Jews, destined in the end for the various slaughterhouses. Each new function is found to be immediately occupied, each vacancy filled by a Jew, a Mason, a husband of a Jewess, someone enjudaized, etc. The nigger rises implacable, half-breed sadistic, intransigent. And all of this is not to speak of our Nobility so perfectly saturated with nigger blood!… The other day I heard cited the case of a very great family, one of the greatest names in France, in which of 135 authenticated legitimate bearers of the name and title, 73 were Jews! by marriage, in-law status, [146/"] acquaintances, etc., etc. And this is not a special case, that proportion holding true for almost all of the "important families"… The Negrito-Jews are not in our country. It is we who are in theirs.

["/251] The leaders of French Communism imagine that once the Communist power is installed in France, that it will be they who will remain in control of their French Communists! What a burlesque illusion!… As roguishly submissive, vicious, and cuckolded a Communist Aryan as you may be, you will be knocked-off, chief! you first of all! The first to die! It's the necessary thing! your masses must not become distracted. They are going to be taught all of the right things, in one fell swoop. And the very first thing of all will be to forget about you. As well as no longer to recognize anything as being above them other than the official Jewish power, the absolute Jewish authority… You will be taught in one fell swoop the abolition of "stupid racial prejudices!" of which you are going to get an earful! Ah! dirty dupe, astounding cuckold! You are going to be rubbed-out! For one reason, by virtue of the single fact that you don't happen to be Jewish! Haven't you ever been able to see through the honeyed Jewish expressions, and the extraordinary encouragement of the Jews for an "untouchable," all of their contempt, you intolerable braggart, you idiotic macaque?… Stupidly presumptuous, credulous puppet?… Your masters of the ultimate consciousness will have you entered into order! along with the first bullets, into the first holes in the ground. Your death warrants, chiefs of French Communism, have all been drawn-up, signed, and registered at the office at the Comintern, and *for "la prima ora*." You imbeciles, whether faggy or roguish, you cunning swipers of half-smoked cigarettes, have herded your hordes up to the gates of the slaughterhouse. You will not get very far. Your role ends here! You will not get past the slaughterhouse. Your Jewish masters no longer have need of you… In order to make some elbowroom for themselves, your death is to be imposed, without delay. Parrots, your masters have only too well ["/252] understood all of your asininities! You don't know at what point you began to get on their nerves! Your masses, Revolution accomplished, will have to learn new songs, but not from you! never again from you!… As soon as they were installed, the Soviets established the Comintern over us, that terrible assemblage of mystical poison-pen writers, of thousands of implacable Jewish *djibouks*, commissars of an atrocious new order…those of you who stamp their feet the loudest are always the best known, directors of French Communism! You will be served! fed!… It is clearly written in the stars,

that it is you who will embellish the first stakes, along with your barbecued lackeys. It's not heads that you have, but coconuts, and you know how they are opened! One sharp blow…

There you will enter into the new order! Carried in feet first! …tortured by your own troops! …and with relish! under Jewish command!… I am not quite up to date on the circumstances in Spain…[296]

["/253] The Jews themselves, from time to time, are pleased to take the trouble to forewarn us just a little bit. Listen, and this will be brief, to that excellent Jew, Elie Marcus Ravage, for he is interesting:

"We (the Jews) are the intruders, we are the destroyers; we have seized your personal property, your ideas, your destiny. We have trampled them underfoot. It is we who were the primary cause of the last war and not only of the last, but of almost all of your wars. We [147/"] were not only the authors of the Russian Revolution, but the instigators of all of the great revolutions of your history."

(*Century Magazine*, January 1928.)

Ah! the Jew, when he lets his hair down, he is interesting to listen to, he is more amoral than anything else… It is not a matter of searching for problems where there are none. It's *franco*! (ah that word!)[297]…

And this is even more concise:

"If within fifty years you have not hung us all, you Christians, you will not be left with the resources with which to buy the rope in order to do so."

– Mires the Jew.

React? But how? But why?… Insofar as they possess all of the world's gold, by virtue of what sophistry is it that the Jews are not set to seize power?… Complete power? Straightforwardly?… To confront world Jewry is but to confront Vesuvius with a sprinkler, in order to extinguish it.

["/254] A little change of pace…

A fine history…of the Great Epoch of Arverne…

"Attacked by the Romans, Bituit, the King of the Gallic Barbarians called forth all of his warriors… Upon his silver-plated chariot with bronze axles, in brazen helmet, and bedecked with gold necklaces and bracelets, he advanced. His hunting dogs accompanied him. Behind his personal escort squadron teemed two hundred thousand Gauls with their long double-edged swords, their scintillating iron pikes, and their broad flat shields of wicker and wood, painted in vivid colors. While still high upon the hillside the King perceived the little square of Roman Legionnaires down below in the valley of the Rhone: 'There are scarcely enough of them today,' he exclaimed, 'for my dogs to fight over…'"

A different history both old and odious…of the Gauls in their decline…

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[296] Refers to the Spanish Civil War (1936-39), ongoing during the writing of *Bagatelles*.

[297] "franco" = "free of charge," *double entendre* with Franco of aforementioned Spanish Civil War.

“Gauls were to be found on every bank of the Mediterranean, in the service of all of the princes and States having an insult to avenge, or some ambition to be realized. There wasn’t a war over the course of the Third Century (BC) in which Gallic contingents didn’t take part, often in both camps and against one another… And more than once when the war was over, whether it be the Ptolemies of Egypt, or the Senate of Carthage, in order to evade the claims of their mercenaries, would lure them into some trap and then have them massacred…”

(Taken from *The Gauls*, by Albert Granier.)

["/255]

"The Jews are of the very substance of God, but the non-Jews are only the spawn of livestock."
– The Talmud.

[148/"] Let us for the moment admire a Jew making like an honest man, in the process of trying to give us a "reverse view." You'll see how insidious he is, how unctuous, pseudo-scrupulous, inoffensive and philosophical.

(Taken from *Forum*, an important American periodical, October 1937.)

"Children of the Martyr Race"
by Maurice M. Feuerlicht

"I learned very early in life that I was a Jew and that there was a 'Jewish Question.' Consequently, I was to learn moreover that the Jews, as a group, did not act like normal people, that is to say, not like the majority of citizens.

"The son of a rabbi, the product of a typical Israelite family, I would scarcely have known how to nourish prejudices against the Jews, and I had no desire whatever to harbor one within me. Yet no one, I believe, has ever had an innate sensibility of his Jewish character. It is rather a sentiment which is inculcated into young Jews almost as soon as they learn to talk, and which is implicit in all of the ensuing religious instruction, that they must never be allowed to forget that they are different from the Gentiles. My very earliest memory is of the 'Festival of Lights' (Chanukah). Seated at the feet of my father, as was the case with innumerable other Jewish children, I listened to him recount the thrilling story ["/256] of Judas Maccabbeus and his valiant soldiers, who risked their lives for their religion. I lit the candles, as I sang:

"'Children of the martyr race,
Whether free or in irons,
Awake unto the echo of our songs,
Wherever you may be dispersed upon the Earth.'

"This theme of the 'children of the martyr race' struck my ears again and again, until my sensibility to it had become very quickly and very profoundly penetrated. 'Oppressed people,' 'martyr,' 'prejudiced,' 'persecution': these were almost the first words of which I understood the meaning. If the young Gentiles had called me a Jew, great care was taken to explain to me at home that they had been trying to insult me, and that the world didn't like the Jews. The instruction that I received at home never allowed me to forget the past. Each young

Jew must in his turn undergo all of the persecutions to which his people had been submitted over the past three thousand years.

"After the 'Festival of Lights,' I would celebrate Passover and I would detest with all of my childish heart the Pharaoh who had persecuted the Jews.[298] For fear that I would forget about the flight across the Red Sea, I was made to eat unleavened bread—evocative of ordeals dating back two thousand years. In Sunday School, in my home, while the other children listened to stories and fables, or played with lead soldiers, I learned of the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition, and of the imprisonment of Jews within sequestered quarters and ghettos.

"For me this resulted, as it did for so many other Jewish children, in a persecution complex which became increasingly pronounced as I grew up. I never learned a great deal about the religious principles of Judaism, but I didn't miss a thing when it came to the Dreyfus Affair, the Ku Klux Klan, the exclusivity of this-or-that club, or this-or-that hotel, and the university 'quotas.' [149/"] It is such a structured cognition which, more than any other thing, gives the Jew of today the sensibility of being Jewish, for we have a far greater consciousness of the wrongs done to us, than we have of our own religion. Our malady of persecution has perverted our relationships with our neighbors. The Jew who fails in an examination or a transaction, or who tries in vain to find a position or to join a club, will cry out: 'It's discrimination, it's because I'm Jewish!' ["/257] Not many among us will be found to have the courage to recognize that there could very well be other underlying reasons, all of them personal. Certainly the man who fails searches all about for the cause of his defeat, except within himself. It's a common characteristic of human nature. But we Jews are different, we have strayed far from the norm on this point as well, because we have turned this penchant into a spiritual habit to which we constantly take recourse, in order to console ourselves in all of our disappointments.

"At the major university where I completed my studies, fifteen percent of the students were Jews, as were several distinguished members of the teaching faculty. This college was nevertheless reproached for having systematically excluded Jews, and an incredible number of parents nonetheless incredibly cried out anti-Semitism because their son was unsuccessful in becoming part of an association, or a team, or had been declined in an examination, or had not received some distinction. I who dealt with them every day knew that it was a matter of the boys being poorly-prepared, spoiled, lazy, and having a perpetually surly attitude, so that they would have been taken as undesirables just as surely had they been Protestants or Buddhists.

"An infinite number of examples of this type can be cited, applying to Israelites of every age and type. Because even if, in many cases, anti-Semitism really does enter into play, it nevertheless remains that, all too often, the alleged racial prejudice is, in fact, a legitimate defensive reflex directed against an individual. A goodly number of Gentiles are fair-minded, inclined towards judging people according to their personal merits. It's the Jew who provokes misunderstandings, with his touchiness forever on the ready.

"A person afflicted with the persecution disease is always possessed of the blind desire to return blow for blow. The presence of a Gentile at a Jewish ceremony is severely criticized by those Jews who most passionately want to be accepted by the Gentiles. When a Jew commits that crime which is regarded amongst themselves as the most hateful, by taking a

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[298] Feuerlicht makes (as does Céline himself) the overly facile equation of ancient Hebrews with modern Jews, which, though common, is inaccurate.

wife from among the Gentiles, he will feel the entire force of that prejudice which the Jews cultivate amongst themselves.

"Certain consequences of this martyrdom complex are long-term and they cause, in every case, an irremediable prejudice against the Jewish individual. They are corrosive even among the most well-disposed of ["/258] Gentiles. The Jew having shown an essentially morbid sensitivity as to the subject of his Jewishness, the Gentiles draw back from addressing the issue directly, for fear of being wrongly accused of anti-Semitism. And thus the Jew will see himself deprived of the benefit which he might have derived from an earnest examination of those differences and prejudices that really do exist.

"The entirely tragic upshot of this situation born of the Jew's reckless nature—that of which he complains so bitterly—lies in the fact that he is seen first and foremost as a Jew and not as an individual. He forgets that from his very first movement, whatever he does he does as a Jew. What if the newspapers were to publish that Isaac Rubens, 26, had robbed Smith's delicatessen last night? All of the [150/"] Jews in town would rise up and decry defamation. But when Albert Einstein revolutionizes the world of science with his theories, these same Jews radiate with satisfaction upon reading an article on 'the great Israelite savant.' Yet mustn't we be resolved in our choice of how we would present ourselves to the world? Are we to be taken as individuals or as Jews?

"I believe that we will never be normal individuals so long as we continue to suffer from our martyrdom complex, so long as we defer the task of our individual perfection, so long as we find it more convenient to blame others for our own faults."

Look at this benign fellow! The little trickster! He writes like Mr. Duhamel, and thinks like Mr. Duhamel.

["/259] After the Rose water, the advertisements…

The most important Jewish newspaper in Eastern Europe, *The Moment*, published in Warsaw in Yiddish, has in edition 260-B of 13 November 1934 given us a most interesting article entitled "Lazar Moisseevich Kaganovich, Stalin's Representative and Alter Ego"…

Some quite instructive, prophetic passages:

Lazar Moiseevich is truly a great man… It is he who will one day reign over the land of the Tsars… His daughter who will soon be twenty-one is now Stalin's wife.[299] Lazar Moisseevich is excellent with regard to the Jews… You see, it is profitable to have one of our own men in a high position."

["/260] Not a single day goes by in which you will not be able to find—should you happen to be so poorly forewarned—in your quotidian newspaper, whether right or left or simply informative, that is to say shaped in accordance to your futile taste for this-or-that in politics (in reality all perfectly Jewish, merely different sectors in the grand bazaar of overpriced items) a hundred little echoes…and some entire articles consecrated to the triumph, to the ever-greater glory of Jewry. Your quotidian newspaper is literally run through with these little echoes, in theatrical and cinema blurbs…analyses of high diplomacy…beauty

[299] I.e., Stalin's second wife.

queens…bantering…insignificant…pretentious…frivolous…philosophical…of every genre. For your pleasure, I shall deliver unto you this little malapropism, lifted from *Paris-Soir* (of late October). It is no more artless, no more sappy, no more distasteful than any other, having the same intention: "enjudaization, and Jewish colonization." It does do rather well, I find, in giving the keynote "la" of this great music, which is sometimes symphonic, sometimes jiggy…and later-on military[300]…

"The Diplomatic Career, or Perhaps Careers"

"Mme. Lévy de Tact, daughter-in-law of the French Ambassador to Moscow, and later to Bern, has made her Radio debut, on Station 37. She sang, and quite well at that. Her accomplishment was very great.

"It is interesting to note that the family of Mme. Lévy de Tact enjoys a most rare artistic ability. Each one of them possesses a talent as an amateur which could easily, some day in the future, [151/261] become professional. Her mother is a composer and a virtuoso at the piano. Her sister is a dancer, and her husband is a first-rate imitator who can take to the stage impersonating the voice of Louis Jouvet, as well as those of Michel Simon and Joseph Caillaux.

"As for Mme. Lévy de Tact, she likes to sing old songs with a diction reminiscent of that of Yvette Guilbert, and a voice of incomparable charm.

"Just as M. Lévy de Tact, the Ambassador, belongs to the diplomatic Career, it can be said that the careers of his family would, if they were to go public, have a most enviable future."

Quite a few '*Wunderkinder*' in just one family, aren't there?… But is it anything to whip the cat over? No! I'll grant you that! Vain babblings such as these can never alarm anyone…can never incite any riot! Certainly not!… I also submit to you that tone!… That very Jewish fawning and overdoing… We are in the Congo![301] don't forget! …that oppressively concentrated oafishness, that narcissism so tropical, so *pabouin*… We can do nothing about it… Nearly all of the social echoes (nearly all Jewish) resound with the same note, that same intonation of an equatorial bazaar… All of this very bad taste comes to us straight from the calabash thicket, by way of channels most frenzied, most ardent and, let us not forget, most ancient and overly-elaborate… You will always be able to find this howling, hectic, mind-numbing vulgarity in the vicinity of any tom-tom!… Fatally as well in all of the salons, insofar as all of the salons, or nearly all, are Jewish, making them tom-toms of a social sort.

There is nothing more "Monrovian,"[302] more farcical in fact and in practice, than that comedy of salons of "good taste"…of "refinement"… In no matter which salon, given ten minutes in which to arrange things, they'll come up with more oddities, more horrors of taste, than the entire French Cavalry could do in ten years… The only thing needed for a guy to get ahead in the world is to be known in advance for having the shamelessness of a pig, and the sensitivity of a log. This world is truly a paradise for exhibitionistic sapajous.

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[300] OV: "Carmagnole," referring to both a uniform and a popular tune during the French Revolution.
[301] Facetious attribution; *Bagatelles* was written in Metropolitan France.
[302] Refers to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, and to the level of culture attaching thereto.

“Ah!” you say to me in reply, “but aren’t you a big disgusting pervert yourself?… Look at all of these absolutely useless, futile, insolent and vile remarks…”

But no! but no! they’re not at all futile! This puerile “echo” notwithstanding… Ah! what an abominable error! This has its place in the Grand [”/262] Design. Make no mistake about it. Jewish penetration, Jewish infiltration, the drinking-up by Jewry, is carried out by a stratum, you understand! …through a thousand trickles of publicity… Profound…radiating outward…hidden from view[303]… This little echo, in its all-embracing asininity, will play its small role very well, as have so many similar ones before it…and after it… It is going to present to the larger public, perfectly gullible and cuckolded, that fine impression, that all of those names, those stars and those celebrities, and those radios (all perfectly Jewish, half-Jewish, of Judaized) by which it is revealed, represent nothing less than so many stars in a particular celestial vault…adorably mysterious…towards which it is customary to pray…and to pray no longer anything but “Jewish.” All of those passions, all of those prayers of the Aryan will henceforth be going to the Jews… One little echo like the one above…but it’s an *Hail Mary*…one little *Hail Mary* for Jewry…it’s no big thing, just one little *Hail Mary* to be sure. But it’s one among millions and [152/”] millions of such *Hail Mary*s…with which the Jews will make the world turn…Jewish…and in the Jewish direction.

[303] Or, “occult.”

["/263]

"God has given the Jews complete power over the goods and the blood of every people."
–The Talmud.

The other day in the *Paris-Soir*…musingly…I discovered two or three more of them…some little echoes of the same sort…superb in reality…without effort… You will find them as well…if you look around just a little bit…and without taking too much trouble:

"Baron de Cahen, or Lyricism in High Finance"

"The Odéon will be presenting a play in verse by Baron Léo de Cahen, on 'Sappho and the Academy of Lesbos,' while also today, the France-Great Britain Association is organizing a conference on Abraham by the same Baron de Cahen.

"The whole world knows of the position occupied in the City of London by the famous financier who, even in his business affairs, has thought to stir in a certain lyricism. He is dedicated, in fact, to two grandiose projects: the tunnel beneath the Channel, and the railroad from the Cape to Cairo. The tunnel beneath the Channel. His story would merit an entire volume. His vicissitudes were numerous; he shocked the insular spirit of Great Britain.

"The Cape to Cairo railroad, was, by him, begun. He has not completed it despite the efforts of the House of Cahen, which oversaw the construction of the route as far as Kenya, and the works at the fort of Mombassa.

"Baron Cahen belongs to a veritable dynasty of artists and men of letters. His brother Alexander has, at his Moorish seraglio Sidi-bou-Saïd, in Carthage, collected Arab folklore and ["/264] melodies, while the other brother, Samuel, has composed the music to *The Thousand Kisses*, which has recently been performed with great success at Covent Garden for the Russian Ballet season.

"The Baroness de Cahen, daughter of the Grand Bey,[304] is a talented painter, whose accommodating house at Piccadilly is one of the centers in London for the dissemination of French spirit and Parisian taste.

[304] I.e., a Muslim noble ranking just below Sultan.

"Their granddaughters Sarah, Esther and Rachel are favorite companions and playmates of the Little Princess Elizabeth, the future Queen of England."

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I am no longer going to explain anything to you… I hope that by now you know enough to read-in "Jewish"… All the better so that I might be able, using a few opportune words, underline the exceptional qualities of this most especially rich vintage…and to comment upon it most devotedly, as upon a fine wine from some celebrated vineyard. An entirely precious bouquet of "Jewish" aromas… First Class! …very rich in "Tunnel beneath the Channel"… Monarchical intimacy… [153/"] dynastic! …sustained by the bewitchingly exquisite perfumes of the "City"…the Carthaginian Seraglio…railroads and Russian ballets…

"The Thousand Kisses:" …a "certain lyricism"…all of it very sensuous…very sustained, very Sapphic, very well-heeled…on the Paris-to-London… An immense year for Hebraism!… Are you enjoying yourself?

["/265]

"Si vous étiez des enfants spirituels d'Abraham vous feriez les œuvres d'Abraham... le père spirituel dont vous êtes issus c'est le diable... Et il n' y a point de vérité en lui."
-- Jésus.[305]

Do you remember?

"The entire production of Wicked Hollywood…is a monstrous standing insult against proletarian labor…against all proletarian virtue…the most monstrous enterprise of capitalist ideological corruption…the most shameful of all the ages… A torrent of rotten failures…blah…blah…blah… Proletarians! as a mass! boo down all of these pieces of garbage!… Flee those darkened rooms, where you are contaminated, and where you are thoroughly, systematically stupefied!… Ah! We are not dupes! we the 'people in charge' of the proletariat! Proletarian purity must stiffen its resolve against this immense danger of corrosion! all of the energies of healthy rebellion would be eroded by this global infection!… All of those stars, those overly made-up whores whose astronomical salaries for just one day's work at grimacing, surpass many times over those received by several working-class families! for hard work! over the course of months!… What a shame! What a denial of our immense distress! The collusion of the Banks…the complicity of the Trusts!… SOS!… SOS!… This prostitution, this shameless degradation of all the Arts, and of every sentiment…this mercantile sacrilege, this rotter of the most noble impulses of human nature…blah…blah…blah… Cinematographic gangrene! The people at the pillory! …blah…blah… We shall find you again, my lovely! A standing conspiracy against the wholesome spirit of the masses! …blah…blah…blah…

["/266] "The cinema, the global brain octopus…everything is rotten…each darkened room is a sucker of rottenness!…

"The golden calf of Hollywood…arrogant, implanted within its Cinema…'the global obscenity mill'…blah…blah…"

Who then is this that so instructs us, throughout the length of these columns?… But it is *l'Humanité,* my dear! …from the good old days! …the lean years! …*l'Humanité* just before the "Triumph of the masses"…under Jewish leadership… Do you remember it as well?… But

[305] John 8:44.

the winds change, my beauty, and it is necessary to seize them… And every misfortune befalls he who doesn't know how to make sense of them!… In October 1937, this same *l'Humanité* was singing a completely different song, in a completely different chord, with a completely different tone… Regale yourself in what *l'Humanité* thinks now, of these same Hollywood farce-makers…(in its non-advertising pages)… [154/"]

"Easy Living"[306]

"Through such genres as Vaudeville the Americans show their preference for naïveté and for candor to the point of vulgarity; it is necessary to satisfy them. These are the qualities which are effected with sufficient grace that they do not entirely kill-off that sapient mind-set, which must let go in order to allow us the most 'physical' sort of laughter. *Easy Living* is thus Vaudevillian, but deliciously so, being as fresh and as comical as one could want. Except for the 'bedroom scene,' there isn't anything which isn't of a delightful modesty. As for wackiness, it comes into play in such scenes as the one at the automat restaurant, which is in disorder and is being pillaged by the customers, making the scene something of a masterpiece. As for the story line, it has only one point of departure: following an argument, a rich banker tosses his wife's fur coat out of a twentieth-story window. The coat falls at the feet of a young lady, the secretary for a children's magazine. That's it. But from this point of departure the Americans have drawn every possible consequence with sufficient fantasy to discourage even the most fertile imagination. This coat of the greatest luxury grants the young lady such a mien that, as a consequence of consequences, all of her difficulties evaporate before her. She quickly finds herself being clothed, lodged, and fed for free. Had she been 'giving the wink,' things perhaps would not have worked, and it would have been a con job. But since she doesn't understand anything about what's happening to her and remains innocent…it's like a fairy ["/267] tale. She even meets a prince charming whom she marries at the end, despite all of the tragicomic situations which her adventure undergoes. It's as though it's according to the Andersen Review and arranged by the 'Marx Brothers.' And Jean Arthur, through her natural gentility, makes it easy for us to believe that everything that happened to Mary Smith pertaining to easy living was well-deserved."

How cozy they've become, those cousins Hollywood and *l'Humanité*! It's been positively that LaRocque takes his marching orders from Tardieu…aim is taken, and how there is understanding…as though it were "well in hand"… It's not the same thing at all! There hasn't been any new news in ten years!… Only an idiot never evolves!… It'll be enough for there one day to be, one little call on the telephone…and you will be brought to an understanding…all of a sudden the miracle is accomplished…and it'll be the easiest thing in the world… And there you'll be…with your bare ass sticking up in the air… You have remained among your "masses of masses"…ruminants! …swine!… You understand nothing!…

[306] This is a review of the light comedic film of 1937.

[”/268]

“I would like to be embuggered upon the body of a man who’s gone to the guillotine.”
(Rachel to her lover Léopold Lehon.)

The Jews having redoubled their pillagings and atrocities since the advent of the Popular Front, it would have been most surprising if they hadn’t felt some small gust of anti-Semitism in France…if they hadn’t conceived of some apprehensions concerning their immediate future…

We ought to expect some prophylactic counteroffensive of massive scale…and of very great cost… Why not?… Our entire press (whether right or left) already serves exclusively to defend Jewish interests, and to accomplish grand Jewish designs. The cinema, ever so eminently Jewish, is obliged by circumstances [155/”] to offer us several very probing, very remarkable works, as an apologia for an extremely avuncular sort of Jew.

Up until recent times, such propaganda was carried out using symbols…insinuations…allusions…coincidences…by the troupe… It is in this that the tone has changed with *The Grand Illusion*[307]… Changed completely! Flush with its political successes, Jewish propaganda is unloading with all of its batteries, becoming positive, affirmative, aggressive…it’s coming into its own… What we are now being shown on the screen is the Jew as he is…no longer as a Breton, a Fleming, an Auvergnat, a Basque…but with “Rosenthal,” as a real, literal Jew… No more fooling around!…

In the same spirit, we are soon going to be seeing, no doubt, many more, even more insolent, more imperative. This film has already achieved an immense, vocally partisan success… Jewish colonization shall henceforth be able to proceed “clear to the end”!… All of the dikes are broken!… Hymie colonization day-by-day becoming more impatient, more despotic, more touchy and intransigent. In [”/269] this film so completely bogged-down by a “there’s-a-hair-in-my-soup” level of dialogue, there remains in the end only one constant theme, but in this it is passionate…to make the imbecile Aryan masses thoroughly understand, to beat it well into their drunken skulls, that the Jew and the working-class Aryan were created and put into this world, precisely in order to come to understand one another, and to bind themselves one to another in an absolutely indissoluble pact, for life unto the death… “It is so written.”

[307] Refers to the film of 1937, set during WWI.

Over the course of the film, only one little sin on the part of the principal character, the Jew, is revealed to us, this being a certain tendency towards pride and ostentation, quite venial to be sure…a little niggerly sin…a foible… Rosenthal appears to us to be only more simpatico, more "human" on account of it…while on the other hand, working to his benefit, are his virtues! and what virtues! …essential ones! the primordial qualities of a new elite, a new nobility!… Greatly generous, greatly perceptive, broadly knowledgeable, quiveringly pacifistic, presciently sensitive to the human heart…and above all to the popular heart!… Oh! popular!… Infinitely popular!… It is the usual thing for pro-Jewish films (which is to say all films) to rummage through, tinker with, and operate upon public opinion using allusions, suggestions, comparisons, and jabberings, though not by presenting the Jew as he actually is, as positively Jewish, in his role as a *sozial* warrior… *The Grand Illusion* abruptly breaks with all of that… This film is historic… In it the Jew emerges from his shadows, from his travesties, and into the foreground, into the *sozial* which is to say Jewish, completely Jewish scene. *The Grand Illusion* admirably tops-off the Jewish Exposition,[308] the great Jewbierama '37. It's the advent of the little Jew in the role of official Messiah.

This little Rosenthal is absolutely-so a millionaire…but also absolutely "popular"… Ah! but much more so popular than millionaire-like!… He is rich! superlatively rich! take note of the little Kike! At the beginning, the little nabob had everything against him when it came to playing the role of redeemer: bearing, speech, face… He was a complete "stinker"…the exact super-concentrated product of that abominable class… Everything needed in order to be shamed, booed, and hung straight-out by the people. An absolute parasite, a menacing super-Jewish product, he's a son of Stavisky,[309] a Barmat cousin. He fully represents vile lamppost fodder… All of the imagery of Soviet Épinal[310] plays upon this prototype. For Moscow, for *l'Humanité*, he must represent the perfect "speculator," in fully insolent function, in the blush of perfection! the Enemy of the People incarnate…the most hateful, the most reprehensible example, the personified synthesis of vampiristic Capitalism. But this is in error, a ["/270] misdeal! Not at all! A miracle! A Jewish miracle! On your knees, people! Far from dodging the problem…far from [156/"] cheating…the creator of this thing, on the contrary, chose up (popular) front, openly to take on all of the contradictions of the issue. And all that which had seemed irreconcilable becomes, before our very eyes, concordant and convincing! A triumph! And how! Hands up! All is going well! The new verity is flowing freely into those filled-to-capacity, darkened rooms… The little Jew Rosenthal is not at all what one might have imagined! …some sort of capitalist just like the other capitalists…that clique of impassive brutes, vain, narrow-minded, beer-gutted dandies, such are all the others!… Ah! but not at all… Attention! Absolutely no one is more despicable than the others…like all of the Aryan exploiters…the bosses…the Aryan vampires!… Ah! but!… Ah! but! Attention, People! always so prompt to make generalizations…let us make some distinctions! Subtlety! This little Rosenthal is not at all despicable!… Let us not be confused! This super-capitalist son of a super-capitalist shows only regret over his exorbitant privileges… But yes…but yes… No fault is to be found in him, other than that little habit of being a little too sure of himself…as with any Apostle… That's all… So you see…how it is necessary to distrust hastily-made judgments!… This little Rosenthal is a bona fide little *djibouk*, which we cannot deny!… A little neo-Jesus Christ… He suffered for us! …and we didn't even know it!… He said it himself: "Jesus, my racial brother" Nowadays Messiahs

[308] I.e., the Paris Exposition.
[309] Refers to the immigrant Serge Stavisky.
[310] Épinal=a city in France, representing the Eastern Frontier during the Belle Époque; "'Soviet' Épinal" refers to possible eastern influences and in-migrations along that frontier.

aren't born in stables, they are born in bank vaults… That's the way it is with the Jews… "A Jesus and a Billionaire too"… Who can doubt it?… (You will very rarely hear a Jew, poor though he may be, curse the Rothschilds…but the Aryans curse the Wendels![311] as often as they are able!… Dear Masochistic Aryans!…) The proletariat already resonates very pleasantly with the excellent refrain… "The Jew is a man like any other."

A little more enthusiasm, I beg of you! A little more smugness! A little more zeal in the face of the native: "The Jew is a man more so than any other!" That is what we shall deign to jabber from now on!… Let me hear you, Aryan parrots! Hop onto your perches…and repeat in unison… "He is more! …more! …more!…" That "more" is essential! it's everything!…

By now you have come to understand, I hope, Masses of Masses! that the Jewish super-capitalist shall forever remain, under all circumstances, a special capitalist, one very close to the heart of the people… ["/271] messianic, prophetic, pacifistic, essentially apostolic, idealistic, supremely philanthropic, "human"… Ah! always more "human"… Systolic pressure of the worker, diastolic pressure of the Jew…ventricle versus ventricle… The same heart, the very heart of the proletariat… Ah!…

He has the air of a frivolous pleasure-seeker, of an abject profiteer, does that little Rosenthal. Warning! Appearances! Everything is to the contrary!… In reality he is thinking only of the people, of the misfortunes of the people…whom no one better than he can understand, he being touched by the great distress of the people… Is he familiar with the program of the Popular Front? …with all of the people's demands?… Ah! Ah! Ah! And a pacifist?… Damn! Damn! He himself made all of those programs of the people in order to be more assured… So?… No one is better informed than he, no one more imploring, more sighing, more desirous of the imminent, oh-so-imminent dawn of a much better world for the people, a world which shall shine forth with Justice! …finally! A world without iniquities, without wars, without privileges of race or of [157/"] birth! …a "France most free and happy!" …in sum without the Stock Exchange! without the Police! without Barracks!… Yes! Quite so… The very first thing each day, this Kikeish little billionaire thinks only of the misfortunes of the people… At the Club, in the Park…in the Sack…at his Bank…always of the People! He is literally haunted by Humanity![312] …his personal mission… Systolic versus diastolic… His heartbeat is at one with the people's… He "beats along" with the people… He was created, and put into this world, in order to go to the people, to understand the people, like Mr. Blum-Latige, and to implement, he just like Mr. Blum-Latige, the entire program of the Popular Front! …to flourish for the Popular Front!… Ah! but… Ah! but… There you have it. Rest assured that he, Rosenthal, would also have voted exactly like Mr. Baron de Rothschild, for the Popular Front and the Franco-Soviet Alliance. He's a formidable proletarian beneath those unbecoming appearances, that little banker Rosenthal! exactly like MM. Warburg, Loeb, Jacob Schiff, Kerensky, Trotsky, Zakharov and Blum…exactly. Ah! systolic…diastolic… He understands the instinct of the people, with all his instinct of the Jew…the aspirations of the worker, the misfortunes of the worker…are his own aspirations…his own misfortunes!…

And now the film concerns itself with us, pay attention! Aryans of intelligence!… Attention! The contrast! Our elite: the Intellectuals, the Aryan nobility, the Aryan bourgeoisie, all show themselves to be absolutely, radically, grotesquely incapable of understanding a single of the people's demands! Ah! It's appalling…but that's ["/272] the

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[311] Refers to a family involved in the French armaments industry.
[312] OV: "l'Humanité," same as the name of the French Communist newspaper.

way it is!… Perverse, monstrous egocentrics! What bastards! Hopeless! What monsters… What super-brutes!… Infinitely!… Beyond the bounds of any evolution… Conclusion! This Aryan "elite" must turn everything over to the Jews, immediately, and then disappear!… Q.E.D. The implacable decree of the Future!… Boom! Blum!… These dastards, they are retarding, sabotaging, that marvelous social impulsion, which is absolutely so in evidence! The inflorescence of the Soviets! Workers + Jewish redeemers, the Jewish Reign all told: And then?… A new age! Of new men!… The Jew, the "new man"! It's a brainstorm… (Witness the ten million white men executed in Russia by the new Jewish men.)

This film has decidedly shown itself as being consummately rich in high propaganda, in numerous examinations of conscience, in "recapitulations"… It would have us understand, among other very valuable truths, that on their part the "Aristocrats" have always desired, willed, and called forth war pursuant to their vows!… Wait! Wait! Wait!… I mean well…but let us not continue along this route! This passage is dark… Let us shine our lantern upon it completely!… Let us very loyally, very scrupulously inform the audience that the so-called aristocracy, be it French, German, or English, has so copiously married into, and formed alliances with Jewish banks, that in strict verity it is nothing other than one of the tribes of Jewry…

The representatives of the aforementioned aristocracy hasten to add commentary, to justify with such attentiveness! such enthusiasm! the death sentence which they are under…this is the highlight of the film! They are greatly afraid of something which we do not understand!… They play it up for all it's worth! "Many thanks!" they all cry out, "Would that you should be so kind, Messieurs the Jews of the Jury! You have quite properly condemned the lot of us to death! How well-deserved it is!… No! We didn't escape it! Ah! we are irremediable! imbecilic! bloodthirsty! frivolous! egotistical! savage! calamitous!… Ah! how salutary, how absolutely imperative for the happiness of humankind, that we all die out… We are, it's absolutely true, perfectly monstrous!… Another cigar, my dear Viscount?… And now, my esteemed juried Jews, in order to spare you any unwonted travail, from having to dirty your own hands a little, we ourselves a going to do the necessary deed of self-massacre… With such joy! without further ado! upon your Jewish command!" One! [158/"] Two! Three!… And they do what they said they'd do…to the sound of a fife!… And it's perfect!… They've cleared the ground!

["/273] Those ape-men and fragile bravaccios, completely enamored with integrally-mildewed, quite rancid prejudices, those mothballed furies caught-up in "collections" aspiring for annihilation! They're crying out loud for it. Perfect! It shall be granted unto them! And all whilst they intone their own "Funeral Dirge"[313]…

The Jews: "Bravo! Bravo! Very well done! excellent attitude! magnificently carried-out…"

As for the Aryan intellectual, the "Pindar"[314] of this adventure, he is presented to us at the very beginning, already reduced to such a state of futility, of spoiled precocity, or unreliability, of frothing redundant chatter, that he dissipates all by himself over the course of the film… He becomes lost to us…evaporated…

[313] OV: "*Dies irae*," or *The Day of Judgment*, the Roman Catholic funeral mass.
[314] Refers to the ancient Greek lyrical poet.

In this *Grand Illusion* we thus celebrate the marriage of the simple, coarse, ever-so-slightly savvy Aryan worker, that self-assured roustabout-cum-cinematic editor, to the little Jew, *djibouk*, billionaire, greasy Messiah, and tomorrow quite naturally a People's Commissar, by predestination. Everything that's needed, neither more nor less, but only that which is strictly necessary, in order to make up the Soviet Jewish-worker! The Future is setting up its housekeeping! Mount Sinai thunders for a third time: "Thou foreskin of a *Goy*, abandon not your Hymie! Or by so doing, everything will go horrible shitty! The Jew is your guardian angel!…" And immediately these sentences penetrate deep into the Aryan heart.

Darn that aviator who no longer even knew how to read a map, just at the very moment when the Jew takes over the command! isn't that sufficiently symbolic?

And you there, Mr. Face-in-the-Crowd!… Mr. Goat-and-Cabbage![315]…who has no sort of fixed role…neither military…nor militant…nor a professor…nor a grand duke…nor an archbishop…nor a billionaire…nor a Jew…nor a day laborer… Why do you remain standing, over there?… Are you waiting for some sort of role?… What will it take to make you disappear?… Let's be off now, git along! there… What are you trying to do?… Buck up, let's be going!… You are an encumbrance! You are grotesque! You are obscene! You are not part of the party!… What the hell are you doing here?… Your very presence here is a disgrace! You foul the air… Don't you know how to read the symbols?… The tea leaves?… Let's get a move on! a little get-up-and-go!… The pistols are waiting atop the table!… All of these actors are performing badly!… Don't remain so insensate!… Know enough to put a decent end to things!… Now is the time!… It's "five-'til-Jew"!—*The Grand Illusion*?—*L'Univers Israélite* isn't fooling, here where they tell us that it is:

"…One of the best films ever inspired by war:

["/274] "*The Grand Illusion* has presented us, this winter, with a fine show on this theme, using a very French symbolism. Two prisoners of war, having very different origins and backgrounds (a working-class Aryan, and a Jewish 'millionaire') whose common ordeal has made them both comrades, upon separating, before attempting a dangerous escape: 'So long, dirty Jew!' says the one affectionately. 'So long, old nut!' the other one vigorously relies. And the two soldiers separate after an emotional embrace. They find each other again… They are reunited…"

[159/"] Grand Illusion? Grand Illusion? Ah! most certainly yes! the Grand Illusion!… And how! The Enormous Illusion! Beelzebub! Moloch! At your command! the mighty stratospheric hypercube of Illusion! *Nom de Dieu!* The most utterly supreme illusion of the most phenomenal Pollywog who will ever be loaded onto the overcharged pyrites in the next Bacchanal! The Mongolo-hymie Ideologico-furnace of 1940!

["/275] The American Yankees can be heard raising such a ruckus, creating such an outcry, such a universal uproar (lynchings, petitions, trials, etc.) whenever a nigger embuggers one of them (in public!), but how their women marry themselves into the Jews! and with complete abandon! and as often as possible! a full butt-load! The Jews make prime husbands in the United States. The Jew is vicious, the Jew is rich, the Jew feathers his nest well. The "negrito" Jew is much more low-down than the nigger…

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[315] Alludes to the incompatibility of interests between a goat and a cabbage, thus implying a fence-sitting posture in a given conflict on the part of the designee.

Yet another prodigious piece of baloney is that famous racial barrier in the USA! A barrier of dicks! But just a minute! I am, in turn, going to tell you a little something about the future: Some day the Jews are going to hurl the niggers, their brothers and their shock troops, against the last remaining white "bosses," reducing them, completely besotted, into slavery. Harlem will become the "white" section… The niggers on a binge will go down there to see, and to have the whites dance for them, the "white-wooga-wooga."[316]

[316] Also see: *A Fine Mess*, p. 19.

["/276]

"One must have lived in the corridors of Power in order to realize that the world is governed by persons completely different from those which the people imagine."
—Disraeli-Jew, Prime Minister of England

Ever since Egypt, since Moses, certain Jews have always been identified for their powers as "prognosticators," Jews, dervishes, prophets, Hermeticists, incantators, initiates, Talmudists, fetishists, Cabalists, mages, Freemasons, messiahs, amulettists, *djibouks*, etc., the whole sauce.

These superhuman specimens form, above Jewry, the super-clan of mystical guides, always listened-to, always followed, in fact the veritable chiefs of the Jewish universe. It is moreover thus with all Asiatic and nigger regimes. The Jews guard all of their black magic under the skin, as their most precious treasure.

In all of the epochs of upheaval one sees the emergence, it's automatic, of their respective prophets, their soothsayers, and their Jewish oracles… Nostradamus… Cagliostro… Mesmer… Marat… Marx…etc. These Jews, super-Jews, the "casters of evil spells" even more than other Kikes, seem despite all of their gibberish to possess a certain sense, a premonition of great crises, of great Jewish upheavals… They are the "global Hebraic cataleptics"…their predictions, their warnings are often admirable for their aptness and pertinence. They make mistakes, but often they hit the jackpot… Thus did Nostradamus, before 1620,[317] announce very clearly the exact date of our great Revolution, of 1793 (the date written)… We would be wrong to laugh… Moses ["/277] did things well… He bequeathed to his little trachomatous people, not made to see clearly in the same way we do, some very curious armaments, those Cabalistic mysteries which are perhaps not at all [160/"] as vain, gibbering or phrasemongering as is maintained by our little "experimentalist" pranksters, atheists and positivists, dupes and cuckolds forever. A little spell which will successively overturn for you the Egyptian Empire, the Roman Empire, the French Monarchy, the Napoleonic Empire, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, and tomorrow the British Empire and all of the democracies, is not simply a bit of bad verse… And I haven't mentioned

[317] Nostradamus lived 1503-66; "1620" was perhaps a publication date.

the Crusades, the Reformation, etc., all of which emerged equally well and good from the same philter…

Are we still able to find, in our midst today, a few prophets from this great line? …of the same power? …the same caliber? Certainly!… The famous *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* is nothing other than a prognostication of that genre, one of those Jewish divinatory hysterias, which one might regard with amusement on a first reading, given the extent to which they adopt from the outset the tone, the content, the style of the spasmodic, the heatedness of the Asylum, of the farces of P.G., of writings “from the straitjacket,” of insanity, of a vicious fury, falling into coherency only by accident…and then…and then one discovers that in practice…over time…that they were perfectly reasonable…that those frenzied, fanatical, far-fetched fantasies correspond almost exactly to the way in which events did evolve… That such nightmares have come to superimpose themselves most precisely, geometrically, miraculously upon the evolution of events. And we are amazed… This prognostication by madmen has borne true… One must come to realize that the entirety of our stupidity does not consist solely of credulity, but also of skepticism. Those *Protocols* published around 1902[318] predict almost exactly all that the Jews have done in the world since then…and the Jews have been doing a lot in the world!… Jewish reality is in its color, its rhythm, expressing itself through trances, it’s the reality of the virgin jungle[319]… Within this “visionary” genre we have something perhaps even better than the *Protocols*, more substantial, more concise, more hateful if possible… To wit, the little-known discourse of one Rabbi Rzeichhorn, delivered in 1865 at the Cemetery in Prague, upon the tomb of another great prophetic rabbi, Simeon ben-Yahuda. This text wasn’t reproduced until eleven years later, in *The Contemporary*, and then in Sir John Radcliff’s *Review*. The audacity of the authors of this reproduction would carry them along unto [”/278] Paradise… Sir John Radcliff was killed shortly thereafter, as well as Lasalle,[320] the Jewish felon, who had communicated it to him.

Here are the primary passages of the magnificent composition, in review:

“Under the manipulation of expert hands, gold will always be the most useful lever for those who possess it, and the object of envy for those who do not. With gold, the most rebellious consciences can be bought, rates of exchange and the price of every product can be fixed, and currency issues by States can be subsidized, which will thereafter be at its mercy.

“The major banks, all of the world’s Stock Markets, and the debts of every government are already in our hands. The other great power is the press. Through its incessant repetition of certain ideas, the press will make people ultimately admit to their truth. The Theater renders similar services. (The cinema and the Radio[321] did not yet exist.) The theater and the press are everywhere obedient to our instructions.

“Through tireless praise of the democratic regime, we will divide the Christians into political parties, and we will destroy the unity of their nations, which we shall inseminate with discord. Impotent, they will submit their law before our Bank, it being always at one with, and always devoted to, our cause.

[318] OV: “1932” (typographical error (see p. 161)).
[319] OV: “forêt,” lit. “forest.”
[320] Not to be confused with the famous explorer (of the 17th Century).
[321] OV: “T.S.F.” = “Télégraphie Sans Fils,” or wireless telegraphy, which at that time was understood to include broadcasting, as well as actual physical radio sets.

[161/”] “We will push the Christians into wars by exploiting their pride and their stupidity. They will massacre one another and thus clear the ground for our implantation of our own.

“The ownership of land has always procured both power and influence. In the name of equality and social justice, we shall divvy-up the large estates, and we shall give the fragments to the peasants who so desire them with all their hearts, and who will soon run themselves into debt while trying to work them. Our capital will make us their masters. We in turn will become the large landowners, and this possession of land will guarantee us power. (Palestine[322] is nothing other than a training camp for Jewish Agricultural commissars, come the next World Revolution.)

“We are doing our best to replace gold with paper money, in circulation; our coffers will take in the gold, and we will regulate the value of the paper, and this is what will make us the masters over the lives of everyone.

“We count among our number orators who are capable of persuading and whipping-up [”/279] the enthusiasm of the crowds; we shall sprinkle them amongst the peoples, in order to proclaim those changes which must be made for the felicity of the human race. Through gold and flattery, we will win over the proletariat, whom we shall encharge with the annihilation of Christian capitalism. We shall promise the workers salaries of which they had never even dared dream, but we shall also raise the prices of necessary items, to the extent that our profits will be even greater.

“In this way, we shall set up the revolutions that the Christians will themselves make, and whose fruits we shall gather.

“Through our gibes, through our attacks, we shall render their priests ridiculous, even odious, and their religion just as ridiculous, just as odious as their clergy. We shall thus become the masters of their souls. Through our pious attachment to our own religion, by our worship, we shall prove to them the superiority of our own souls…

“We already have our men established in all of the important positions. We have endeavored to supply the *goyim* with lawyers and doctors; the lawyers remain up-to-date concerning all of their interests; the doctors, once inside the house, become the confessors and the directors of conscience. But above all we are monopolizing education. Through it we shall disseminate those ideas which are useful to us, and we shall refashion brains to our liking.

“Should any one of our number happen by misfortune to fall under the claws of justice among the Christians, we shall hasten to his aid; we shall seek out whatever evidence is needed in order to save him from his judges, while waiting for the day when we ourselves will be the judges.

“The monarchs of Christendom are inflated with vanity and ambition, and surrounded by luxury and sizable armies. We shall supply them with all of the money that their follies require, and we will have them on a leash.”

[322] Refers to modern Israel while still under British Mandate.

For the sake of entertainment and the benefit of remembrance, let us recall the primary theses of the *Protocols* (while remembering that this is in 1902). There is nothing more reinvigorating for the Aryan than such a reading. It does more for our salvation than prayers do in losing it… God knows how much! between Heaven and Earth…

[162/”] “Encourage reckless luxury, outrageous fashions and foolish expenditures, and gradually erode the ability to take pleasure in simple and healthy things…

[”/280] “Distract the masses with popular amusements, games, sporting events, etc., to impede thought by amusing the people.

“Empoison the mind with corrosive theories; ruin the nervous system through incessant uproar, and weaken the body through inoculation with the viruses of various diseases.” (The little Jew Rosenthal repeats this in *The Grand Illusion*.[323])

“Create universal discontent, and provoke hatred and distrust between social classes.

“Strip the aristocracy of its ancient traditions, and its lands, and levy high taxes against it, thus forcing it to contract debts; substitute big business types for people of breeding, and everywhere establish the worship of the Golden Calf.

“Envenom the relations between bosses and workers through strikes and ‘lockouts,’ and thus eliminate any possibility for good relations through which a fruitful cooperation might result.

“Demoralize the upper classes using every means, and provoke the fury of the masses given the sight of the turpitudes and stupidities committed by the rich.

“Allow industry to squeeze out agriculture, and gradually transform industry into wild speculation. –Encourage every sort of utopianism with the objective of misleading the people into a labyrinth of impractical ideas. –Raise salaries without any benefit whatever to the worker, in view of the simultaneous augmentation in the cost of living…

“Create an increase of incidents provoking international suspicion; exacerbate antagonisms between peoples, make hatred flourish, and multiply the amount of ruinous armament.

“Grant universal suffrage, so that the destinies of nations might be confided to the least educated people.

“Overthrow all of the monarchies and everywhere establish republics, and conspire so that the most important positions will be entrusted to persons having some dreadful secret to hide, to the effect that those in power will be dominated by the fear of scandal, and of being taken-away by the Police.

“Gradually abolish every form of Constitution, with the goal of substituting them with the absolute despotism of Communism.

[323] Refers to the film of 1937.

"Organize vast monopolies into which every fortune will be sunk, until the Hour of political crisis sounds.

"Destroy all financial stability, multiply the number of economic [163/281] crises, and prepare the way for universal bankruptcy; halt the wheels of industry; create the collapse of all forms of value; concentrate all of the world's gold into select hands; leave enormous quantities of capital in absolute stagnation; at the given moment suspend all credit and provoke the panic. Prepare the States for their death agonies, exhaust humanity through suffering, anguish and privation, and using hunger create slaves."

All of this coincides, and is in admirable agreement, I believe, with ongoing events.

The little Jew Blumenthal was thus completely within his rights, in *Judisk Tidskrift* (No. 57, year 1929), writing so as to let it be known:

"Our race has given the world a new prophet, but one having two faces and bearing two names. On the one side his name is Rothschild, chief of the big capitalists, and on the other side Karl Marx, the apostle of the enemies of Capitalism."

Here are substantial and more to the point exactly correct words. In the important hours of Destiny, when the cards fail… Ostensibly separate, Mr. Rothschild and Mr. Marx find themselves to be in complete agreement, admirably agreed in having us dash off to the front lines, "comrades of comrades," to have us turned into blood sausages. That's the cute rule of the Jewish game, of the Supreme Jewish Theater. Act One: the dispute… Act Three…perfect agreement as we divvy-up the entrails.

Trotsky-Mexico will, to be sure, be in complete agreement with Litvinov-Moscow, Baruch-Washington and Samuel-City,[324] at the supreme moment admirably so, as to the bloodshed, ours, in having us file before Hitler's machine guns. Not a farthing's worth of difference is allowable in this regard. The parade of deadly hatred, amongst the Jews themselves, is a decoy for us cuckolds…for Durand…for Corporal Peugeot. It's completely official, proven a hundred times over, through irrefutable documentation, that the initial decisive funds for the Bolshevik Revolution of '17, were supplied to Trotsky by American bankers, representing Jewish high finance (12 billion, then 125 billion).

The same or their descendants who are currently to be found around Roosevelt, the conceited ventriloquist, preparing the Next One… These are the same Jews of the Great Golden Calf who along with the City, New York and Moscow, command the world, war and peace, namely Jacob Schiff, Gugenheim, Baruch, Breitung, Loeb and Co.[325], Félix Warburg, Otto Kahn, Mortimer Schiff, Hanauer. (Report of the US Secret Service, Second Office, 1917.)

["/282] Perhaps you recall the names of the principal leaders of the Bolshevik Revolution
of '17 – all Jewish.

"Lenin's real moniker was Ul'yanov (1/2 Jewish) – Trotsky (Bronstein) – Zinoviev (Apfelbaum) – Kamenev (Rosenfeld) – Dan (Gourevitch) – Ganezky (Furstenberg) – Parvus

[324] "City," or "the City" = London's financial district.
[325] Refers to the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co.

(Helphand) – Uritsky (Pademisky) – Larine (Lurge) – Bohrine (Nathason) – Martinov (Zibar) – Bogdanov (Zilberstein) – Garine (Garfeld) – Suchanov (Gimel) – Kamnlev (Goldmann) – Sagersky (Krochmann) – Riazanov (Goldenbach) – Solutzev (Bleichmann) – Pianitsky (Ziwin) – Axelrod (Orthodox) – Glasounov (Schultze) – Zuriesain (Weinstein) – Lapinsky (Loewensohm). The author desires to add that certain other authors are convinced that Lenin's mother was a Jewess… Lenin was a Jew (Kalmuk) married to a Jewess (Krupskaya) to whom the children[326] spoke [164/"] Yiddish (the Scotland Yard detective Herbert Finch, who in the capacity of a table-boy had spied on Lenin for several months, declared him to be typically Jewish)." Report of the "Secret Service."

In *The German Bolshevik Conspiracy*, page 27, published by the Committee for Public Information, Washington, DC, in October 1918, we learn that:

"Max Warburg advanced the money to the Bolsheviks: 'Stockholm…21 September 1917: M. Raphael Scholak, Haparand: "Dear Comrade. –In response to a telegram from the Westphalian Rhineland Syndicate, the bank of Max Warburg and Co. informs us that a line of credit has been extended to the enterprise of Comrade Trotsky."'

"Jacob Schiff appears to have given twelve million dollars (first installment) to the Russian Revolution of 1917."

In the book by Mme. Nesta H. Webster, *The Surrender of an Empire*, pp. 74-9, we find additional information concerning the rise of Bolshevism.

"It seems that the real name of the individual mentioned below in Section III under the designation Parvus, is Israel Lazarevich Helphand, a Jew from the province of Minsk, in White Russia.[327] Toward the end of the last century[328] he participated in revolutionary activity in Odessa. In 1886 he went abroad and, after several peregrinations, he finally arrived in Copenhagen, where he amassed a great fortune as the chief agent for the distribution of German coal in Denmark, working as the go-between for the Danish Social Party.

["/283] "Doctor Ziv, in his *Life of Trotsky*, relates that while he was in America,[329] in 1916, he once asked Trotsky: 'How's Parvus doing?…' Upon which Trotsky laconically replied: 'He's in the process of acquiring his twelfth million.'

"It was this Jew, a millionaire, who was second only to Karl Marx, as Lenin's greatest inspiration. It was through the intervention of Parvus that Lenin was sent to Russia.

"Russia was no triumph of the workers, but seems rather to be only a gigantic investment by Jewish capitalists towards their own personal ends."

All of this is not the result of a transitory accord between Jews and Bolsheviks. It went like this everywhere:

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[326] Although Lenin is not believed to have had any children, other leading Bolsheviks did keep their families at the Kremlin at that time. See: Aliluyeva, p. 227.
[327] I.e., Bielorussia, or Belarus.
[328] I.e., the late Nineteenth Century.
[329] Trotsky was in New York at the outbreak of the Revolution in Russia.

"In Hungary, the primary leaders were the Jews Béla Kun, Agoston Peter, Grunbaum, and Weinstein; in Bavaria, they were called: Kurt Eisner, Loewenberg, Birbaum, and Kaiser; in Berlin the abortive revolution had as its leaders Rosa Luxembourg, Lewisohn, and Moses; in China the Bolshevik organizer was the Jew Borodin-Grusenberg;[330] in Italy the leading Marxist was the Jew Claudio Trèves; in Brazil the recent Marxist insurrection had as its leaders the Jews Rosenberg, Gardelsran, Gutnik, Goldberg, Strenberg, Jacob Gria and W. Friedmann; and finally in Spain, the red revolution was organized by the Jew Béla Kun, supported by the Jew Rosenberg and 'legitimized' before the League of Nations by the Jew Del Vayo."

[165/"] And all of these events fall moreover into the sequence which had been foreseen by the Jew Baruch Levi (yet another prophet), in his letter to his friend Karl Marx (whose real name was Karl Mordechai, the son of the Rabbi of Treves):

"In the new organization of humanity," wrote Baruch Levi to the author of Jewish socialist doctrine, "the children of Israel will spill out over the entire surface of the globe and shall everywhere become, without opposition, the leading element, particularly if one of them should happen to have imposed a firm control over the working classes. The governments of the nations forming the Universal Republic will effortlessly pass into the hands of the Jews, under the cloak of the victory of the proletariat. Private property will then be suppressed by the governors of the Jewish race, who will everywhere be in control of the public funds. Thus the Talmudic promise will be fulfilled, in that until the time of the Messiah has arrived, the Jews ["/284] will possess the goods of all of the peoples of the Earth." (Letter cited in the *Revue de Paris*, 1st of June 1928, page 574.)

The big Jews are proud, seeing nothing blameworthy in their Bolshevik Revolution of '17, the Grand Rabbi Juda L. Magnes, of New York, in 1919, here making us privy to his joy:

"The radical qualities which are innate to the Jew take things to their extremes, bringing forth in Germany a Marx and a Lassalle, a Haas and an Eduard Bernstein[331]; in Austria it brings forth a Victor Adler and a Friedrich Adler, and in Russia a Trotsky. Look at the current situation in Germany and in Russia. The Revolution set the Jew's creative forces into motion, and you can see how great a contingent of Jews has immediately readied itself for the battle. Socialists, Revolutionaries, Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, Majoritarian Socialists, Minoritarian Socialists, whatever the name that they happen to be going under, Jews can be found in all of these parties both as their dedicated leaders and as their rank-and-file workers."

In the newspaper *The Communist*, of Kharkov, No. 72, 12 April 1919, one Mr. Cohen also appears to us as being most content:

"It can be said without exaggeration that the great Russian Revolution was the handiwork of the Jews… It was precisely the Jews who led the Russian proletariat into the dawn of the 'Internationale.'"

Leaving all of this aside, we try to convince ourselves of a certain whiff of "Ambiguity"…of Carbonarism[332] by omission…of uncoordinated conspiracies…of extensions of a blank wall…of Mafia…of footsteps above the ceiling…some sort of "Tour de

[330] See pp. 195-200, esp. p. 197, of this work.
[331] Founder of "Revisionist" Marxism.
[332] Refers to conspiratorial Italian nationalist revolutionary societies.

Nesle"…which would provoke you to laughter… That good joke… "You've got Jews everywhere"… You would think that due to this, we would know enough not to be left holding the bag… I myself am quite sensible as to that which is ridiculous… But nevertheless, there are the manes…of people, of events…which regroup themselves unmistakably, irrefutably, immediately, implacably, around each one of our catastrophes, of cawing, virulent, relentless, voracious Jews…like the flight of a thousand crows from Hell, unto the very sites of all of our disasters. This has not been made up.

Extravagances! …polemical gobbledygook! …the ravings of emaciated rabbis…febrile! …the visions of old Cabalists!… Chimaera of the synagogues! …the fleeting coincidences of various nasty deliria! It's all easily said…

[166/"] Are you going to tell me in addition that all of these imprecatory flub-dubs date from dark ages…that nowadays all of our important, our ["/285] most eminent Jews are completely emancipated from the tutelage of their cruddy rabbis, and that our modern Kikes, all of them, are infinitely "progressive" in having broken with all that, and have an insatiable thirst for Experimental Science, Freemasonic Enlightenment, and statistics, and are intellectually super-refined, and liberated…that all of these chortlings and machinations, these super-Cabalistic divinations, elicit only an absolutely condescending smile from them…just as others might condescendingly smile at Transubstantiation, or the Resurrection of Christ… Machinations in sum puerile, of poor *djibouks* in a jam…oracular superstitions, old creaking detritus off of the Biblical scarecrow…stupidities…

Perhaps you might also tell me that the Big Jews, of great global Jewish influence, no longer maintain any but the most nebulous relations with their rabbis and their synagogues…rather distant…vague…the absolute minimum…out of ordinary courtesy…and that they have other cats to skin…these important Jews…more serious things… Very well.

Do you know about the executive power of all the world's Jewry, known as the "Kahal"?… The Assembly of the Learned Elders of Israel?… Perhaps you recall that Napoleon, disturbed by universal Jewish power, attempted to harness the forces of the Kahal for his benefit, to make the Kahal work for his own Napoleonic global policy, and above all to situate this Kahal in France, under the name of the "Grand Sanhedrin"…and that Napoleon failed, pitifully, and most fatally in this endeavor. (There was always something of the cuckold about Napoleon.) Do you know how the Jew Léon Say, in debate before Parliament later-on, would comment concerning the great Napoleonic defeat, as to what must surely have been the major cause,[333] the most decisive of all, beyond all doubt, of that great debacle? "The mysterious force of finance which one cannot resist, even when one's name is Napoleon."

As for those of us who are not Napoleon, our lot depends even more so than his upon the good will of the important Jews, the "gray eminencies." It would be far from idiotic to suppose that our destiny is certainly being discussed even now within the consistories of the Kahal, and in the Lodges as well if not even more so. To be precise, in France, the Central Consistory is directed by Grand Rabbi Israël Lévi. The President having no lord lesser than the King of France himself, would be to wit Baron Edouard de Rothschild… The Vice-Presidencies are held by MM. Bloch-Laroque and Helbronner ["/286] (an Advisor of State)… You see how one remains sufficiently practicing even in very high positions… The Treasurers are MM. Oualid and Weisweiller (they'll never get into too much difficulty)… The members

[333] OV: "cause majeure."

of the Central Consistory represent not only Paris, but also the little "Kahals" of the various regions of France, the Lodges…etc.

Here is the roster from the *Annuaire 1937-38* (of which absolutely nothing is secret).

Aboucaya, Léon.
Bader, Maurice.
Baur, Marcel.
Blum, Jules. [167/"]
Bodenheimer, Henri.
Brisac, Jules.
Cahen, Adolphe.
Cahen, Albert.
Cahen d' Anvers.
Debre, Simon, Grand Rabbin.
Dorville, Armand.
Ducas, Raymond.
Eudlitz, Moise, Dr.
Hayem, Jules.
Helbronner, Paul.
Jacob, Elie.
Klein, Dr.
Leven, Georges.
Matchou, Dr.
Merzbach, Georges.
Moch, Fernand.
Mossé, Armand.
Naiditch, Isaac.
Nedjar, Maurice.
Olchanski, R.-A.
Propper, Michel.
Rothschild, Robert (Baron de).
Salzedo, Mosès A.
Sananès. [168/"]
Sée, Jacques.
Simon, Jules.
Trèves, André Dr. ["/287]
Weill, Mathieu.
Wormser, Georges.
Sachs, à Paris.
Bakouche, André, Constantine.
Behr, Simon, Nancy (Meurthe-et-Moselle).
Geismar, Pierre, Neuilly-sur-Marne.
Kahn, André, Lunéville.
Lajeunesse, Henri, Lille.
Lang, René, Lyon.
Messiah, B., Saint-Pierre-les-Elbeuf (S. Inf.).
Risser, Gaston, Rouen.
Seches (Grand Rabbin), Lyon.
Seiligmann, André, Vaucouleurs (Meuse).

Sommer, Léon, Tours.
Wormser, Achille, Dijon.

The Masonic Lodges have always counted among their adherents a very large contingent of "upwardly-mobile brothers," simple little beings eager to improve their small stakes…their material subsistence…to assure and to augment their "moneybelts," their petty ambitions on display…aspiring little despotic bosses… They constitute the infantry, the great cohort of Freethinker underlings.

Evidently nothing is demanded of these poltroons, these wayward little camel-jockey pimps, other than to sputter forth "to all and sundry," that poxy electoral gibbering…that regurgitation of demagogic formulations, all shit forth for drunken Robots… They do all of that!… No expense will be spared in order to initiate them, these wood lice, into the Grand Designs. The Israelite Consistory has formed them expressly, creating them towards that end, for the study and the effectuation of the Grand Jewish Designs. They thus constitute an elite. They are no longer just a little gang of sly and cunning crooks, fare-dodging, neo-Jesuitical, overblown, and overrated, as they swarm, inevitably, in the depths of all of the Lodges… Reflectively shiny [169/"] pigeons… But no! But no!… Very few postmen, waiters, excavators, fire chiefs, or schoolteachers are amongst these eminencies… No one but persons of high social station, highly cultured, already satisfied, supersaturated by common men's pleasures…face, ass, salon, etc., being the pleasures of Ministers…

Amply liberated from all material concerns, these veritable "Learned Elders"[334] might allow themselves to be seen, very high up, and from very far away… ["/288] Frenchmen, these are your masters!… They already occupy the position… But at the same time Communist?… And why not?… Certainly!…

Communistic more or less… What the Devil! They all may as well be Doriotists, or Laroquists… Whatever you want…to the extent that it matters!… Mr. Baron de Rothschild (Maurice) cast his vote in the Senate, absolutely the same as Cachin,[335] for the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact… Baron James de Rothschild, the Mayor of Compiègne,[336] stands down in favor of a Popular Front candidate, just as the legislative elections come around… A guy's got to do what a guy's got to do…

But what exactly is the role of this Consistory? …central?… I'll show you…

"It deliberates and makes decisions concerning the situation brought about by events; it decides upon those measures which it deigns to apply. In this way it insinuates itself into the daily life of every Jew, and by it he is directed, in every aspect to some extent. And in this way as well is the activity of each member of the Jewish Community exercised, in the manner indicated by the Cabal, and in the exclusive interests of Judaism."

There, now do you understand, Corporal Peugot?… As soon as the next firing range opens "For the Liberation of Peoples," and for a France ever more free and happy, you are certainly going to fall for it!… The opening jig, as usual my friend, will be for your cuckold's thorax! It should be said!… The Consistory and all of the little friends of the Consistory have

[334] I.e., the Learned Elders of Zion.
[335] Refers to Marcel Cachin, a Socialist leader.
[336] Hitler would accept the surrender of the Third Republic in this city, in June 1940.

their democratic eyeballs fixed, hypnotized, upon your guts! Ah! just like the English! No more so! …but no less!… Is it War or Peace?… A couple of Jewesses!…

In conclusion, French "Commies," you will be going off to war, at the exact hour chosen by your absolute lord and master, Mr. Baron de Rothschild...upon the hour fixed, in full agreement, with his sovereign cousins in London, New York and Moscow. It is he, Mr. de Rothschild, who will sign your Decree of General Mobilization, through that intermediary person, his puppet-proxy-Minister of trembling plume.

Ah! If only we still had a few balls, here in France…some little thing for us to say… Ah! If only we were still able to reedit the "*Timid Supplication*"[337]… But we can no longer do anything…no longer say a single word… We will go crawling upon our knees…the rope around our necks…all the way to the Consistory…more humbly than anyone else…to beg them to spare us…for one more year…eighteen months…so that peace might be brought about through us once and for all… "The Aryan Peace"…

["/289] What is it that we have to give?… The two hundred famous families, Whether Aryan or non-Aryan, these I will let you have! I won't keep a single one!… I will make of them, from me to you, a most royal present… I won't cry over their diseased exit! Rest well assured! All of the Petenôtres, Lenderlins, Dupuys… Renaults… Wendels… Schneiders… Michelins and *tutti* Cotys… But you can haul them all away… I don't need them for anything… I assure you… Only [170/"] insofar as you find all of this amusing, I would then ask you that at the same time we play fair! fair play all the way to the end!… Let us not forget the Consistory in this all-'round skinning…nor those fine families associated with it… Nor the great exploitative Kikeish financial trusts… L.L. Dreyfus (multi-billionaires) for example, nor the Baders and their consorts…those great friends of MM. Blum… But no!… But no!… No way!… My appetite will not be satiated by a few associates and terrified remnants…the scapegoats of already-fled entities… Turk's-head candies… But let's see! Nope!… I reject this "going with the flow"!… I want something of substance!… Something real! …those truly responsible! …the "Cabalistic hard-liners"… I have a hunger![338]… An enormous hunger!… A truly totalitarian hunger!… A global hunger!… A hunger for Revolution!… A hunger for planetary conflagration!… For the activation of all of the hecatombs in the Universe! Surely a divine appetite! Biblical!…

[337] Facetiously refers to *The (London) Times Supplement*.
[338] Or, "tooth" (*dent*).

["/290][339]

"Neither promise nor agreement obligates the Jew with regard to Christians."
– The Talmud

Currently there's the rather extensive article on that handsome Thorez[340]…on the cover of *My Life*…his rather large mug freely offered… Boubouroche in triumph… Incredible!…in shirt sleeves…ample in warmth…ample in flesh…amply vain…amply chubby-cheeked…the ideal Aryan for the Jewish prestidigitator… The dreamt-of cuckold… The newly-promoted sergeant…delighted…exultant…"on a roll"…the maiden voyage!…glittering with the stripe… For pity's sake!…

What a splendid piece of work to have walking about in a cage of vampires! What a propitious, savory turkey! Poor innocent super-puppet!… See the Baby-Führer right here!… The anointed anointer! …who is going to play our poor little part, already so compromised, on the international checkerboard?…against the cabal of political horse-traders, diplomats, "idols," and Jewish commissars, the most cunning, the most perverse, the most obfuscating, the most corrupt, sinister, menacing, venomous, and scorpion-like imaginable!… An assemblage of rogues, *djibouks*, double agents, magicians, she-asses, illusionists, charlatans, the most comprehensive, the best camouflaged, the best assorted, the most racist, the most impudent on the planet, of proven con-men, well-practiced, bewitching, official, officious, highly-placed, within the sinister intrigue, of magic, hundred-fold dissembly, evasion, the hundred thousand Asiatic sleights of hand, the tarot of assassination, the mirage-filled deserts…of headless cadavers…of ropes from which no one is currently hanging…of words leading to nothing…of false trunk-lids…of smoke signals… Unsurpassable virtuosi in all of the reconditeness and pitfalls of casuistry…unimaginable acrobats within all of the catacombs and dungeons… The very quintessence of the most infinitely vicious criminal gangsters in the Universe… And who is then going to defend our interests? …our bones, our pathetic "plots"… Who? That Bunch?… Shit!… This is going badly!… This is going very badly!… A single monosyllable is all that is necessary for the Kikes.

[339] Same as p. 177 (302).
[340] Refers to Maurice Thorez, PCF head, 1930s-60s.

["/291]

The non-Jews were created in order to serve the Jew day and night. – The Talmud

The Jews in France, either directly or by proxy, possess the following Trusts which dispose of 750 billion of the 1,000 billion franc French national fortune:

Trust: Banks and Gold[341]

- Food
- Luxury Items from Paris[342]
- Furriers
- Dressmaking and Hosiery
- Petroleum and its Derivatives
- Furniture
- Shoes
- Transport and Railroads
- Electricity
- Water and gas
- Chemical and Pharmaceutical Products
- Telegraphic Agencies
- Narcotics
- Armaments
- Poison Gas
- Major grain Elevators and Mills
- Wheat
- Journalism and the Press
- Articles of Worship
- Leather-working ["/292]
- Book Publishing
- Dime Stores
- Theaters (playwrights and facilities)
- Cinema (Studios)
- Trade Fairs (Black marketeers) [172/"]
- Automobiles (drivers' education)

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[341] Both money and actual gold are implied.

[342] OV: "Articles de Paris," i.e., luxury items mostly for women, such as perfume, which are advertised as having come from Paris.

- Sponges and Brush Fibers
- Jewelry
- Real Estate Speculation
- Usury and Swindle
- Radio Stations
- Political Organizations
- Art Objects and Antiques
- Franchise Chains
- Photographic Supplies
- Mineral Water
- Real Estate Agencies
- Department Stores
- Fashion and *Haute Couture*
- Insurance
- Leather and Furs
- Coal Mines
- Aircraft Engines and Components
- Transoceanic Shipping Companies
- Medical Optics
- Haberdasheries
- Clothiers
- Foundries and Forges
- Natural Resources (a global trust)
- Major Breweries [173/”]
- Tourism (Major Hotels, spas, Casinos, etc.)
- Sugar Refineries
- Military Adjudication
- Vacuum Tubes
- Liberal Professions (the education thereof)
- and the French Church![343] and the Pope!

One would have to be more oblivious than a week-old calf not to admit that, under these circumstances, the Jews [”/293] are certainly our tyrants…absolute, in that they absolutely, sovereignly decide concerning our existence or our suppression: Revolution, war, famine. In any publicly-owned company, once one of the stockholders acquires a majority (an overwhelming majority) of the shares, it is he who commands, and the others who obey. Just so many fragile pollywogs. And we are not even pollywogs, we others…non-stockholders! …sub-pollywogs!

[”/294] We must never forget that:

“It is to Freemasonry that one must credit the Republic of that epoch; it was the Masons and the Lodges which made the Republic.”
– *Convention of the Grand Orient de France*, 1887.

“The first act of the Freemasons will be to glorify the Jewish race, which has maintained unadulterated the divine contributions of science. Thus they will depend upon her in the breaking-down of the boundaries.”

[343] “Lisieux,” a city which is an important site for pilgrimages, and signifies the French (Roman Catholic) Church, in its mystical, pietistic, commercial, and French-Identity aspects.

– *Le Symbolisme* (a Masonic magazine), 1926.

"Freemasonry is a Jewish establishment, whose history, grades, official appointments, passwords, and explanations are Jewish from beginning to end."
– Rabbi Isaac Wise
Israelite of America, 1886.

"The International Revolution is Freemasonry's work for tomorrow."
– *Bulletin Officiel de la Grande Loge de France*, October 1922.
[174/295]
"The men of power in this century[344] do not conduct affairs only with Governments, Kings, and Ministers, but also with secret Societies. At the last moment they can set all accords at nothing. They have agents everywhere, agents without scruples, who could be called upon for assassination. They could, if they judged it appropriate, orchestrate a massacre."
– Disraeli, English Prime Minister.

"The spirit of Freemasonry is the spirit of Judaism in its most fundamental beliefs; it's in its ideas, it's in its language, it's almost its very organization."
– *Le Vérité Israélite*.

"Masonry is nothing more, nothing less than the revolution in action, a permanent conspiracy."
– Initiation Secrets to the 33rd Degree.
["/296]
"The messianic epoch will be that glorious epoch in which the extermination of the Christians and Gentiles will be accomplished."
– Grand Rabbi Ahabanel.

All the same, it is enough to regard, a little more closely, that lovely mug of the Kike, either male or female, of quite ordinary attribute, in order to fix it in your mind forever… Those spying eyes with their wan cast…that fixed smile…those lips so reminiscent: of a hyena… And then all of a sudden that look which is cast, heavy, leaden, stupid…the nigger's blood which circulates within… Those forever unquiet naso-labial conjunctures…fluctuating, lined, reproachful, defensive, and then erupting into hatred and disgust…for you!…for you the abject animal, of the enemy race, accursed, to be destroyed… Their noses, their "toucan's beak" of the swindler, the traitor, the felon, that nose of Stavisky,[345] Barmat, Tafari[346]…of all of the low-down schemes, all of the betrayals, which lead-off towards, lower into, and weigh upon the mouth, their hideous slot, that rotten banana, their *croissant*, the lurid Kikeish smile, so gutter level, so slimy, even in beauty pageants, the profile of the sucking proboscis: the Vampire… It is but a matter of zoology! …elementary!… It's your blood that these ghouls are after!… It's enough to make you scream…to jump with a start, if there remains the least little inkling of instinct in your veins, if anything goes around in your flesh and in your head, other than lukewarm boilerplate rhetoric, rife with petty deceptions, marinated in alcohol… Such facial expressions as one finds on the mugs of the Jews, you should know, are not improvised, they do not date only from yesterday or from the Dreyfus Affair… They surge

[344] The Nineteenth Century is here implied.
[345] Refers to Serge Stavisky (b.*c*.1886, Kiev, emigrated to France, 1900), junk-bond dealer, fraud discovered in 1933, major scandal ensued, d. 1934.
[346] Refers to Haile Selassie, a.k.a. Ras Tafari.

forth from the depths of the ages, in order to horrify us, and [”/297] to drag us into miscegenation, into bloody Talmudic quagmires, in sum into the complete Apocalypse!…

Unhappiness of the Damned! Die then impossible creature!… Reject! You no longer start with fright even at the sight of such monsters! Don’t you see your torture and your death inscribed, in the lines on those visages? What mirror do you then need?… In order to see your own death?…

[175/”] All of these uglinesses certainly mean something. Observe! Even if you are too lazy to read-up on it in the books, at least learn how to decode and to read in the faces of the Jews, the warrant put out on you, the Warrant, the Animated Advertisement, grimacing, for your extermination.

["/298]

We have something a thousand, nay a hundred thousand times
worse than the Fermiers Généraux.[347]
We have the Jews and the Freemasons.

Jews! *Fixe!*
You do not want for imagination!
You have it by leaps and bounds!
I am not *cagoulard* Nº 1. [348]
I am not paid by Goering.
Nor by Musso[349] nor by Tardieu!…
Not even by Mr. Rothschild! (Anything is possible)
I have not been paid by anyone…
I will Never be paid by anyone.
I do not want to establish any party.
I do not want to climb upon a platform.
I do not want to dominate anyone.
I do not need money.
I do not want power.
Truly I do not want anything.
But I am in my own country, and the Jews are getting on my nerves,
And their machination give me the shits.
I have said it clearly, in my own way…
Just as I think.

At ease!

Fixe!…
If all of the Jews were turned back, if they were transferred
To Palestine along with their Freemasonic patrons – who adore them so –
We would cease to be "Untouchables"
In the country of the Negrito Emirs… ["/299]
We would have neither war, nor bankruptcy…
Until after a long while has passed…a long while…a very long while…
And we would have plenty of vacant situations…immediately

[347] Or "Tax Farmers," refers to a kind of revenue collector under the *Ancien Régime*, who foreclosed on estates owing back-taxes.
[348] Refers to a hooded far-Right activist, reminiscent of a Klansman.
[349] I.e., Mussolini (Benito).

Right now…in truth the best…
Our children would no longer need
To go begging, supplicating…
To the Jews…the Freemasons…and other brain-eating tapeworms…
Vermin, "Farmer-worms"[350] of the Common Flesh…
For some little ones only a pittance remains…
Alms…charity…
They would no longer need to supplicate the Jews
To pretty please be allowed to live…
To subsist, on their own territory, just a little while longer…
A reprieve! Before going off to die for them…
For their deviltries, their farces, their complexes… [176/"]
The prodigious feasts
By the Jewish octopuses
In the terrible furious battles
In the great Cabalistic furnaces.

At ease!

["/300] In days of yore, when the Jews became stubborn or insolent, the Kings became cruel. When the Jew Simon did not want to make his treasure available to King Henry III, the King had him summoned, and had seventeen of his teeth pulled out, separating each of the extractions with the demand: "Lend me your treasure…"

The Jew relented after the seventeenth tooth. This means of borrowing has been abandoned by modern Chiefs of State, but in order not to lose the precedent, the men of finance have applied it to their fashion of lending.

Today, it is the men of high finance (the Jews) who, in effect, wrench-out the teeth of governments until they deliver unto them the moneys of their citizens.

This latter counterbalances the former.

Under Louis XV and Louis XVI, the trend towards equality became the acceptable thing, finance rose in prestige, and dignity declined. The masses were skinned alive, but the talents of individuals were made to flourish.

Today the latter and the former are dying equally.

(Extract from *A History of the Men of Finance*, by John Grand Carteret.)

["/301] Hey there! Listen up, Jewry! the entire *Mascaille*!

So you want to cover me with garbage! I hear your tawdry surreptitions! your riflings-through! your screwings-over of your wastebaskets! How dimwitted and stupid you are! More flatulent! More cowardly! More vile than a herd of rhinos panicking in a sty!

[350] "Fermiers lombricaux" (rhymes with the aforementioned *Fermiers Généraux*); *lombric* = earthworm.

What a fine thing it is to say! What a fine thing it is to shove along! What a fine thing it is to do! “Princes!” [351] What a fine thing it is to kill! She-asses! Nutballs! High priests of treason!

Fellow workmen! Cry it out like a wheelright!

Ding! Ding! Dong!

May you get it in the ass!

Chiming of the bells! Charades! Whirlwinds!

[177/”] May you get it right in the ass!

The shits!

[351] Facetious attribution to wealthy Jews; parallel with the expression “Jewish-American princesses,” or “J.A.P.s,” in American parlance.

[177/302][352]

"Neither promise nor agreement obligates the Jew with regard to the Christians."
– The Talmud

Currently there's the rather extensive article on that handsome Thorez[353]…on the cover of *My Life*…his rather large mug freely offered… Boubouroche in triumph… Incredible!…in shirt sleeves…ample in warmth…ample in flesh…amply vain…amply chubby-cheeked…the ideal Aryan for the Jewish prestidigitator… The dreamt-of cuckold… The newly-promoted sergeant…delighted…exultant…"on a roll"…the maiden voyage!…glittering with the stripe… For pity's sake!…

What a splendid piece of work to have walking about in a cage of vampires! What a propitious, savory turkey! Poor innocent super-puppet!… See the Baby-Führer right here!… The anointed anointer! …who is going to play our poor little part, already so compromised, on the international checkerboard?…against the cabal of political horse-traders, diplomats, "idols," and Jewish commissars, the most cunning, the most perverse, the most obfuscating, the most corrupt, sinister, menacing, venomous, and scorpion-like imaginable!… An assemblage of rogues, *djibouks*, double agents, magicians, she-asses, illusionists, charlatans, the most comprehensive, the best camouflaged, the best assorted, the most racist, the most impudent on the planet, of proven con-men, well-practiced, bewitching, official, officious, highly-placed, within the sinister intrigue, of magic, hundred-fold dissembly, evasion, the hundred thousand Asiatic sleights of hand, the tarot of assassination, the mirage-filled deserts…of headless cadavers… of ropes from which no one is currently hanging…of words leading to nothing…of false trunk-lids…of smoke signals… Unsurpassable virtuosi in all of the reconditeness and pitfalls of casuistry…unimaginable acrobats within all of the catacombs and dungeons… The very quintessence of the most infinitely vicious criminal gangsters in the Universe… And who is then going to defend our interests? …our bones, our pathetic "plots"… Who? That Bunch?… Shit!… This is going badly!… This is going very badly!… A single monosyllable is all that is necessary for the Kikes.

[352] Same as p.170 (290).
[353] Refers to Maurice Thorez, PCF head, 1930s-60s.

["/304]

"As soon as the order for mobilization is given, and before departing upon the glorious route towards their destinies, the partisans will cut down MM. Béraud and Maurrras like dogs."
(*Le Populaire*, November 1933.)

Ah! don't forget about me!

While waiting for the brigades of Jewish assassins to show up, get in line!

Little Fuzzy-Wuzzies, fire away! fire true! Take care!

[178/305]

“Only the Jews are human; the other nations are naught but varieties of animal.”
– The Talmud

I no longer recall which cack-handed little twit of a Hymie (I forget his name, but it was a Hymie name) who took the trouble, over the course of five or six issues of a supposedly medical journal (Jewish lapdogs in reality), to take a shit all over my works and my “grotesqueries” in the name of psychiatry. The racist rage and the neurotic envy of this whiner were disguised, for this purpose, as “scientific” vituperation. He was foaming with insults, this sicko, deliriously, multifariously, in his psycho-Freudian jargon. Considering his lexicon, his obsession, and his pathos, this imbecile must have been an alienationist. Almost all alienationists are idiots, but this one here gave the impression of being possessed of a truly rigid “stupidity,” of being a super-critic in essence. I no longer recall just which hereditary defects, mental and physical, or which abject perversions, monstrous dispositions, morbid obsessions, and spiritual rottenness, that this pedantic sub-bitch cited in explaining all of my books. But in any case, there had never been so warty a toad (referring to my head) completely dripping with toxic guano, which was more hideous, more insufferable with regard to that perfect, white dove (referring to himself). All of this is without importance, save for one amusing observation, which suggests itself: Freudianism has done a lot for the Jews in medicine and in psychiatry. It has given the Diploma to all of these sub-niggers, grotesque, double-dip-shitty and turkey-like, allowing them a free hand in all of their fads, alienations, chaotic animuses, shameful megalomanias, and interpersonal tyrannies… They are all pontificators of Freudianism, these Congoid expatriate [”/306] brush-hoppers, with all of their diabolical, neo-fetishistic effronteries… “All of Liberia within our walls!” In the colonies there is nothing more comical, nor a more lively subject for amusement, than the supercilious airs put on by the native doctors freshly graduated from our colonial Medical Faculties. They are worthy of their onus of ridicule. But here we accept this, the boogie-woogie of the doctors, of the worst hallucinogenic negrito Jews, as being worth good money!… Incredible! The very least diploma, the very least new magic charm, makes the negroid delirious, and makes all of the negroid Jews flush with pride! This is something that everybody knows… It has been the same way with our own Kikes ever since their Buddha Freud delivered unto them the keys to the soul! (Elie Faure declared to me several days before his death that Freud had discovered the exact spot where God was located! where the soul was to be found!) Admire how the judge and make decisions, currently, and in all sovereignty, our Kikeish super-genius overseers, concerning the entire worthiness, truthfulness, and power, of all of our spiritual productions! Without appeal! Freud! The alter ego of God! Just as Kaganovich is the alter ego of Stalin!

We must now go to have ourselves judged by these emanations of God himself, little children paralyzed with fear, bleating all the way!

I myself shit Jewish criticism, every morning, and that hasn't done anything to hurt my own ass! So to speak…

But whereby have all these savages acquired so much insolence? Who will make all of these ruptured magical figurines return to their straw huts…all of these negroid buffoons, these depraved "bongo-beaters" with Parchments? …these coconut-headed demigods? What sort of remnant is going to fill these apes and their hecatombs with lead? make them crawl back into their lairs? close their mouths with manioc, and keep their garbage more to themselves? What sort of remnant?… Jewish experts? Jewish psychiatrists? Here are the judges of our thoughts! of our wills! of [179/"] our acts! This is the final blow! In this we are lower than monkeys! Diddle-shit caked on the asses of apes! To ask the opinion, even the permission of shit, just to breathe!

["/307] Dr. Faustus spoke with the Devil. Dr. Freud talks to God. All is well.

["/308] Brief citations:

"No man, be he a writer, politician or diplomat, can be considered fully developed until he has squarely addressed the Jewish problem." – Wickham Stead.

"The admission of this sort of person can only be considered most dangerous. One could compare them to wasps which one would introduce into a hive, only to have them kill the bees, open-up their stomachs, and extract the honey from their guts. Such are the Jews…" – Petition of the merchants to Louis XV (1777).

"Ah! If only Titus had not destroyed Jerusalem, we would have been spared this Jewish plague, and the conquerors would not now be groaning under the yoke of the conquered." – Claudius Rutilius Numatianuss, Gallo-roman poet (*c.* 350 AD)

"In Germany the Jews played the leading roles, and were the revolutionaries of the first order. They were the writers, the philosophers, the poets, the orators, the publicists, the bankers who carried in their heads and in their hearts the weight of their ancient infamy. They will become the scourge of Germany … But they will probably come to harm sometime in the future." – Metternich (1849).

Anything more complicated is false and rotten.

[”/309]

“It is my superstitious belief that if the Dictatorship of the Proletariat were to fail, it would be because it hadn’t spilled enough blood.” – Béla Kun.

[Gs.:] “But I am perfectly well aware that you don’t like Jews!” Gustin answered me, “But you’ve filled my ears to overflowing… It doesn’t bear constant repetition. You enervate us with your diatribes… But I don’t like them either, in fact I detest them, however, I am accommodating… One has to put up with their evil… In my practice among the clientele between Epinay and the “Bastions,” they are the ones who are stealing the whole show… There’s nothing left for anybody but them, down in the flatlands… It was peaceful beforehand… There were Fathers Comart and Gendron… I spoke with you before the war… One lived without coming to harm… Now, there are fourteen Jews and three [180/”] Armenians in the same place. They have driven-off all of us natives… When one goes off to war, one commits suicide… For each Frenchman killed at Verdun, twenty Yids arrived. Entire cohorts of Yids have built-up within our medical faculties. All of the examination boards are amenable, are devoted to the Jews, Judaized body and soul. Our top specialists’ foremost clients are Jews, don’t forget… It is they who pay our top specialists…and he who pays has the last word!… They get themselves treated, and more… That well predisposes the Jews, the young Jews, in the faculty examinations… those magnificent “social equalizers,” the competitive examinations… to them go all of the to the house… As for the Frenchman, his ‘social equalizer’ is the ‘false benediction’… That’s good enough for the mug, that’s all he deserves!… They have allowed our Jewkins to pop-up like mushrooms throughout medicine…in the name of the Rights of Man… That ‘naturalizes’ the Jewkin, quicker than piss… This syndicate [”/310] works on all sides, it clots-up in all of the Lodges… This is the ‘take-nique’ of the invasion…the ‘medical cuckoo’… Why resist it? They’ve taken everything! …even the Archbishop has been won-over by the big Jews… There’s nothing like a ‘converted’ Jew for the revitalization of the Churches… The Pope’s doctor has to be a Jew… It’s a tradition… The Vatican is a ghetto like any other… Official Vatican policy has always been propitious towards Jewry… We have had Jewish bishops, even Jewish popes…a completely Freemasonic clergy… When one no longer wants them around, not the least little bit, and one turns-up the heat a little on them, where, I ask you, do the Jews find refuge? The Vatican! And to resist them? …our army?… Judaized to the hilt! …since Dreyfus, since Alexandre Millerand,[354] Jew (son of a concierge to a synagogue!) All of the generals? in their pocket! and the Police?… But look… All of those who keep the keys to the cupboard, to the Stock Exchange, to the Wineries, to Education, to Books, to the Cinema, to Music… Jews!…

[354] Millerand (1859-1943) was Premier (1920), President (1920-24), and Senator (1925-40), among other public offices. (Not to be confused with *Mitterrand*.)

All of the Music Halls! all of the theaters (including the Comédie-Française), all of the newspapers, all of the radios are Jews and Jewesses, militant for Jewry, bubbling-over for Jewry…even folklorists, if need be! …the devil! 'the better to entice you, my child, so as the better to strangle you'… All of the stars (with a few rare exceptions) of stage, screen, music, science, and 'thought,' are Jews (by one-half, one-third, or one-quarter). The people don't hum, eat, drink, read, admire, vote, or listen to, anything but that of the Jew… Hey there, pot-roast! you hilariously rambling little scribbler, with what do you intend to bullshit us? do you intend to astound us with your manias?… Could you answer me just a little? drop just a bread-crumb?… But they are going to figure you out! my friend! do you know the Jews?… You still do not know them… But no… but no…not yet… Tell me, aren't there any times when you've picked-up a chick? …is it, say, Rheumatism?"

[F.:] "I've never had any… I've never had a chick…"

[Gs.:] "Why?…"

[F.:] "I'm afraid to fall in love…"

[Gs.:] "You're hateful, and also, it's repulsive… It's your foul nature…"

Gustin drank heavily, but even so he saw clearly.

[F.:] "They have it all… There are a million Jews allocated to France…perhaps two million, if one counts the Judaized…the *mascailles*. They ultimately do what they want… and the opposition? there is none! …the 'Colonels'[355]…the 'Doriots'[356]…they are simple diversions…it's nothing serious…it's the Morphine [181/311] Shakes… They will be playing only cameo roles in the Tragedy… Should the colonist be left to be eaten?… That's the matter of utmost importance!… It's of no importance! my little one! …a trifle!… The Colonel never mentions the Yids! outside of that, he's allowed to say whatever he wants…just like Tardieu…he has full license! …babblings!… He who doesn't discuss the Jews, and doesn't include their being thrown out the door as part of his program, above all…is talking only to hear himself speak… He's holding back on his real thoughts…or else he's a terrible stupe…a thousand times more dangerous still…some sort of presumptuous blind man… His job is to lead the masses astray… The other Jacques[357] is from the same pouch…a bunch of 'showmen'…travel agents, I tell you… Not of crusades! no! but of cruises. They arrange for some 'privileges'…you understand? …some 'privileges'… They seduce, reassure the small-holders with some 'privileges'… All of those absolutely ineffectual Legal fictions, are part of the greater program…some amusement for the gallery…under the chapter heading: Diversions… Their handlers moreover, very painstakingly Judaized, have proceeded well in advance, orchestrating all of the concerts…all of the stages of the Cruise… 'Right here! Ladies and Gentlemen! there are still some excellent placements left!…' It could not be otherwise with these 'Guardians of Privilege'… They will founder as so many others have always done, over the past century, who have gone down amidst a veritable torrent of mad laughter. All of these knights of salivation, these Paladins of the visage, are raised up just so as to founder…at the desired moment, as decided upon, and preordained by the Jewish bankers, Jewish commissars, and Jewish International. They will need to say but a single

[355] Refers to the far-Right manifestations of 6 Feb. 1936.
[356] Refers to Jacques Doriot (1898-1945), a former French Communist, who was expelled from PCF in 1934, converted to fascism, and established the Parti Populaire Français in 1936.
[357] Refers to Jacques Doriot (see note above).

word, these big Jews, the Warburgs, the Rothschilds, in order to have all of these ham actors dissolved, at the hour chosen by the Cabal, in the same manner that they vaporized all of the other puppets, the big talkers: Boulanger… Poincaré… Clemenceau…etc. They turn a little knob and then…poof! …a good little man goes into oblivion…disappears… People no longer speak of him!…

"France is a Jewish colony, with no insurrection possible, with no discussion, nor murmur… A veritable Sinn Fein is needed for our liberation…an implacable racial instinct… But we don't have the Sinn Fein 'class'!… Far too many *enfiotés* are already too wine-besotted, degraded, feminized, Judaized, Masonized, and muzzled in every manner. A bunch of cankers rotted-out with alcohol, and ever the most greedy of rat-eaten rats. Atrocious! …a bunch of quite shameful little fistulas!… In order to vanquish, to be free of the Jew, one must first of all be able to tell him right to his snout: 'You and your stinking, rotten wad of money, you ["/312] can take one right in the mouth, and then get out! slimeball! or I'll rub you out!…' But who can say such a thing as that? …no one from our troupe… Hung-over, nickel-ante, fare-dodging, venal, imbecilic, and over-rated!… Not a chance! All of the peasant rebellions in France have failed pitifully, moreover!… A great tragedy!… Every curse befalls he who would even want to occupy himself with the French! …read a little, and reread again, the most astounding histories of the Dupleixes…the La Salles…the Montcalms…you will remain forever edified!… What other people carries, to its shame, such prodigious pages of halcyon oafishness?… There's nothing more to say, the die has been cast! And then the war[358] will come of its own accord, as a righted of wrongs, whenever it suits the 'Intelligence Service'[359]…and then we will have three fronts to maintain…with the Jews amassed towards the rear…amongst the Freemasonic generals…at War Council Headquarters… I am hereby telling you, I, Ferdinand, the secrets of the stars. Diplomacy is ever the abode, in essence, of special words and little reticulations of design, concerning the Art and the Manner of preparing the rottenest state of an epoch, of a continent, for partition, dismemberment, mincing…in the overall scramble…for pâté for the most voracious… After Poland, Turkey, and Austria… It is now our turn… It's simple…it's normal… That which the [182/"] Jews have decided, must come to pass!… Why so many gloomy Gusses?… Veal calves you are?… Vealers? …yes or hell no?… Resist who?… Resist how?… Have "Conscientious Objector" vealers ever been seen?… Are you trying to get yourself killed, bitch?… You'll be first! you first of all!… You are going to meet the martyrs in just a little bit! Up 'til now you've been shitting all over everybody! you are going to pay! blistered crab!… You can no longer count upon anyone… You are all alone!… It's a wicked thing, you know, what with the martyrs… You are going to be knocked down in droll fashion… And then you won't even be going to Heaven…because I'd like to forewarn you right now, that God Almighty is Jewish.[360] You have exasperated everyone…and you are going to gain just what?… In this great Latin country everything, absolutely everything is for sale, kept for a while, and then absolutely sold… The bourgeoisie, completely burned-out, greedy, cretinous and nattering, is a muck-up both coming and going!… It no longer knows anything but where to place its ancient buns in order to have them ass-reamed! …always! …all the more! …to have them filled as soon as possible by the first dick which offers itself! …to the one which is the most offering[361]… It's as propitious as an old hackney, it has loaded everything over to the Yids, to the extent that it knows how, all of ["/313] the keys to both town and country… Its sons…its daughters…its

[358] Refers to WWII.
[359] Refers to British Intelligence.
[360] Facetious attribution.
[361] OV: "la plus offrante [bite]," compare with note below.

false teeth…to the one who offers the most[362]… The nobility, that ancient imposture, rolls over and begs for consideration[363]… Under each of their beds one finds a Jew… The nobility is a bordello for the Yids…a lowly sub-Jewish tribe, something like the Sahel-dwellers perpetually following the camp of the African Battalion.[364] The nobles follow behind the Jews just to eat…just to hang on… The nobility has truly been a cloak for the Kikes throughout the ages, so often has it been the Kikes who ran through the parsnip patch with noble maidens. The French nobility must have sucked-up more than enough niggerly semen to flood the Plain of Azincourt… They are such gluttons for the prepuce. As for the Kings of France, to be quite honest, I have found them to have truly humorous noses… Ferdinand! …those truly humorous 'Bourbon' noses… Towards the Third or Fourth Century, the Queen Mother, somewhere…must certainly have gotten some, just a little bit…from some handsome Commissar…a Judeo-Christian…a Bolshevik of those days.[365] A Fuzzy-Wuzzy…don't you it so, Ferdinand? …that they have truly humorous noses? …that they have something of an Abyssinian air, our great Kings of France? That they are all somewhat Rastafarian?[366]… Look at Henry IV.

With the Catholic clergy it is much more transparent still, it's even transparent…these are some real Yids… For fear of losing their tabernacles, they are prepared to do anything at all… They are ready to bless whatever is put before them… The bungholes of hunting dogs…Masonic Temples…collection boxes for the Poor…machine-guns… They are not at all prejudiced… They are ever ready to make their unctuously plaintive simper at the moment when a person expires. They want to bless elevators…the Smiles of the Abbé Jouvence…many other little relics… They ask only to please… This is the most servile troupe of ham actors in the Universe.

"As for the people, I am going to explain it to you… A simpleton, a dupe, forever cuckolded, stuffed-full by his leaders, he will, provided that dissension is spread by wall posters, and that he's treated to a toot of fanfare, come wine-besotted to be turned about, to wherever he's wanted! to turn about in the breeze like a top, and to be resolved among the gusts… That is his destiny… That's his great opportunity!… To the good fortunes of war! for the strange magic of words![367] for the ever greater glory of Israel!… Israel Shylocratic, democratic, allied unto the death with the City,[368] the 'Intelligence' Service,[369] M. Loeb and the Comintern, a triple-*tablier*[370]of pigs' skin. All of those fine people will wind up, nothing but "Kosher" meat in the depths of the Maginot Tomb,[371] upon the sounding of that clarion call, by the International[372] this time! their mugs still shining with effervescent enthusiasm! This has already been written in the stars, it's a completely done deal! The slope is slippery as always… Let us note, so as not to leave anything out, that the working class as can be seen, at the present time, [183/"] as having become sufficiently vicious, as having given itself over to petty machinations lacking in élan, is pushing forcefully and ferociously towards the 'front,' in favor of every intervention, fanatically, solidaristically, in a manner currently characteristic

[362] OV: "au plus offrant [youtre]," compare with note above.
[363] This passage criticizes of the corruption of the nobility, rather than the aristocratic principle *per se*.
[364] "African Battalion" refers to French forces in Northern/Western Africa.
[365] Alludes to the Merovingian possession of an Hebraic ancestral bloodline. See: Baigent *et al.*, pp. 236-39.
[366] OV: "Tafaresques," alluding to Ras Tafari (or, Haile Selassie).
[367] OV: "marrante magie des mots" [note alliteration in the original].
[368] "City" refers to the London financial district.
[369] Refers to British Intelligence.
[370] "tablier" = a Masonic apron.
[371] Refers facetiously to the Maginot Line.
[372] Refers to the Comintern, or Third (Communist) International.

of the very worst Kikes of the Consistory… This is not playing nice-nice… This is not being cordial… For what are these crafty little devils hoping? …in the next war?… Still to be able to be spoiled little brats? …little draft-exempt wiseacres?… The “forcible lovers of factories”?… They are somewhat easily resigned, it seems to me, to the deaths of their “brothers of the soil”…because, is it not so…in the last war: of every three killed…two were peasants!… That’s considerable!… These things must not be forgotten… If only this might mean something to the brothers of the factory, across the way… But things no longer work that way at all!… Things never appear the same after a hiatus of twenty-four years!… Perhaps, once they goof things up, they will be able to see it for themselves… The Jews make certain promises and then, is it not so, they change their minds… The white dogs are to take up the rifle! all of the white dogs…without exception!… The herd is no longer abundant, it was enormously raided between ’14 and ’18… This time nothing will be left… It’ll be women who will work in the factories… As in Russia…the men will go to get themselves worked over… Whether working class or not…it’s all the same! …for equality amongst entrails!… You yourselves are not Jews? …you’re not? Then you should know that you have always been the hostages of the Jews!… The meat of experience. White men won’t see Peace in France even as morsels… From Ariège to the rue Lappe, from Billancourt to Trégastel, everyone will be taken away!… Blood sausages!… All of you will go through the meat grinder! Olivet! Dufour! Bidart!.. Dudule and Big Lulu! …and La Gencive! and Le Tondu!… Keriben and Vandenput…you will see none of this!… You will see only a cloud of blood and then you will be dead! …blown apart! …rendered into sections while still alive…all along the three fronts… One funnel you will be left to slop down with you still-moist guts…at another you will stir the soup, a great stew of mud and manure, with your stumps…your expelled lungs, worked into filigrees, translucent, will hang from the barbed wire like an embroidery… Won’t that be lovely? It’s already possible for you to while away Sunday afternoons by going thus to add your names to the Monuments to the Dead, the one of your parish… It will give you something to do on family outings… That way they won’t forget you…not right away… Start doing it tomorrow… Thus [”/315] engraved into the marble, you will be able to depart peacefully, the most free of spirits. These days, that’s the only place, that marble, that the Jews haven’t tried to monopolize… There you will be amongst your brothers of the race, that I guarantee you… You won’t find many Jewish surnames upon Monuments of the latter sort…the monuments to our dead…our piss-walls for ghosts, our cairns unto docile dopes, unto our super-cuckolded cadavers…our diseased ‘*monuments aux morts*,’ they say a lot about our past…our present, and all about our future… They aren’t looked at very closely, never very closely, I find, those meridian-markers of our fate… Everything remains written very clearly thereon…in that granite and that marble.

“This would be a splendid opportunity, as never has so magnificent a war been made available to the lost hordes, an extraordinary offer into which they may throw their hearts with reckless abandon! From brooding Dunkirk to glittering Biarritz!… For every taste! May there be enough room for our culinary sieves!… It’s going to be necessary to seek out, to rifle drolly through the Lists of Recruits in order to obtain all of the necessary personnel! …to comb through, to scour clear to the end in order to clear out the last crevasses of the terrain, in order to cleanse the least fissures where the indigenous people may be hiding out… Ah! Ah! Laridoire my buddy, you’re quivering! You are gamboling about already! You like the insignia, I see! You rejoice in wreckage! Wait just a little bit, my little trickster. But I find you, my boy, as pale as a deployment notice!… That’s an important doctor who’s talking about you! I can feel you ‘lost’ already… I can already see you lukewarm flesh skewered upon a spit… Is that a properly Gallic attitude?… You may go my [184/”] friend… Paradise is waiting!… Don’t bother to return I beg of you, ever! …under any pretext! Don’t worry

yourself over the welfare of the Jews!… They are comfortable. The Jew is exempt by nature… He is this…he is that… He's a doctor…a lawyer…too fat…too nearsighted…too rich…too slow. It pains him to be among us… He has always been the one to give orders… He is much too well-educated for us…too refined to be mixed-in…too vicious…more of an interpreter than a combatant…do you understand, you stupefied brute?… You wouldn't happen to be asking! deliriously! that the Salt of the Earth[373] be sown into the muck the same as yourself?… You won't dare say so too loudly!… This obscenity is good for you!… In your forecasting of events, those which are impending, know what is going on at the present moment…all of the bureaux in all of the Ministries of war, are being 'purged' thoroughly and extensively…["/316] In the Headquarters and in the Commands…as well as behind the scenes, there will soon remain none but those officers who are completely sold-out, devoted with all their soul to the cause of the Jewish bankers…

It is not I who say this, it was rather the Venerable Paul Perrin, on the occasion of a recent Lodge meeting. He has warned you, out of his own good will, that to the Ministry your viscera, is like the franc at the Stock Exchange, it loses value every day… Know it! take it into account!! In another month or two under the current regime, you will no longer have any value as a human being, you will have become completely devalued, you will become a 'number' among the draftees… A robot in every sense, both civil and soldierly. So cover your ass! You have been forewarned!… Take a little whiff of the woozy ambiance. You are going to pay them for your 'vacations'! lowly proletarian!… In your coming Revolution, you won't have enough asses to wipe, with all of the wall posters and Decrees which will appear…four times a day… But all of that won't serve to lower, not by a single penny, the price of butter…

"Once everything has gotten too complicated, Thorez will go off to the Caucasus, and Blum to Washington (if the haven't been rubbed out) in charge of very complicated missions, while you will find yourself in the Ardennes. While there you might give a little consideration, to how well those furtive little bullets imitate the birds…whistling in the wind…veritable nightingales, I assure you…as they come forth to percolate your head…"

[Gs.:] "Ferdinand, when it comes down to brass tacks, Fascism is the same as Communism… In the upcoming Walkyrie, you may rest completely assured, that whether it's Hitler or his cousin[374] Stalin who carries the day…it will amount to the same thing…the fashion by which there will be pollywogs, those being us. Down through the ages, the Frenchman has never known what he wanted, neither during peace, nor during war. For sixteen centuries, he has made war and revolution, and has looked behind every panel , in order to gain possession of the land, and to get rid of the Jesuits. Now he no longer wants the land, and he has replaced the Jesuits with Jews and Freemasons who are a hundred thousand times as dastardly… Now it's the factories that he wants…and once he gains them, it's fatal! he will no longer want them… He will want something else… Only infantilisms, tipsy stupefactions, and the petty whims of old geezers pass through his noggin, never a reasonable proposition. Always trumperies which neither make any sense, nor lead to anything… No one has actually ever told him: 'Frenchman, you are the biggest stoop-knuckle that's ever existed, the biggest cuckold in the universe, the venue of doom. Your barbecue is at hand…a filthy reamed-out guinea pig in all your glory. You're to be done-up with peppers.' ["/317] No one has told him. He doesn't know anything, he doesn't take anything into consideration. Yet he must be forced to admit that by consequence the wars, all of the wars, that the Jews have had

[373] Facetiously complimentary reference to the Jews, pursuant to a mendacious though not uncommon reading of Gospel (Matt. 5:13).
[374] Facetious attribution.

us fight, aren't worth the pee of a customs assessor…the shako of a clown, a one-balled admiral,[375] or the keel of a rotted-out *bateau-mouche*[376]… It's all worth nothing. I hate to say it. May it please the Consistory, I myself would be perfectly happy to see Hitler knock the rust off of the Russians. He would not be able to kill [185/"] many more, in ferocious war, than Stalin himself can rub out, every day, in conditions of free and easy peace. It can't make much difference! …whether Hitler accedes to all of Ukraine! by way of conquest! and then Romania in addition to that! and the Czechs along with them! I don't see a single directive that would need to be reissued… I am not an advocate of ghettos… Eh! Not at all!… So long as it's not my abode that he runs over!… It is the Jews among us that provoke me… It's their bickerings and their ambitions… Theirs are not at all the same as ours… As for myself, I would much prefer to form an alliance with Hitler. Why not? He has said nothing against Bretons, or against the Flemings… Nothing at all… He has spoken out only against the Jews… he doesn't like the Jews… Neither do I… And I don't like niggers outside of their own part of the world… That's all.

"I find no exquisite delight in a Europe becoming completely black… That pleases me not at all… It's the Jews of London, Washington and Moscow who are impeding the Franco-German alliance. It's the 'Intelligence Service'[377]… It's the descendants of Zakharov. It is owing to no other interests. One is no longer able to act, to move…our very guts are overly speculated upon, overly theorized upon, overly manipulated and oversold, all for the sake of the Jewish Crusade. It's diabolical!… Whenever a motion, or even a suggestion is made towards a little rapprochement,[378] or an anti-Yid manifestation… We are reminded…brutally, from high places, to stand at attention…that meat is needed for the slaughterhouse, and that we are already in the stockyards…you're given a blow on the ring through your snout, and a whip across the buttocks… I do not want to make war for Hitler, I should say, but I do not want to make war against him, for the Jews. To make sense of the whole confused thing, it's certainly the Jews and the Jews only, who are pushing us towards the machine-guns… Hitler, he doesn't like the Jews, and neither do I!… There's no sense in tormenting yourself over something so minor… It's not a crime for you to find them repulsive… As an untouchable, they surely find me repulsive!… The Jews of Jerusalem, or a little bit further down along the Niger, they don't bother me! they don't bother me at all!… I'd give them back all of their Congo! all of their Africa!… ["/318] Liberia, their Nigger Republic, I'm familiar with it, it strongly resembles Moscow. To an extent that you wouldn't believe… It is well that it doesn't bother me at all, that niggers dominate in Liberia and in Palestine… Provided that one does not transform me into a slave of the Tatarized, Russified Liberians. That is all I ask. That's the distinction. But when you think of an alliance, between the weak and the strong, it's always the weak that gets eaten. Look! Look! And look again! Hitler's going to have his work cut out for him, due to the incredible complications entailed in defending his foolish conquests, throughout the steppes of Russia, and in the suburbs of the Baikal,[379] which shall surely consume all of his time. Many centuries will come to pass before we come to be irritated… During such centuries…is it not…the King…the ass…and I…there will be a greater need for accordions… And then, in being colonized, to give you some straight talk on the subject, it couldn't be any worse than we're getting it nowadays with the Jews, the niggers, and all of that most obscene flow of mud which has ever oozed on over out of the Orient.[380] With some

[375] Perhaps refers to a Lower-Half Rear Admiral, or Commodore.
[376] Refers to a Parisian tourist boat, as used on the Seine.
[377] Refers to British Intelligence.
[378] Refers to diplomatic détente with Germany.
[379] Refers to Lake Baikal, in Siberia; facetious attribution.
[380] Also see: Raspail, *passim*.

mongrels, some half-breeds, the very lowest ‘conglomeration’ of all of the garbage thrown out of Egypt…garbage multiplied by shit… Cheers! to your health! Colonization of the homeland, by these Judeo-Russian mongrels is the supreme infamy… Guano couldn’t fall any lower! Ask around a bit, what they think about your adorable Russia in the states bordering upon it… Those who know by real-life experience, just what a Jewish Tatar might order! They would give you a little education… These experts cannot conceive of anything more hideous, more degrading, more infernal, more excruciatingly ass-reaming, than a Judeomongolic tyranny… Two million Krauts encamped upon our territory could not be worse, more ravaging, more infamous, than all of these Jews who are killing us.

[186/”] “Carrying things to their logical conclusions, and not having the habit of evading, I speak frankly, as I think, I would rather have a dozen Hitlers than an omnipotent Blum. Hitler I think I can understand, while with Blum it is useless, that will always be the worst enemy, a hatred unto death, absolute. He and his entire clique of Abyssinians, all from the same pushcart, are his personal circle, his Consistory. They themselves know it perfectly well by the way, and they cry out from time to time that a deathly hatred exists between us, between white and black, to which they are devoted… It is enough to remember these words. We would be wrong to regard the issue as being beneath us… We no longer have anything to lose… The Krauts are white men, at least… To put an end to it so as to put an end to it, is my preference…”

[Gs.:] “So you want to kill all of the Jews?”

[”/319][F.:] “I find that they don’t hesitate much when it comes to acting on their ambitions, and their diseased interests… (ten million in Russia alone)… If it is necessary that there be some game on this Safari, then bloody-up the Jews! that’s my opinion! If I let them get away with their charades, then in the process of my being pushed towards the front lines, I’d kill them all without difficulty and up to the last one! Such is the reciprocity of Man.

“So that those spineless people called Frenchmen might reclaim a little of their self-respect, I would like it to be proclaimed, absolutely concluded, certified, and universally trumpeted, that a single yellowed toenail, of whatever sort of crooked, numb-skulled wino of an Aryan, wallowing in his own puke, is worth a hundred thousand times as much, and another hundred thousand times on top of that, in any given fashion, at any given moment, as one hundred twenty-five thousand Einsteins, standing in all of their blindingly astounding radiant glory… I hope that I have made myself understood?…”

Gustin was not convinced… He began to go into arabesques, like a Jew, he was fleeing…

[Gs.:] “There may be a future for them, Ferdinand…even given all of their depredations… Perhaps they are working towards the future…”

[F.:] “If only those who speak to us of the Future were to be strangled first of all…that would greatly simplify things… When a man speaks to you of the Future, it’s already a done hustle… It is right now in the present that the Jews are fattening themselves! them!…as they hatch cuckoos in our numb skulls… They never say to you: ‘I will wait a little bit!’… No! never! They say to you: ‘Get out, you native slut! go wash yourself! You bloody stupid bit of snatch!’ The Jews are getting the goody out of it at present!…not in the Future!…”

[Gs.:] "Did they do you a personal wrong?"

[F.:] "They exasperate me… I've had it up to here with them… Whichever way I turn, it's crushing… I get scratched raw in the course of life… I can no longer engage in small talk, without discovering traces of their slime… of tiny filaments, of the faintest echoes… insidious… of columns… high and low… Such is the camouflage of the Yid Army… Of which there is a full rear…it swarms…it mounts…it tears down…they probe me in order to insinuate into me… They want me to come to appreciate stupidity, with each turn of the page…each minute…to see how much I've softened, weakened moreover…and what I'm going to perceive in this new treacherous thread, this one additional piece of garbage, this unforeseeable interloper…the penetration progresses…an infiltration ["/320] word-by-word… Whether I ever sleep…at times…by which they might still put it to me…whether I'm still lacking in anything… One day it's the radio…the next day it's a big drum… A young poet [187/"] disappears… A swindler is so financially successful that he's bigger than a thousand honest men… The next day it's at the price of Charm…of beauty…completely Jewish by chance… That entire travesty, venomous… It's no longer anything but an underbrush filled with vampires, where one mustn't fall asleep…some worms crawl about in the shadows, sticky, viscous, in all of the mosses… It's no longer any kind of existence… It's a fantastic "herpetarium"! The other morning, I stepped out of the house, and what did I see on the wall across the way? A poster: *l'Humanité*[381]… For a "free and happy France"![382] Their cake with cream for idiots… I get closer, a photograph…smiling…a beatified Kike! …shit!… It's an asinine phenomenon!… It's a veritable challenge!… I don't go pasting-up posters of Bretons, I don't, in Tel Aviv… I am more discreet… And then there's comrade Lipchitz, when he expounded in full form, the manner in which we were to be forewarned. "If the French don't like it, we'll throw them out." I don't fond that at all reasonable!… I find it grotesque, and prejudiced. When the niggers spoke to him about quitting the field during the Battle of Poitiers, Charles Martel, who was not crazy, cut their throats… At least they didn't make any more noise…

[381] Refers to the French Communist Party's daily newspaper.
[382] "la 'France libre et heureuse!'" [Note the usage of the term "*France libre*" ("Free France"), in Communist propaganda, before WWII.]

[”/321]

If one of these mornings I am ever found on a little hat-rack… It would be useless to maintain the semblance of looking…

(It costs only 3000 to 4000 francs to have a man killed, at any given time in Paris, a little less in New York, a little more in London…)

Pushed to his limit, Gutman has revealed himself for what he is, a nasty, rancorous personality… When I had recommenced telling him, all that I thought concerning the Jews… He became completely enraged!… He ranted on for a while most frightfully… He flew off into a fit! A real fury of the damned…

“But you are delirious, Ferdinand!… *Nom de Dieu* you’re drunk! You’re a foul one to have to deal with! …my word, you’re nothing but a dirty ‘habitual’ drinker… But I am going to have you committed! I promise you!… It’s been good having you for a colleague!… That’s not going to continue… I have some contacts at the Asylums, I do… You are going to see a little bit of them… They are all Jews at the Asylums… This is going to entertain them greatly…to hear your show of inanities…your stupidities… They are going to have to give you a label… I am going to go, over there, to forewarn the Jews as to all of the things that you call them…in a fine nuthatch… I will have a straitjacket made exactly to your measure… Then, you will give us some peace… You will return to your novels… If you are wise you will be using a crayon… Above all it’s the nonsense… ‘Race’ no longer exists…it’s a myth…”

[F.:] “And there’s the great tall tale! being laid out for our benefit! …to take us in with a sales pitch…the ‘myth of the races’!… The Jews, those in their mixed blood, their pseudo-oogie-boogie-woogie, they are not so proud of being a race!… Proud like Artaban. They weren’t ashamed of being Jews! They [”/322] knew from whence they’d come… They pulled in unison as a team, like dogs… It is they who are the worst racists… They for whom every triumph is racialistic… The only thing they talk about is how to deceive us, how to razzle-dazzle us…and above all how to disarm us… All of the professors of anthropology, the Freemasons of the Popular Front most Jewish, well-paid, affirm to us that it’s all over, *urbi et orbi*, and *voilà*… It’s irrefutable… It’s not that the Popular Front has never lied… But rather it’s an illusion, it’s a chimera…a detraction from [188/”] the vision…most distressing, a disruption of your poor Onanistic sensibilities! a veritable diarrhœic discharge of ideas…a substantial loss of phospholipids… You are too uptight, Ferdinand… Do you remember, what ‘Auntie Annie’ used to say?… What am I hinting at?… Could it be the doldrums of menopause?… Are you having hot flashes?… Try ‘The Smiles of the Abbé Jouvence’…”

[G.:] “What makes you think, then, that they are frizzy-haired?… And why Palestine? That’s not the birthplace of ‘The Race’[383]…”

That was it, he was trying to egg me back on, he was trying to broach the subject once I had become cataleptic…

[F.:] “They are near-sighted! your Semites! and duck-footed! …the bottom of the barrel! and they have the nigger’s smell…isn’t that quite so? …have I spoken more foolishness?… Should I give you two shakes in which to reply…? Don’t they have broad feet from having waded around through the sands, so often, and so strenuously…and their Bedouin ways…in the sands…in their gathering of dates, and old camel piss…for century after century?… It’s irrefutable!… Such opinions are overheard in general circulation…the palmate feet, I call: Jewish! …the odor! and then those glasses!… Those old granulomas! …the sequels…the shabby side-effects…”

Ah! Ah! I easily hit my mark with that gathering of dates… I thereupon pointed out to him his own pair of “deck-chairs,” which were veritably huge! given his own rather modest height… That left him confounded…

[F.:] “That’s the ordeal of those handsome Jewbies, as I’ve insisted, to have feet that are a little too ‘strong’… All of the boot-makers of New York know it… They are not deceived on the matter of race…”

[G.:] “Your criticism of them is rather mendacious, Ferdinand,” he shot back straight away. “You also are descended from savages… If not from the desert, then from caves, and that’s much worse! They were much more fetid, much more sickening… A desert is always clean… It wasn’t dates upon which your stupid Aryan ancestors were dining… It was reindeer droppings! some good shit that really melts in the mouth! and [”/323] for Winter, kneaded balls of guano! petrified! that’s what your ancestors turned to!…and then some peat with tallow, well-rancid well-smoked… Some true eaters of unclean things… Is that what you’re afraid of?…”

[F.:] “That’s a very accurate verbal depiction! …but it’s not the same…not the same…”

[G.:] “You also are tracking straw in from the stable… What are you complaining about? …and even now, after all this time!…”

[F.:] “Truly! …but it’s not the same!… Everybody has his own stink! that’s what I say!… That’s all!… I don’t force mine upon the Jews… It is they who situate themselves so as to sniff at me… I just don’t happen to like their smell… I have the right… I’m in my own country. It’s not as though I’ve gone over there, to Tel Aviv… First of all, they are much more racist! in Tel Aviv! much more ferocious than Hitler! They are ‘exclusive’ like nobody else!”

[G.:] “Well then, what do you say, about Mr. Blum? don’t you find him petty? …the bottom of the barrel? Ah! Ah! Fish soup!… Fish soup!…”

[383] The Jewish “race” is here implied.

[189/”] He had made a seminal statement…

[F.:] “M. Blum Karfulkenstein the Bulgarian? is that what you are trying to say?… Ah! but with him it is another kind of rot! his is from Geneva and Lausanne!… That’s the exception! It confirms the general rule of ‘the bottom of the barrel’… He is doubly from the bottom of the barrel!… He is the Prince of The Bottom-of-the-Barrel!…”

The blow had no effect…

The conversation had become acerbic…somewhat biting… The conversation had begun to ramble…

[F.:] “I don’t want to die on account of the Jews! I would prefer to have a cancer! …rather than the Jewish cancer!…”

[G.:] “No one is forcing you to do anything!…”

[F.:] “But yes! But yes!… They are forcing me!… It is they, the Jews, who invented Patriotism, following the Crusades! …and the Reformation! in order to bamboozle the Christians…”

[G.:] “You think so?…”

[F.:] “I’m positive! They are the ones who devised the whole thing… Though the Crusades and the Reformation had been very useful to them, it is only for Patriotism that I would like to give it to them in the ass, for that is the one which I once served…”

[G.:] “They have been persecuted…”

[F.:] “It is they who persecute us… It is never ‘we’… They take vengeance for torts which never existed! It is not they, but we who have been vamped! told the big lie, paralyzed by [”/324] falsehoods, cuckolded, and become the duped dying, under all of the Jewish oppressions. Tyrannical travesties, treacherous, of the ‘Optimist’ variety as among the Britons…or crushing as in Russia…pedantic, slick, œnophilic and patriotic as amongst us… It’s all the same!… The world does not just happen all by itself… This I tell you…it does not just happen all by itself… It must be that someone is busying himself with it…commanding it… It’s the Jews who are in command… The world ordered by the Jews, is a Hell for Aryans…not to abuse the term, but literally a Hell! with flames! toad-like creatures everywhere! eternal tortures…with revolutions, wars, and butcheries, without end…and one way or another, with the Jews ultimately calling the tune!…always in the process of reviving, contriving, and delighting in still more Calvaries for our flesh…still more extravagant massacres, in the advancement of their infection! insatiably! always the slick operators! the voyeurs! the scofflaws! recklessly…that’s their way of life! …their reason for being… They crucify. There, I’ve said it all, of what I think concerning…the Jews.”

[G.:] “That’s not very much, Ferdinand!…”

[F.:] “Ah! if I might have one little word and no more, just before I go… I am an objector, seven hundred percent. The pacifist is no longer the Jew…it is I!… The military decoration which I’ve had since 27 November 1914… It brings me two hundred francs Blum

per annum…(twenty Swiss francs), but I don't want another one… Such would be a medal for Israel, moreover… If you understand me…"

[G.:] "That's not very swift, as wit, Ferdinand…for an Aryan it's rather sluggish!…"

[190/"][F.:] "You know, buddy, I know your type, I understand it, when it comes to wit it's Eddie Canto…the Marx Brothers…"

[G.:] "Always jabbering about the Cavalry!… It is we who are the Salt of the earth!… You have said so yourself!"

"Salt of the earth!…" Those are the words that made me hop!… I felt like shoving them right back the other way past his glottis… He was coming to provoke my most phlegmatic humor even more!…

[F.:] "A!h! salt of the Earth!… Ah! Consistory!… Ah! Elder of Zion![384]… Ah! Maccabee!… Ah! funny face!… Ah! well, it is indescribable! …but muckety-muck having the balls of a mole!… But you take everything for being phony!… A Jew is one hundred percent hubris!… Drums!… Tambourines! Batons! Bladder thieves!… Let the loudspeaker be wrenched away from you…the Screen be emptied! the balloons bled-off!… You will founder!… And of vice! Of what marque? that of the Titans!… Some 'confidential work' as you call it! given your frail ["/325] constitutions… Peacocks! overinflated false fetishists! …not even coffeehouse attendants! …sponges! …real drips, you take everything!… But there's no more juice to suck: Not from anyone!… And above all you Jews! pathetic brick shits! of completely exhausted, bleached-out chromosomes! …to be blown upon while being well-soaked in the soup! like any other crouton!… In the broth! …in our soup!…"

[G.:] "You are going to come to realize, Ferdinand, what lies ahead in the path which you are pursuing… You are going to have the whole world against you, bean face!… It will not always be so easy to pass yourself off as being innocently insane… You're the type of madman who reasons… The people can't always be in the know… They sometimes make mistakes… They might misunderstand… You could be vexing to some people… Listen! to me, who wishes you well… I have never deceived you, Ferdinand… I have never set traps for you… I have never told you to 'Go away'…is that dirty trickery? …really?… Eh? …what say?…"

[F.:] "Gutman! that's exactly so!…"

[G.:] "So I'll tell you, Ferdinand, my good nigger, to let go of these frightful attitudes…come along with us…you will be happy… You are native-born? …your racial brethren, will shit all over your torso…"

[F.:] "That's exactly so, Gutman…that's exactly so, insofar as the Jews…"

[G.:] "Because you don't know how to handle them…the Jews, had you hnown how to approach them, would have taught you how to succeed…you are nothing but a spoiled loser amongst your kind…from which come your imbecilic animosities, and your pig-headedness… Regard the indigenous a little, the Jews never impede them… On the contrary,

[384] Obliquely refers to: *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

they sing 'Let there be joy!'[385]… But you understand 'let there be joy' as sending them on their way!… You knock 'em one upside the head!… That's not a proper way to behave!… It is you who annoys them… You humiliate them!… It's reprehensible!… Consider how happy your 'Frenchmen by race' were when they so well received the Romans…for having so well palpated their Roman knouts…so well crawled under their Roman crotches…so well positioned their buns…so well lent out their backsides. They are still congratulating one another eighteen centuries later!… The entire Sorbonne is jubilant!… They devote their entire bachelors' studies to that glorious ass-reaming! They reflect nothing but that memory! …for having so well found their footing…among the surly centurions…for having so well rendered pomp unto Ceasar…for having under that heavy yoke, so strangulating, so severe, crawled all the way to Rome, harnessed worse than mules, suffocating under the chains… [191/"]under the chariots of war…for having been so well spit-upon by the Roman populace… Even now they burst out laughing completely moved, completely immobilized by that ["/326] retrospection… Ah! how perfectly it is installed… Ah! that great! enormous civilization!… The ass is caved-in forever… Ah! *mon popotas! …fiotas! fiotum!*… They still cherish the germinus…of that familiarity…now lost… Ah! those tender buns!… *Dum tu declamas!*[386]… Roma!… Rosa! Rosa!… *Tu pederum!*[387]… Rosa! Rosa! my Cicero!

"Everything begins all over again and it is perfect!… And there it is! everything! It's the tempo! It's the cycle! It's the waves! with different beats! The Hymie beat is not very high, I admit it! in the animal order, but even so all the same, it does go on… Does anyone really want a dick like a dead Emperor's!… Aren't you of that opinion?…"

[F.:] "Perhaps so, perhaps so… I was of the opinion…"

[G.:] "Insofar as it is the destiny of the French to be screwed over the course of the ages…as they pass from one century to the next…from the dick of an Etruscan to the dick of a Moor…to the pole of a priest… A Gallic Yid or a Saxon?… It doesn't make much difference! It's wrong to pout… All of the conquerors, they must, it's quite natural, screw the conquered! it's the law of the most dynamic Species!… If it is so… It is so…"

[F.:] "Take a little look at all the chicks, the Aryan ones…it's easy to see for whom they've placed their preferences…in the theater, in cinema, in no matter which salon…'first class,' tourist, schmaltzy, or sport?[388]… They all gather 'round, remarkably, literally for the Jew, the Fuzzy-Wuzzy, the 'toucan.' The Fuzzy-Wuzzy is the King of the Day… He is rising… The white man is declining… It is he to whom go all of the honors!… It is he for whom one is prepared to pay… The chicks don't reason, they follow their instincts, their guts… The Jew is perfect for them, he is the future, he has the dough… The chicks don't have to be taught… They know such things by nature… They vibrate… They receive vibrations…the negroid vibrations… He's the golden-haired boy of today! the Jew! the Jew in every film, slightly frizzy, bottom-of-the-pot, flat-footed, somewhat myopic! Oh! how distinguished he is!… A man about town!… Ah! that's no madman there, nor a peasant!…"

[G.:] "That's true, it's irrefutable, the Jews are winning on every front. All chicks to the Abyssinians! That race will fill their buns!… The chicks will have breadbaskets filled with

385 'Y a de la joie.'
386 "For as long as you say."
387 "I am at your feet."
388 OV: "'première' [first class / high fashion], croisière [ocean liner], musette [accordion], tennis," implying four classes of expenditure.

their marmalade! they won't know how to sit down they have been so thoroughly enjudaized… Ah! how mightily they knock 'em down…those Fuzzy-Wuzzies!… Ah! how passionate they are! volcanic!… ["/327] Such are the hearts of true lovers!… That estimable Philomenon! You think like all niggers! The dick makes the man!"

"They will come forth unto our embrace… Cut the throats of our sons…our compa-a-a-nions… To arms!"[389] Such was the droll expressions of Rouget de Lisle![390]… They certainly cut the throats of the sons, and of the fathers along with them…but they ass-reamed the companions… That's one more benefit still… It's already much less horrendous…than it would be amongst the "fer-roh-cious soldiers"![391]… You cannot pretend otherwise! You will have to recognize it! …be recognizing it!… They "do" the front side at times, but only as a joke! …so as not to stand upon ceremony…in order to assimilate all the better…

If the Germans had won the War of '14 (if the Jews had so desired it, that is to say), the Frenchmen of the soil would have well enjoyed it, quite so! it would have been Fritz with whom [192/"] they'd played Pied Piper… The Pomeranian Grenadiers, the white cuirassiers[392]!… Ah! now there were some handsome fellows!… All would have transpired with enthusiasm, a truly passionate marriage!… Upon reflection, the French are anything that you want to make of them. In the end, they became nothing in particular…no one in particular… They were satisfied to become niggers…they asked for nothing better… Provided that a male of sufficient cruelty ass-rams then clear up to the navel, they regard themselves as being happy… Our entire history, since the time of the Gauls, has been nothing but a very long succession, of cruel ass-rammers. There hasn't been a single king who was French. In the full decadence of today, she is by necessity coated with larvae…contenting themselves with that which remains… The Frenchman, ever so avaricious, has nonetheless fattened-up all of his great mackerels in power quite well. Now that it's the Yids' turn, their supreme triumph, they are going to wind up as stiff as bitches… But the more they get themselves laid, the more they'll want… And now here is their promise to the French, of Tatar executioners!… Not that these are things to be resisted… But rather it's an enticement!… How could you even want to stifle them?… But it's a priapic "bouquet"!… Some savages as the "truest of the true"!… Some merciless torturers!… Not some Abyssinian understudies!… But no!… But no!… Only the most super-competent eviscerators! under wild ox horns! You can see it all right here!… This voyage in the Dipsosphere! Ah! how they are going to make us suffer! Ah! those ardent souls. Ah! my joy!… Ah! those furies!… Ah! my timid one!… After that it will be the Kirghizes… It's in the program!… Ah! it's been promised!… And then some Mongols! …even more hateful! …more slant-eyed!… Who eat worms and dirt… Ah! how they are going to run us through!… And then ["/328] still others, even more Chinese! more yellow! …more rustic… Ever more vicious towards the ass end… Ah! They are cutting you open! They are cutting out our guts!… It's the Cross right square in the ass!… The more foreign they are…the more bizarre it is!… The more they dilate it…the deeper they they can drive into it! It's the ass-end of an angelic existence!… They are killing us… That is what the French are saying!… Gutman would have the last word…

[G.:] "I knew a fellow in his death-agony, hold on while I have you understand everything…in my clientele, a lad who was passing-on…young, artistic, man-of-the-world… I had seen many before in their death-agony…but this one here… When the thermometer was

[389] Portion of "La Marseillaise."
[390] The composer of the "La Marseillaise."
[391] Portion of "La Marseillaise."
[392] "Cuirassiers" = cavalrymen wearing light armor.

stuck into him, and had been left in position for a while…it revived the sensations within him…it still made him get a hard-on…despite his being in a coma… He maintained his habits… He was like that even at the very end…in his mother's arms… That is to say, my dear crayfish, that in matters of sentiment, reason never has any place… This will never have either conclusion, or cessation… It's a matter of life within death… Do you understand me?"

["/329] Captain Dreyfus is much greater than Captain Bonaparte. He conquered France and he kept it.

["/330] Gutman was right: all of those vices disgust me after all… That entire invasion of Abyssinians is no longer tolerable. Lipshitz was right: "The Frenchmen who don't like it, we will have deported…" I'm going to move… I don't have to be told twice. Maybe to Ireland… They don't like Jews in Ireland, nor Englishmen. They find both equally abominable. That is the right attitude considering how the times are…the only one! But I do not want to go softly… I do not want to become the responsibility of the Irish… I know what would come of it… I will need a little traveling money… Of course, the book will go on sale… The critics are going to dispute it… I've anticipated the questions, and the answers… But so what?… I fully believe that I have foreseen everything… They can shit as much as they want, the Critics[393]… I shat it myself well in advance! Eh! I have bullshat it, I may as well say it! It's in fashion! I will forcibly have the last word! at long last as well as in depth…that's [193/"] the only way. I have taken every precaution. But the critics are unimportant, they are quite incidental… It's the reader who counts! It is he who must be considered…and seduced. I know the average Frenchman, observant, objective, vindictive… He wants more than fish-wrap[394]…once he no longer acts at the behest of a Jew… And he does not hold me in high esteem![395]… I am therefore going to give him a full measure. I am definitely going to spoil him. I am going to add some chapters…a dozen…so as to constitute a true volume… I will do a little something like Baedecker… It's all the fashion, it's a Cruise… It's liable to fascinate him…the "Travel Magazine" *genre*… Do you recall?… Ah! the fully well-illustrated! …scintillating and everything! as entertaining as possible…delightful reading…easy-going…picturesque…smartly done… I'm going to return to that principle…to that "Michael Strogoff" magic… I want to end this fat and furious work with great courtliness… A tip of the hat…*panache*… A grandiloquent salutation… I beg of you! …with my enormous quill, given-over to fanfare[396], I kowtow upon the red carpet… A grand allegory! I present you with my homework… A deep curtsey… A magnificent display… I salute you!… Your servant!…

["/332] In order to set things into a location, I must first of all tell you a little about how excellent Leningrad is… It is not here that they have built the "*Guépéou*" structures of Stalin… They cannot even maintain it… It is above the abilities of the Communists… All of the streets have fallen through, all of the façades are dropping bits and pieces… It's sad… Don't get me wrong, in its own way, it is the most beautiful city in the world…in the genre of Vienna…Stockholm…Amsterdam… How exactly can I express all of the beauty of this place… Imagine just a little bit…the Champs-Elysées…but four times as wide, and inundated with pale water…the Neva… She stretches on…always further…unto the livid infinitude…the sky…the sea…still further on…clear to the end…at infinity…the sea which

[393] "la Critique" = criticism, *i.e.* by Establishment media critics; "Critics" substituted.
[394] Or: "than something with which to wrap his plaster," or "than something to put in his plaster" (*que pour son plâtre*); signifying an undignified alternative use for printed matter.
[395] Or: "And I don't have his moral vote [*cote d'amour*]!"
[396] "esbouriffée" = esbrouffée (?)

climbs towards us…towards the city… She puts the sea at the disposal of the entire city! …diaphanous, fantastic, outstretched…at arm's length…all along the banks…the entire city, a powerful arm…of palaces…and still more palaces… Hard rectangles…with cupolas…marbles…enormous hard jewels…by the side of the pale waters… To the left a little canal, quite tenebrous, which flows right up to there, beside the colossal Admiralty, gilded on each of its aspects…endowed with Renown, shimmering, everything in gold… What a trumpet! made of walls… Now this is majesty!… Is this some sort of giant fantasy? Is this some sort of theater for Cyclopses? …a hundred properly spaced decors, each more grandiose than the last…towards the sea… But a treacherous breeze pirouettes, twitters, and slips on by…a wintry breeze in the middle of summer… The cold waters along the ["/333] edge roil, splash against the rocks… In the background, defending the park is a long, high, delicate grille…infinitely detailed forged lace…tall trees enclosed within…the ancient horse-chestnuts…formidable monsters thick with branches…clouds of dreams redrawn from the earth…the petals falling away into rust already… Some sad seconds…too light against the wind…when the gusts maltreat them…crumple them…cast them into the current… Further off, other footbridges, "of sighs," between the crevasses of the gigantic Catherine Palace…still implacable at the water's edge, with a single terrible vault…the garrote of the Neva…its bracelet of tremendous confection. The bridge is stretched upon the pale arm, between those two notorious hecatombs: the Palace of Alexander the Mad, a catafalque of leprous rose, completely debilitated with Baroque…and the Peter and Paul prison, a squat citadel, crushed upon its own walls, nailed onto its island by the atrocious Basilica, the Tsars' city of the dead, massacred to the last. A rosette made of prison [194/"] stone, pinned-down, run-through by that terrible golden dagger, very sharp, of the church, the steeple of a parish of the murdered.

The sky of the great North, is even more gloomy, more diaphanous than the immense river, but not by much…just a tad more, haggard… Still more bell-towers, twenty tall golden pearls…wept by the sky… And then the Admiralty, ferocious, hulking, somber under an open sky…at he far end of October Avenue, Kazan Cathedral casts its shadow over twenty streets…an entire quarter, all of wings outstretched from a cloud of colonnades… Opposite it is that mosque…that monster in torture…the "Holy Blood"[397]…twists…coils…chanterelles[398]…with pustules…in every color…thousands upon thousands. A fantastic toad lying dead on a bank of its canal, motionless, and below, all black, simmering…

Twenty avenues again…of different overtures, perspectives, always towards greater spaces…ever more airy… The city stretches itself out towards the clouds…no longer keeping to the earth… She leaps in every direction… Fabulous avenues…made to absorb twenty frontal assaults…a hundred squadrons…Nevsky![399] Serious people!…of prodigious follies…who saw only immensities… Peter…Emperor of the Steppes and the Sea!… A city built to the measure of the sky!… A sky of glass, an infinite mirror… Houses in their decline… Old, giant, wrinkly, handicapped, crumbling, from an enormous past…stuffed with rats… And then that horde that creeps, intermittently, along the street…stuck right up against the sidewalks…creeps some more…tackiness all along the shop fronts…spittle-faced…the enormous, murmuring, viscous swarming of ["/334] miserable types…edged with garbage… A haunting nightmare as overwhelming as can be… Oozing into all of the crevasses…the enormous tongue of Asia consuming everything all along the length of the sewers… It is the

[397] The translator must distance himself from this particular assessment by the writer.
[398] "giroles" = girolles (?), a kind of mushroom.
[399] Refers to Nevskii Prospekt.

frightful missing washcloth of Tatiana Famine…Miss Russia…Giant…as great as all of the steppes, as great as a sixth of the world…and which agonizes… This is not an error… I would have you understand, to greater detail, a few things still…with words a little less fantastic…

Imagine just a little…a given "Quarter" of immense size…most unclean…and filled to the brim with reservists…a formidable contingent…an entire army of riffraff in abominable condition…still dressed in civilian clothes…in rags…completely overwhelmed, raggedy…skinny…which must have spent ten years at hard labor…eating the garbage from beneath the park benches…before going across…who will probably arrive at the end of their lives…completely clueless…of a world done differently…who are waiting to be assigned to their units…in the formation of little labor gangs…hither…and yon… An immense retreat in suspension… A catastrophe which vegetates.

["/335] It is probably necessary, at this point in my journey, for me to turn up my lantern…for me to recount to you in detail what was happening… Natalie, my guide-policewoman, proposed some distractions.

One afternoon she asked me:

"Would you like to go to the Islands?…" (their Pré-Catelan). "A very interesting tennis match is going to take place…"

Natalie was a tennis enthusiast, and I wanted to please her.

"That would be all right…"

[195/"] And so we went… The Islands in question were not all that close… About an hour by car…because of encumbrances. All of the sports enthusiasts of Leningrad, all of the families of "commissars" of high rank, filled the bleachers… And chitter…and chatter[400]… A tournament between Cochet and Koudriach, their champion, was taking place. Already by the end of August, I can assure you than one can shiver in Leningrad. I can tell you, the wind off the Baltic is severe… Among the babble that was going on, those young ladies from "good families," how they prattled on!… Not at all like people in the street… I would not speak of a Smart Set…but still of real comfort…of stylish shoes…(at least 1,500 francs a pair), the elite in essence…the bourgeoisie… I had the conversations translated for me…one sweet young thing in shorts beside me…quite stocky…quite solid…quite appetizing…was recounting her vacation…

"Ah! what a trip, my dearie, ah! if only you could have seen Papa! he was furious, imagine!… We will never be going down the Volga again!… What a ["/336] crowd!…this year!… You have no idea, how overcharged the boats were! to the point of foundering! of taking everybody down!… There wasn't anybody but some laborers!…my dear!… Ah! what frightful people…" (*sic*). So to say, and to tell the whole world!…

The match was over…Cochet's hand was held high…a completely sporting reinforcement came from all the bleachers…unanimous applause…warm…re-warmed…

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[400] "papoti" and "papota" = ironical corruptions of *papoter* (to chat) (?).

Natalie and I withdrew, towards the Park gate…in the search for our car…a 1920 “Packard,” which I was renting for three hundred francs per hour. I’ll say it again, I’m not sorry for anything. I still had some rubles…a small fortune…in Russia… In the State Bank…I still had over thirty thousand francs. That’s wenty pairs of shoes. At the moment when we were getting into the car, a very polite gentleman came up to us…tipped his hat…and through his ever-so Jewish smile, made a modest request of me…

“Monsieur Céline, would it be all right with you if we were to ride along with you back to Leningrad? …it would be to our mutual benefit… I am the director of Intourist…with my friend… Are we being indiscreet?…”

The young director of Intourist was being perfectly correct:

“But do get in… I beg you!…”

He sat down next to the chauffeur… His associate introduced himself to me…he stammered out a name…the associate was also quite Kikeish…but another model of Yid for all that…not a “young filtrate of the ghetto”…but the “Satrap” model…the very imposing Pasha…the half-breed of Afghanistan…the sturdy enforcer for the ruling class…ample and bushy…at the *creux*, at the treasury, at the scaffold…“fiftyish”…paunchy due to brioche…to *bourlaguet*, and to *foie gras*…a loose-fitting tunic *à la* Poincaré…unostentatiously military, extremely restrained…all of the “hardware” up on the balcony, in pewter “solar” motifs, and ribbons on a placard over a tit…all of the Leninist “*tutti frutti*[401].” A slightly darker olive[402] where the features came together…something of a Buddha…and then after that completely strange…the mustaches, two completely stylized handlebars…separate…opposed…like they wore in London around 1912…on cricket teams…among “tightrope walkers,” such as the “Commuters of Croydon” and the Imperial “Icarus Brothers”… In the end a truly curious mixture… I scrutinized him for a good quarter of an hour…and then some…all the while bouncing about… The paving stones were abominable… “This chap certainly carries the tenor of adventure,” I told myself… “Here’s a man who has profited under Communism… This is a splendid opportunity!…” The car was proceeding very slowly, due to the terrible [”/337] potholes…which are a test [196/”] of endurance… Since the time of Catherine[403], certainly, the same “humpbacks” have constituted the pavement…and I assure you that they are cruel… That is the real charm of this city…in her essence she remains a museum… Nothing will ever change that… One has to see the Russians at work… They are reminiscent of the regiment, lazy… The same ruts will always be there…a few more and then that’ll be it… It’ll be Asia…that’s what…it’ll be Asia… All the cars will be busted-up by then… There’s scarcely a new building…since ‘Bolshevik ’17’…the strictly necessary absolute: *Le Guépéou*…and there’s something else… I’d swear to it… How to say it?… The other “outstanding feature,” that Buddha-like tenor, who has just begun to speak between bumps… Ah! I find that he is friendly…and even that he is witty and everything…and that he is absolutely jovial… At last here’s a Russian who chats…it’s droll…and also…who has a completely casual air about him…obliging! …and what is more! it’s astounding! …who doesn’t have a burr[404] up his ass! …who doesn’t have an air which is the least bit abrasive!… He seems to be high-minded…that’s a first!… He speaks English as though it were his mother tongue… He is understandable… It’s odd, but the more I sit listening to him, the more

[401] “bananes” = bananas; “tutti frutti” or “scrambled egg” may be substituted.
[402] “citron” = lemon; “olive” substituted.
[403] Refers to Catherine II, “the Great” (1729-96, r. 1762-96).
[404] “barillet” = little barrel, cylinder, or barrel-shaped object; “burr” substituted.

it seems to me that I recognize his voice… It is not I who asks questions, but he who poses them… He asks me:

"Monsieur, do you like Russia?…"

"And you, dear Sir? …what is good about her?…

I'm not habituated to the use of cunning, I'm a rather straightforward, natural sort of person, and I don't like riddles… Insofar as he is fascinated by my impressions, I am going to give him the immediate benefit of my reflections…which are not very favorable… Natalie is huddled in the opposite corner…she taps my knee with hers. That which I am saying in all candor should be quite harmless…that I don't care for their cuisine very much…(and I am lukewarm on matters of cuisine), and that I don't like sunflower oil… I had the right to say it… That even as a prison it could have been better… That it's a rather shabby and substandard prison…but enough of playing around…that the cucumbers are hard to digest…that the beds were full of cockroaches…(I paid mine three hundred francs a night) and that there wasn't any noticeable progress… That their "rehabilitated" workers in the streets, medically speaking, based on a cursory overview…gave the impression of a terrible botch-job on the part of quacks…frightful anemias…chlorotics…bummers…rotted-out down to the marrow… Russia is a real asylum…which didn't surprise me at all…given their sort of diet…and that Natalie and I, even upon immolating truly orgiastic sums, were able to find only some ["/338] rather suspicious-looking fishes…enough to make you hold your breath…and some oh-so equivocal soups…with such sour aftertastes…unbelievable… If I was speaking at such length about victuals, of which I am enormously fond, it is because over there they proclaim themselves materialists, do they not, "all for the mug"? Materialism is their great glory… Therefore I was making materialistic remarks…those were in my notes…of things which the good monkish senator[405] must have understood… My impertinence did not make him angry… He nearly split his baboon lips[406] with laughter upon hearing my sarcasms…my mockeries… The laughter died down at the far end of the coach… He didn't seem to have been offended by it all. Natalie was making no obvious sign… Once I had at last finished putting everybody into good spirits in this manner… He resumed his assault with a different tactic… His inquiry took another direction…

"It appears that Monsieur Céline does not like our hospitals very much?…"

That was it! That provocation did it for me in an instant! …a flash of lightning! …clarifying my memory… I regained my composure perfectly.

I answered him blow for blow:

[197/][F.:] "But yes! Monsieur Borodin, what a stupid mistake! …but I am an 'enthusiast' of them…of your hospitals! …let's see! …you are, as far as I am concerned, very poorly informed! …if I may be permitted? …so long as we are under conditions of confidentiality… That's a new name, isn't it, Borodin?[407]…"

He laughed harder and harder…

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[405] Facetious attribution.
[406] "babouines" = *babines* (lips) + *babouin* (baboon); "baboon lips" used.
[407] Grusenberg, Mikhail Markovich (1884-1953). See p. 164 of this work.

[F.:] “Over there, in Dartmoor, when you were making little bags, out on the heath, what did you call yourself?”

[B.:] “And you, Monsieur Céline, over there, on Hercules Street…isn’t that quite correct?…when you were taking English lessons at the “Hang Tough”[408] yellow bar…under the big bridge… Am I wrong?… Waterloo… Waterloo-on-the-Bridge! …the Station of the Dead… Ah!Ah!Ah!… You are a son of ‘Dora’[409]… That’s first rate![410]… First rate! First Rate!…”

[F.:] “And you are another’n! …you have to say so loudly and proudly!”

We were now looking each other in the eye…there was no longer any sense in pretending…

I remembered him as having been very thin and very pale…he had fleshed-out and darkened[411] enormously…

[B.:] “And that excellent Yubelblat…eh what? …always nearsighted? …always the reader in conrtemplation?…”

[”/339] Ah! he had evoked an epoch. How amusing it was to remember Yubelblat!…

[B.:] “He served me well in Antwerp, you know, Monsieur Céline…”

[F.:] “Yubelblat?…”

[B.:] “I stayed three months at his place…in a cave, my friend, in a cave!… There wasn’t one rat in his cave!… I assure you… But what cats! …my God!… All the cats in Antwerp!… What cats!…”

[F.:] “Quite so?…”

[B.:] “Quite so!…”

[F.:] “In a cave?…”

[B.:] “Like Romanov!…”

[F.:] “’17?…”

[B.:] “How old are you then, Céline?… Slowly, chauffeur!” he suddenly commanded… “Slowly…go the long way!… I must speak some more with my friend, the ‘Gentleman’… Always ‘Ferdinand the Headache’?… Ah! it isn’t so every day! …‘enthusiastic’!… He still goes for a good laugh.

[408] Orig.: “Au Courage.”
[409] ‘a son of Dora (Kaplan)’ = a treacherous fellow.
[410] Orig.: “top!”
[411] Orig.: “jauni.”

"Yubelblat…is nowhere to be found!… He had solemnly promised, the dear fellow, to pass this way one more time…one more time…to surprise me a little…one little visit…as [198/"] a true comrade…just like that, without ceremony…upon his return from Peking… He promised… Things are getting worse and worse in Peking, aren't they?… Isn't it so?… It seems to me!…"

[F.:] "I am no longer very up to date Mr. Borodin…"

[B.:] "That Yubelblat is fantastic…you know? …incredible in reality!… He prefered that wretched boat… He didn't like the 'Transsiberian.' Ah! Ah! Ah!…" (He says slapping himself on the gut.) "What a voyage… A terrible detour!… The Red Sea actually!… In truth a most disagreeable voyage…"

Both of us were amusedly taken aback, at Yubelblat's droll choice of detour…

[B.:] "And what about you then? Monsieur Céline?… You don't like Russia?… Not at all… But at least you like our great theater?… You're as refined as a Lord, Monsieur Céline…not only as concerns hospitals… Ah! Ah! Ah!… You're as refined as a duke… A grand duke…Monsieur Céline… You are often seen in the lobby at the Dance… Am I correctly informed?…"

Natalie had nothing to say… She was looking far off…very far off…to the street. She was making her schedule, a short list.

["/340][B.:] "Is it all right with you, Monsieur Céline, if I ask you a question? A truly personal question?…"

[F.:] "I am listening."

[B.:] "In case of war, which side will you be on?… With us?… Or with Germany?… Monsieur Céline?…"

The young Jewbie from Intourist, in the front seat, leaned back in order better to hear…

[F.:] "I will wait… I will applaud as at tennis…for the most adroit…for the most tenacious…for the boldest…for the strongest! I will be interested…"

[B.:] "But the strongest, that's us, dear Sir!… All the experts say so!…"

[F.:] "The experts are sometimes mistaken… The Gods fool them well… We have examples…"

Upon hearing these words, his countenance suddenly changed…he was seized by anger, immediately… He jumped up… He stammered… He became agitated… He no longer kept to his seat…the fire rose within him, a low-down Chinese-type of rage… To have heard such babblings on my part!…

[B.:] "Oh! friend! …friend! …You say such idiotic things… Chauffeur! chauffeur!… Make the slight detour down past Houqué!… Don't you recognize that, Monsieur Céline, Houqué?… Houqué! doesn't that say anything to you?… You don't know?… Hou! que?

No?… No one has told you of Hou! que!… We are going with you my [199/”] friend to see Houqué!… Go very slowly, chauffeur…there… Here…in front…look Céline…those houses so low…so squat…look very closely… It’s the quarter of Peter the Great! here Monsieur Céline!… I will show you… It is here, where he came to amuse himself…and to learn a little about those people who chatted so little except amongst themselves…who didn’t want to chat…who responded to questions badly… These people made such noise, and made it so loudly! …when they were amusing themselves with Peter, when they had begun to talk back…when they had rediscovered their tongues… Such an uproar of lungs! Monsieur Céline…from the throat… Hou! que! …like that!… Hou…! que! …like that! so strongly! …that nothing was heard save for their cries! across the entire quarter…clear across the Neva…as far as Peter and Paul[412]… It’s still the name given to this quarter. Houqué!… Regard closely, Monsieur Céline, all of these residences…so squat…so deep[413]…quite close together!… Ah! It’s truly a beautiful [”/341] quarter!… They’ll never make a better one!… You’re seeing a little bit of the exterior… But then there’s the interior!… Peter the First was a very great Tsar! …a very great Tsar, Monsieur Céline!…

The auto slowed down some more…to a walk… We had all the time in the world in which to wander down every street…to visit in great detail…the ins-and-outs of old “Houqué”… And while doing so joking all the way…concerning the tools by which the Tsar was served…in order to put life into those confidentialities…in order to elicit confidentiality…affection.

[B.:] “Have confidence, Monsieur Céline…have confidence!…”

Yet it was necessary to draw things to an end…to return to the hotel… Natalie and I were still supposed to go to the theater.

Borodin knew many more stories, excellent ones! …some truly splendid anecdotes concerning Peter the First… He was no longer angry with me at all… We were no longer able to break company…

[B.:] “Let’s do it! Let’s do it! Come up to see me…without fail! Come tomorrow! …to the Astoria!… You and I and Natalie will dine together…in my room…no formalities…as comrades!… Isn’t it so! …as comrades?… I will tell you of extraordinary adventures! of ‘events’!… Only of ‘events’! In China! And then you will be going to Moscow… There, we have some much more curious things to see! …to show you! If only I could show them to you myself!… Why remain in Leningrad?… Go then!… Confidence!”

[F.:] “Could I visit the Kremlin?…”

[B.:] “Whatever you would like, Céline…”

[F.:] “Really truly?…”

[B.:] “I swear!…” [200/”]

[F.:] “The caves as well?…”

[412] Refers to SS. Peter and Paul Fortress, which was also used as a prison in the Tsarist Era.
[413] “profondes” = long from front to back; “deep” substituted.

[B.:] "All of the caves!…"

There was still one good subject for humor!… It was quivering along down the sidewalk…the ridiculousness!…

[F.:] "Can I bring my interpreter along?…"

[B.:] "Why, certainly!… Of course! …of course!…"

[F.:] "Clear to the end? the Kremlin?…"

[B.:] "Clear to the end!…"

[F.:] "You promise?…"

[B.:] "I promise!…"

[F.:] "Just a single word by telephone! and I will have them get you!"

["/342] Ah! or so you will think…all exaggeratingly… That exaggerating fellow!… Let's see! The Bolsheviks, those "bombs between their teeth" fellows…they weren't so calamitous!… They didn't smash absolutely everything…blow everything to hell!… Ah! I'd stake my life on it!… Ah! That remark was pertinent!… Look then, at their theaters! …admirably preserved! …quite so! much better than their museums! …which present a certain aspect of the second-hand, or of eminent domain"… But their theaters! in full splendor!… Incomparable! …dazzling!… Especially the interiors!… The buildings, the edifices…are always somewhat armory-like…colossal…a tad "dutchy"… But the interiors! the chambers!… What august settings! What rapture! Which is the most beautiful theater in the world? The "Marinskii"! no contest!… No rivalry is possible!… It alone was worth the entire voyage!… It must have well over two thousand places… It's of the *genre* of the Grand-Gaumont…of the Roxy…in terms of size… But what style!… What an admirable, unique success! …what ecstasy!… In the mammoth genre…perfection…lightness…one couldn't do better…at mammoth lightness…a graceful airiness…a décor of sky-blue pastel, trimmed with gold… So many balconies, so many boxes…edged with purple…and rosettes[414]… The lighting, a nebula of stars…a rain in suspense…crystalline…completely scintillating… The entire parterre, all of the rows in lemon-wood…lattices of branching intonations past…well-turned woods, velvets in pastel…an overwhelming of the palette…a poetry in seatings!… A miracle ["/343] even! The Operas of Paris, Milan, New York, London! …delirious Turkish baths! …pastries puked back out by a dying *Grangousier*! It could profitably be compared to Mont Saint-Michel au Sacré-Cœur[415], our own great Levantine lavatory… In order to convince you, you might go to Leningrad yourselves…to verify it… (This advertisement is absolutely unpaid.) With a little space I could still… It would be easy…jabber on descriptively…but the time?… You would be deprived of my better…and quite different prodigious perspectives …evoking to the full measure of my vain abilities, all of the majesties of these Imperial residences…in their "Baroque" as well…their droll excesses…and more palaces still…ever more grandiose…by the sea…and many more magnificent elancements in sculpture and in movement… And then there's the Esplanade of the Winter Palace… That velodrome for elephants…where two brigades could become lost, without knowing it!

[414] Refers to bas-relief rosette/wreath motifs.
[415] Refers to the Basilique du Sacré-Cœur, in Paris, not to Mont Saint-Michel in Normandy.

…between two [201/”] reviews! …or two charges!… And surrounding that, along the whole perimeter, is an entire skyscraper laid horizontal, languorous, reclining, spread-out in a fan...with a hundred thousand little openings, dormers and indentations…the Bureaux of the Tsar.

[”/344] I spoke to you of the “Marinskii” with a certain enthusiasm… I see you coming…always suspicious…I swear!… But hold on just a minute!… Natalie and I went out every night… We admired everything, the entire repertoire…and *The Queen of Spades*…six times…that melodious old whore *The Queen of Spades*… That elfin witch, an unclean image[416]… The Empress of Souls… “Spades!” await in the depths of the Russian soul, “Queen!” is the festival of the hecatomb… *The Queen of Spades* is an unsworn, unswearable Mass…the mystique of all murders…the dull flame of massacre, mischievous, at the end of a world burnt to cinders… Some day, this timid flame will rekindle…will shoot up higher! …so high! …much higher than the tallest golden bell-tower!… The flame is in waiting… vacillating… sputtering… oscillating… the music breathless… tighter… oscillating… a matter of luck… “*Tré cartas!”*[417]… Three suicides! …the game of the Queen within the clutches of the mummy… The orchestra gently stages three suicides every night… In the rolling of the enormous burning waves…to the end…where no policeman knows to look… Three little birds of suicide take flight…three little souls…so diminutive… that the waves whisk them away furiously… roaring…howling…I swear…to the end of the world, where the police don’t see… The old whore, the raven of every Age…a dowager done-up in murders…in curlers…in baubles…in a muumuu covered with coats-of-arms,[418] within which she dies every night…singing… by the edge of the Abyss… So much rottenness cascades…from a body so petite! …so frail! …so many things! …in a torrent [”/345] of arpeggios…smothering the auditorium…leaving all of those Russians…gasping… *“Tré cartas!”*… The crowd is cursed!… The Russians blanch! …dissemble! …supplicate!… Let no one leave!… Your future is going to be destroyed! Some evening! in a whirlpool of agreements… The Madman-on-high is going to deal you your card… *“Tré cartas!”* The officer at the Queen’s game… What is happening?… From Old Hell…all of the demons in seried rows, are leaping, wriggling, bursting forth…all of the joys, the regrets, the remorse, are overshadowed[419] by the *cabriole* of all of the hatreds…they surge forth from all the hellholes… *Sarabande!*… The orchestra sets everything afire…all of the souls and torments snag at the violins… Unhappiness lurks…roguishly…roars! …opens-up its lair…

[”/345] The old woman collapses… She didn’t say a thing…the Queen of Spades had said everything!… Was able to say everything!… Would that she had no import…less than a single wisp of wool…less than a faltering sparrow[420]…less than a soul in pain…less than a sigh of Destiny… In that fall her body didn’t make the slightest noise…upon that immense stage, the little crumpled monster, all in frills… The music is louder…much louder than that slight rustling of fabrics. A dead a yellow leaf, silky…tremblingly strikes the Earth. An exit.

[”/346] The Leningrad Soviet occupied the Tsar’s lodge… Workers were in the back, in their Sunday suits. In the front, bespectacled Jews…a few long-hairs…in the “Bakunin tradition”… Veteran political prisoners. All of the Martyrological *Brichant*. O perilous parody!… The insult!… In the other balconies, are the provincials, amassed, squashed…

[416] “trumeau (faisandé)” = a decorated wall panel (corrupted).
[417] Or: “Three cards!”
[418] Orig.: “vaporeuse de guipures.”
[419] “s’etrignent” = (lit.) strangled, squeezed (out), oppressed.
[420] “oiseau” = bird; “sparrow” substituted (just as “piaf” was rendered earlier as “bird”).

Engineers…bureaucrats…and finally the Stakhanovites…the loudest, the most verbose, the most hysterical of the Regime…row upon row, feverish…intoxicated…exhibitionistic…not very well appreciated, it would seem…by the other mid-level spectators… All of the balconies and aisles, the entire parterre and parquet, were packed, compacted…hither and yon, several grouplets of young Jews of the student type, in white caps with red bands…some young French Jews…undoubtedly from a political academy… All here to see *The Queen of Spades* … But what of Dance?… The Russian Ballet?… The real one?… Their greatest pride and joy?… Yet more dizzying heights!… What a deployment of [202/”] stage sets! …of ensembles!… What a richness also of talent!… It must be said!… And what numbers!… An army of “extras”! Let us correct ourselves! a wealth of “medium” talents! …but what impetuous ardor! What *brio* in stagecraft! What vivacity! …wild!… The troupe was certainly very well brought-up. I did not leave Natalie at home during even one of these evenings of fantasy… As for Natalie, her favorite above all, was *The Queen of Spades*… To each one his foibles, his preferred enchantments…mine are dancing… *Vive la danse!… The Fountains of Batchichara!*… What a battle!… A melee…of demons! [”/347] flying, lashing out, leaping upwards…driving everyone up into the rafters… And what a massacre! run through with enough thunder and lightning to make the theater tremble!… Four hundred devils, acrobats, and massacrers. There wasn’t an artist who wasn’t on fire in that terrifying musical brazier, and who wasn’t completely consumed in that flaming craziness! For the “Swans” the same expertise was turned towards matters of enchantment…with all gracefulness…

It declines, however…much less happy…a fever which only simmers[421]…insipid…the reply to Reason…of grimaces…the “lost illusions”…at enormous cost!… Here we have a dud! well beyond hope!… All told, in the ensemble of *The Seasons*, there’s quite a bit of clinker! already!… A repertoire terribly strewn with monstrous wreckage… What disarray! …the results are damning!… How many directors had been shot? …in truth?… How many captains had failed to return!… Whose fault is it?… Everybody’s! nobody’s! …mine! …yours!… Ballet wants to speak of fantasy. There you have the most ardent, the most universal, the most human genre of all!… Who’ll deny it?… But the soul has declined and left-off… The verve is no longer sustained by a disorderly ensemble. There is no longer any sort of creative spirit at the heart of all of these poems… How is it that they have been overwhelmed?… They have departed towards Reason… Reason has well paid them back… They no longer speak but of Reason… rationally…a collection of quite cracked bells… The ones here are all crumbling under reason… More’s the pity!… The most irremediable, the most execrable of catastrophes are not those in which our houses collapse, but those which decimate our fantasies… It seems that the Russians have been condemned in spite of their Music… disowned by their past…“dying of thirst next to a fountain”… Their “success”?… Some *Mordieu* is needed! in order to populate those gigantic naves! and places not given!… It’s needed!… And then?… The old hobby-horses, corny though they may be! Their *Carmen*…their *Mannon*…their *Onegin*… the inevitable *Queen*[422]…*Ruslan and Ludmila*…*Mazeppa*!… worse still!… I guarantee a triumph, all the crowns of Russia, to the audacious producer who revives *Michael Strogov* complete with chorus, soldiers, and full orchestra, on the stages of Leningrad… The Winter Palace is his!

Shall we return to the artists?… Among the dancers: two admirable aspects… Lyricism, or refined technique, and tragedy, of true poets… The women? some excellent workers, very gifted…nothing more…one exceptional ballerina—Ul’ianova… But their ensembles?

[421] Also see: *Beaux*, p. 46 (“lukewarm” fever).
[422] Refers to the *Queen of Spades*, mentioned previously (from 201/344 to 202/346).

Divinity itself!… Of the organs of human movement. Troupes of second-stringers[423] [”/348] to fill the entire heavens… Their “Four step”? twinkling comets… The shimmering sources of the Dream…the outskirts of the Mirage!… Every evening at the Marinskii! What voluptuousities! two or three times in every program!… Finally, I couldn’t take it anymore. I was seized by an idea…an obsession… It seemed so even to me, despite everything… Ah! how the pride is a false counselor… How it multiplies every stupidity ten, a hundred fold. Should I try my luck?… He who risks nothing… My poems? …were they going to fall in love with them, those Russians?… How else would I know?… A setback in Paris…perhaps a success in Russia…one of my old “bears”?… Both of them perhaps? I steeled my courage… But I had to make haste! …it was already beginning to escape me…

[203/”] “Natalie, my dear child, would you do me a favor, and telephone the Director? …would he like to meet with me?…to listen to me for a few minutes… I have a complete conspiracy in my pocket!”

[423] Orig.: “coryphées.”

[”/349]

It is I the impresario, the whirlpool of women, the gallant Ferdinand!

It's the end of the day…now for my presentation of my poem[424] to the director. There were thirty-some people in that immense room…as I count them, scattered about an oval table…of prodigious size… Artists…musicians…administrators…secretaries…were waiting for me… What a suite! …imperial! …a room very well preserved in its Alexandrine Era[425] essence…that's "Tilsit"[426] for us… Perfect furnishings of dark mahogany…powdered tapestries…naphthalenized…carpets worn…to the backing…of bees against a background of daffodils… The director is a sly-faced Jew, perfectly amiable and hostile… His political secretary…a completely silent lump…self-cluttered with little notes…a hedgehog of pencils… Various composers…some old virtuosi in "periwigs," mutely figuring into the interview…some cartoons on-high…some of Dullin's "full effect" masks… Vaganova to my right…a dainty thing spared by the great cataclysm…on the defensive…distant…the ultimate defender of a receding tradition. A faded, patched-over, warped star, looked-out for…and on the look-out…

At this meeting, everyone is espying one another…smiling… After some brief introductions…I am given the go-ahead…

Straight away I throw myself into a recital…of "*The Birth of a Fairy*"[427]… They all understand me perfectly…but not a one of them makes an expression…perfectly inert, atonic. I furnish all of the animation… I'm enthusiastic! …the entire exhibition!… I make one of myself!… I mime… I give it all I've got…how I'm gesticulating! volubly! …evoking [”/350] that and more! a cavalcade!… I exceed myself!… I'm the theater, the orchestra, the dancers! all of the "ensembles" at the same time…all by myself!… I make the omelet!… I hop, I burst out of my seat!… I act-out everything in "*The Birth of a Fairy*"… All of the joy, the sadness, the melancholy… I'm everything!… I imitate the violins…the orchestra…in lively waves…and now for the "adagios"… No one holds me back, they all remain a "grand jury," immobile, welded to their table. I strain myself…developing…different approaches! …quadrilles!… I shoot back again to the other end…another leap…*cabri*! …multiplied, all in arabesques, around that entire set of enigmas!… I run away possessed! eclectic… I rush forward again… Ah! and then stop! dead! …arch! …twirl! …move on, step back…a set of *deboulés*…in the meandering course of the plot…to underline the theme of the passage a

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[424] By "poem," is meant the script for a ballet.
[425] Refers to the reign of Tsar Alexander I (1777-1825, r. 1801-25).
[426] Refers to the Peace of Tilsit, 1807.
[427] See pp. 8-15 of this work.

thousand-fold…in *demi-pointes*…in *relevés*… Very good! …two arabesques!… In the aerial tremolo of a waltz…two more "*fouettés*"…very much to the outside… I running out of control…plot… I let it all go…*volte*! …return… In position! I do a *pique*!… *Sarabande*… I land in the great "fifth" position! directly before the director… I bow low…to dazzle the audience…with a deep curtsey!…

I finally have them "decided"! …the ice is broken!… The monks[428] thaw-out… Murmurs! …approbations! …acclaim! …and I am being complimented!… I'm being cajoled!… I'm celebrated!… *Vidi! Vici! Vici!*[429] It's most evident!… What a break! …what flight!… The spirit!… The taking-off!… *Taglione*!… They're in Seventh Heaven!… It can be seen! But then everyone brusquely quiets down, everyone desists… The director, their sly-face, claps his hands and orders silence, he is going to speak.

"Dear Monsieur, all of this is obviously most pleasing, and certainly most welcome…and I congratulate you… But would you read to me again… I beg you…very slowly, certain passages…and then the entire libretto if you would?…"

Ah! He wanted nothing better than to put on such a spectacle by a foreign author…and one of such importance!… Very desirous… If I would be so good as to take note… In the fashion of another form of poetry…less frivolous…less old-fashioned…less "archaic"…less daydreaming a style…a somewhat more realist a structure, more impetuous…which suits itself better to modern musical chords…to the harmonic possibilities of the counter-tone…somewhat brutal, even violent… The Russians are crazy about violence. Had I ignored that?… It was necessary to them!… They demanded it!… Some battles! …some rioting! …why not?["/351]…some murders! …some sizable massacres well brought-off… In addition perhaps I could see to it, to include several passages in my story as dialogues… Ah! there's something that would be an innovation! …some dialogue! …in danced-out words!… One dancer per word…per letter! The theater of "shock," in a new country!… And then some more advice…to avoid like cholera…like thirty-six thousand plagues!… Evasion!… Ah! no more Evasion! …no more Romanticism! …deplorable Elegies!… No more of those fidgetings-about in mythological Parnassus! It's over!… Ballets must make people "think"! like any other form of spectacle! …and to think "*sozialistische*"!

To be touching…certainly! …to charm…but to charm "*sozialistische*," *n'est-ce pas*? The more the poem is successful…the more it is *zee* "*sozial*"!…

"This, dear Monsieur Céline, is the aspect of reality towards which we must always attain, the '*sozial*' at the heart of the crowd… The '*sozial*' in charm and in music… The danced poem! vigorous! moving! tragic! bloody! rioting! …liberating!… This is the inspiration! …this is the theme! …'*sozial*' everywhere above all!… This is the line! …the command!… The artist! who understands us! These are the works awaited by the Russian Ballets of the "Plan." And more than that, never again! those perfidious shrill anemias! those languishing melodies!… Shameful betrayals, dear Monsieur Céline, of the '*sozial*' Future!… Perhaps around 1906…around 1912 such annoyances could have still been defended…but in our day…bah!…"

I was taking things very hard… I'll admit it…on my stool… Little aware of the ridicule, in no way hurt, I responded to this setback only with a very sincere sorrow… I had collapsed

[428] Facetious characterization.
[429] Self-deprecatingly ironical allusion to Caesar's "Veni. Vidi. Vici."

upon the threshold of the Temple… I had received a bad review, from these perfect connoisseurs, as some shabby affair… It was almost enough to make me cry…

Then all of a sudden, before my crestfallen visage, he instantly changed his tone… To fix things back up at full steam!…

“But no! But no! monsieur Céline! It is we who have taken everything the wrong way! Hope! Hope! on the contrary! dear monsieur Céline! Great expectations! These have been [205/”] friendly words! We are counting on you for our next season! Come back to see us next spring!… We will always be most happy to welcome you! …always ready to hear you, I assure you…infinitely favorable… I cannot compliment you enough…

The little director suddenly showed himself to be more encouraging than everybody else…

“Don’t forget us… Do come back! Send us another manuscript [”/352] from Paris… We recognize your admirable gifts!… It will really be sublime! We know it!…”.

Everyone in unison: “We know it! All is not lost! Quite on the contrary! We will study it together as soon as possible!… We will put it on, and it will take off on its own! And like this!… And like that!…”

I am quick to perk back up…one little compliment is enough for me…it brings me back up like a shot of strychnine… I was fortified… I instantly pulled myself together again…good for the most foreboding of performances…in the blink of an eye… For a brief while, I was preparing to start all over again! They calmed me down gently…joyously… We spoke of nothing but next year! We had become so amicable, so extremely buddy-buddy…that it was a kind of fantasy… They had well-observed my personality… The way in which I regained my confidence… All in the tasting of the tea…the hors d’œuvres…the cigars and cigarettes… They enveloped themselves in a haze of smoke so thick, massed right by the edge of the table, that I could no longer make them out… They were speaking to me very loudly, through the clouds…their locomotive of a language… *Arracho!… Harracho!… Harracho! …arrou!…Harrou!* …more and more violently…everyone was getting carried away!… This could not be a conspiracy… The little Jew did not cease explaining to me, still, always, the themes of the dance of the Future! …holding his head by both hands…he carried-on in a monologue: “You understand me, dear monsieur Céline… “*Sozial*”… That’s the word! …not to historical! …and not too many current events either… But quite modern however…and then above all something that will make people think!…”

At that moment the political secretary was seized by a coughing fit…he coughed loudly…as though suffocating…amongst his pencils… The interview had come to an end… We parted company, happy…

In a sudden burst, I regained the door…leaping…with unbridled enthusiasm…across the infinite corridors…the miles of maze…at each turn…at each double door…a body of guards on duty… That marvelous Opera, with all the agreeableness of its interior: was a fortress! …an entranced citadel! …all of its labyrinths patrolled! …on the defensive! …on the alert in all of the narrow passageways…attackers might be lurking… Eyes are following you, espying you from the depths of the shadows… Quickly out into the street!… Ah! the joy, the

delirium carries me away! …in full flight…the breeze of joy! …marvelously energetic!… I barely touch upon the sidewalks… The spirit possesses me…

"Ding! Para-ding! Dying! Overblown! *Ventre dieu!* …487 million impalified Cossackologists*! Quid? Quid? Quod?* In ["/353] all of the cankers of Slavonia! Whither? from Baltic Slavigothia on the White Black High Sea? Thither? The Balkans! Seamy! Rotten! like cucumbers! …sad sacks! fartin'-tarts! spastic colons! I'm busting a gut… I'm screwing myself! Enormously! I'm out of here! horse apples!… *Barbatoliers*? immensely! Volgaronov!… Tataresque Mongomoles!… Stakhanovoids!… Assholovich!… [206/"] Four hundred thousand hectare-*verst*s…of the steppes of *condachiures*, of *Zébis-Laridon* skin!… *Ventre Poultre!* I'm running up against all of the Vesuviuses! …Floods! …shit sponges!… For you, all of the Tsar's dirty chamber pots!… Stablin! Voroshitlov! Super-Disaster!… Transsiberry!…" That is how I was chattering to myself out of enthusiasm!… And resolved moreover, and admirably decided! forged in iron! and all with the utmost circumspection!… Never again to mutter…to insinuate…the most whispered sigh…which might be wrongly construed… Viciously misinterpreted…pejorative!… Ah! not at all!… Ah! a mistake!… My palinodes!…

I will be dripping, with unbridled praise!.. Favorable towards the Soviets?… Phenomenal!…heck!… Brought to the boiling point! …from my socks which are drooping to my hair which is growing out… Hosanna!… Ah! how I would like to sing them! …most believably… Sublime "productions"!… To sing them in a hundred and twenty different keys… Lord! …to sunder my vocal chords for them…to have all of my bronchioles burst for them… And to explode for them!… And as for adversaries, those treacherous runny rancid cancers, I will stun them where they stand!… To "vile doubters," it is sworn! I will reply to the one as to the other! with all of my gut: "All is going very well! Very strongly! very far ahead! better and better! …as strongly as possible!…" I will go militate in all the courtyards of Paris, with Popaul[430]… There'll be two of us!… I will give myself body and soul to the "four hundred year" plan… I want to enfever, to overwhelm with "*Soziologie*" all of the suburbs to the south and west of Paris, from Seine-et-Oise unto Conflans…and perhaps Pontoise… Natalie has already been keeping me in eager anticipation, teaching me the rudiments…never losing a chance to cross swords…of dialectical disputation! …materialist"…brutal and without mercy… I shall arrive at Popaul's all decked-out with casuistry! …solid! good for any contestation!… While walking along I've stocked-up on all of the invincible arguments… My mouth was filled to the brim with slogans… I rehearsed them up in my room (which was so expensive)…

"They aren't missing a single nail!" I shall so assert…amongst the journalists to begin with…frowning, obstinate…a real ["/354] bull for the Adversary!… I will practice in the mirror… "Not one leather strap…not one little knout! …not one halter is in too short of supply!… Not one underweight haystack!… It's marvelous how they can mill! and grind… Ah!… Done deal! how I shall instantly assail the least snotty distracter!… I won't let him refind his tongue!… Overrated!… Comatose!… Mad syphilitic!… Gonococcus! Kidney stone! Spastic colon!… Metastasizing cancer! Lesbianish caiman!… There you are! Not a nail which is not absolutely correctly planted! I repeat! profoundly!… Listen to me! …inalterably! …riveted! …completely faithful to the USSR! in each door of every prison from glacial Vladivostok to the still more atrociously frigid Estonian Sea!… Crap-eating mugs! Consider yourselves banished! Precisely! fanatics, screw! from now on! …agitators of toads!… Not

[430] See pp. 34-5 of this work.

one mutton! in any of the forty-eight disfavored republics! to the colors!… From the Kalmuk Enclave to the Reserve of Bidgean. *Fixe!* From Gougoulie in Tatarstan! Ah! All the same! faithfully… At ease!… It's just as I say! in no matter which *sovkhoz*! those proud parcels of Paradise!… Not a cow without its train!… Not one wheel without its thirty-two bicycles!… Velocipedes!… Not one horn without *Korku*! Not a single bottle without a drunk! Not one bread crust without a stomach!… Not one hod-carrier without an astrakhan!… Not one placard without Stalin!… Not one post[431] without its Trotsky! Not one procession without traitors! Not one happiness without Stalin! Not a single traitor without a placard! Not a single sleeve without a banner! Not a single Stalin without a traitor! No Paradise without a serpent! Not one Stalin without a photo! Not one happiness without an executioner! Photo! *Poto! Ma-Tire-laine! Tirolo!*" This is how [207/"] I was carrying on! …at the precise moment! when everything had fallen into place! concerning all of those ever-so delicate matters…

["/355] I was able to take a tour, every morning, if I had the time, before Natalie's arrival…

She would finish her chores and then quickly scurry over to the Reporting Bureau…at the Police Station… I had a good two hours before me in which to stroll about… The streets of Leningrad are no laughing matter, the people are pathetic…distressing…as I've said…even the boutiques… So many poor tents, decrepit…poorly patched-up…parquets worn down to the nubs…antique counters of massive wood…sumptuous…glowing with a pre-War air…still dubiously decorated with horns of plenty…tall display armoires…decorated with "little bouquets" and fluttering ribbons… Faded, moldy imitations of the Parisian style of 1900… Their merchandise?… An immense jumble of infinitely depreciated junk…absolutely unsalable anywhere even in Russia… A terrible "collection" of second-hand goods…all of the pathetic unsellables of very old village haberdasheries…such as one found in France around 1910 in the course of maneuvers… I remember… But over here it's the latest thing… All of those pieces of junk too pathetic to look at, that dump of the worthless, is their stock in trade, the Sovietico-monstrous production of the giant cooperatives… In Monrovia, in Liberia, they are supplied with cottons and baubles by John Holt, of Liverpool, and I assure you that this is defensible… There's no comparison!… These are extremely popular articles. "Article" for "article" of trade, there are limits to banditry… I myself did business with the savages… At Bikobimbo, in a straw hut, in the very furthest reaches of the Cameroon. I did tons of trading… I no longer had any competition… But I would never have dared… I would have blushed. ["/356] When I saw that the Soviets' goods are garbage, I know what I'm saying. With Natalie, I made the tour of all of their boutiques, along the major streets… The sort of garbage that they put on display is incredible… It requires ingenuity for a person to be able to dress himself… It is not a given! It is necessary to know how!… Their materials are so coarse that they don't take well to clothes-making… And it takes a wheelbarrow full of rubles to pay for something very mediocre…several cotton remnants!… Ultimately, it's easy to drain the blood and sweat of a people, and the esteemed Soviets are the worst, the most intractable of bosses, the most diabolical, the most cunning of bloodsuckers!… The most ravaging of exploiters… Diabolical, I say, because they have superdastardly ideas, to a greater extent than do the others. They are in fact having their people crushed…their "redeemed" people, by pure calculation and system, all of that abracadabra of misery… Premeditated scheming. They know full well what they're doing!… Decapitating, starving, grinding-down, and reducing them to nothing, the dear people! …always all the better to work them over! unto the last vertebral scraps, unto the innermost of internal fibers! to imbibe the agony, which disgorges

[431] Refers to a post before a firing squad.

therefrom! …to grasp them absolutely in one's fist like a washcloth, completely consenting to whatever sort of destiny… The Jewish orgasm, the great spasm of bastardized niggers in delirium, to shit upon all of us when dead, more degraded, more downtrodden, more foully, abjectly putrid, than all of the nightmares of all of the toads on Sabbath. And then to dump us into the latrine once we have all been pumped, tortured in millions of ways… Our charming mortality! As for the eating in Leningrad, it's even worse than the attire if possible… Their butcher shops, almost always in basements around back, away from the street, towards the end of the row, are caves underneath the buildings…stinking badly… The people remain standing in line…each awaits his turn…the "queue" is bunched-up before a curtain covered with flies…dense…undulating…completely blue…the people chatter… They buzz along with the flies… They struggle against the swarm of flies…between the flies…

One after another, the concierge, the matron in boots, the swaddled "baba," the young girl in glasses, each descends into the cave…crushes aside the vexillum of the flies… trots down the tunnel… Reappears triumphantly into the light of day…in hand their little packet of suet! Flies immediately darken the top of it…as do the people…all of whom fondle, pinch, and murmur…in the swarm… There's a cloud, a melee around the matron in boots.

[208/357] On returning from my excursions, I always cast a little glance towards the offices of the "Vox"[432]…to see whether I'd see anything… The building was across from the hotel…the "Warm Welcome to Foreigners"… I am of a curious nature. These offices which open so late, never much before noon, intrigued me. One morning, just like that, while casting a glance into their half-light, I hear some music… I hear…a piano… I sit down upon the steps… It was being very well played… I want to investigate a little more closely… I make something of a tour of the tenement… I go down by degrees…in the basement I find a door…a little hallway…I somewhat want to see this person…I am familiar with the piano, at one time I had played a little piano myself… It has always been in the back of my mind… Here I am in the house… All of those completely empty offices make a noticeable echo… I arrive at the first floor…it's coming from the side over yonder… A curtain… I stop…on tiptoe, I turn about. Now I see the pianist… It's the little old lady, whom I know well… It's the "grandmother,"[433] it is she who chats in French at the "Warm Welcome"… She even uses elegant language, she adds finesse…she speaks affectedly… It is she who gives me directions for the outings which I desire… I remain concealed in a corner of the room… I don't make any noise at all… I listen very attentively… She had never alluded to the fact that she could play the piano so marvelously… Never… That was too much self-effacement. I held that against her… We were friends moreover… Every day at noon for at ["/358] least three weeks I had been coming across the street…in order to give her my orders…and to chat a little bit…to cast the bull… That little old lady was as fine as amber, and as friendly as possible…

There, in my chair, I didn't fidget… I listened… I heard it all…a perfect performance…first of all almost all of the *Preludes* and then Haydn, the *Fifth*… And I don't mention Haydn simply in order to cite a genre. As one of my personal accomplishments, I used to frequent a pianiste, for some years… She made her living on Chopin and Haydn… You might say that I am familiar with their works…and am sensible as to their quality… And I can well affirm that in my opinion, the grandmother was an artiste…

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[432] Or, "VOKS," = All-Union Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries (Vsesoiuznoe obshchestvo kul'turnoi sviazi c zagranitsei).
[433] "grand-mère," probably alluding to the Russian "babushka," literally grandmother, but often used to designate any elderly woman.

After a while, I left, as I had come, on tiptoe. The next day, at first I didn't want to mention my indiscreet audition to her…and I'm enough of a chatterbox to get myself hung… I ran the risk of several allusions…finally I paid her the compliment…that she touched the ivories like a virtuoso…and even infinitely better!… Without seductive hooks, without flashiness, without outbursts in tempo… She understood by my words that I knew how to appreciate…and that in view of my refinement I was quite capable of real conversation… Speaking to me *sotto voce*, very *sotto*, she brought me up to date a little… "I am 'new' in this country, do you follow me, Monsieur Céline?… 'New' not in terms of age, alas!… But in terms of the date of my return… I had remained away for twenty years!… It has been a year since I have returned… I played a lot of music while I was abroad… I gave concerts sometimes…and lessons always… I wanted to return…to see things…[209/"]here I am… They do not like me very much, Monsieur Céline… I must however remain… It is over!… It is necessary… They do not want me as a musician… But they do not want me to leave… I am too old for the piano…so they tell me… But above all my absence for so many years…arouses their suspicions… Fortunately I speak several foreign languages…that saves me…qualifies me for this job… I do not want to complain, Monsieur Céline, but I am not truly happy… You can see that, can you not? I arrive at the office early, well before the others, for the sake of the piano… Here they have a piano… Where I live, we have no means…certainly not…for a piano… We are three old people living together in a small apartment… It is quite good enough… You understand… I do not want to complain…".

["/359] On the eve of my departure, I found the grandmother perturbed, anxious, with something she wanted to confide in me still… She whispered:

"Monsieur Céline, you will excuse me… May I be permitted to ask you… Oh! one little question…perhaps most indiscreet… Oh! I do not know whether…if I ought?… In the end you will agree that I am unfortunate… Eh! Monsieur Céline! I am not very happy… But there are many people Monsieur Céline, are there not, who are not very happy?… What do you think? …in your opinion, Monsieur Céline?… One person in this world, absolutely without family…without any ties whatever…who is no longer useful to anybody… Old…already an invalid…unfortunately, no longer loved by anybody…who must endure many privations, many affronts…does she not have the right in your opinion? …most sincerely? …without reservation, I ask you, to put an end to her days?…".

Eh! Upon those words…I made but one leap! …but what a leap!…

"Whoa there! Madame! this is a veritable blasphemy!… And how! Most shameful and regretful! Eh! I won't hear any more of it!… What an idea! so vicious! senseless! wicked!… Have you surrendered, Madame? …before the arrogant abuses of mediocre bureaucratic imbeciles… I have found you to bee too good, for such silly maliciousness… Bah!… So many pranks on the part of wood lice… Confounding! Madame, confounding! …in truth… A perfect talent such as your own must return to giving concerts!… This is an imperative obligation! Demand to be heard! Madame!… And you will triumph!… I will grant you that all of those Bolshevik fellows, taken one with another, are not very amiable… They are perhaps somewhat cruel…somewhat uncouth…somewhat wily…somewhat sadistic…somewhat lazy…somewhat intoxicated…somewhat thieving…somewhat cowardly…somewhat lying…somewhat cruddy… I will agree with you on that!… Is it a matter of deciding from which yardarm it would be best to hang them?… But the ends would not be unworthy! …as soon as you think it over!…".

The grandmother, like all Russians, had a passion for reflection. We reflected together…passionately…

"You see," I gaily concluded, "you see! I can assure you, Madame, I can bet you, a hundred thousand rubles! that your talent so precious, so consummately deft, so sensitive, so intimately nuanced, will not go long unrecognized!… Ah! but no!… You will return to the public, Madame! I foresee it for you! I can see ["/360] it now!… And in all of the great cities of Russia of the "Plan"! You will be going everywhere, triumphant, anticipated, acclaimed, desired! …requested!…"

[210/"] "Do you think so, Monsieur Céline?… They are distrustful of us, of all those who have returned…of those who have been abroad…"

At that moment Natalie entered…reticence became necessary.

"*Au revoir, Madame, au revoir!* I shall return! absolutely!"

I made this promise, two or three times over.

["/361] And now for this…

My interpreter, Natalie, was completely dedicated…perfectly trained, very punctual to her job… She had shown me all that she knew, all of the palaces, all of the museums, the most beautiful sights…the most renowned monasteries…the most astounding panoramas…the old parks…the Islands… She recalled all of her lessons very well…for each circumstance…at every moment…the little persuasive editorialization, the little political allusion… She was still quite young, but she had the experience of revolutionary torment…the social upheavals…of worlds in collision… She learned while still a small child… She was just four years old, when the Civil War[434] was going on… Her mother was an actress, that is a *bourgeoise*… One evening during the perquisition, there were many people down in their courtyard…her mother said this to her, very tenderly: "Natalie, my little girl, listen to me well, my dear little one… Remain very calm… I am going to go downstairs to see what's going on down there… I'll be coming right back up with the coal…" Her mother never came back up, she was never seen again… It was the Bolsheviks who would raise Natalie, at first near the city, and a little later, in the far North… And after that, in caravans… Several years were spent like that…back-and-forth across Russia… She recounted the fears, and also the fun, of the little children… All of those peregrinations… All of those years…the entire boarding school was evacuated when the enemy troops ["/362] arrived… At first it was the "rebels" of Kolchak…and then of Wrangel…and still later of Denikin… Each time, it meant an excursion out into the steppes…which lasted for months and months…all of those little orphaned children… One must realize that they, the Bolsheviks, were doing everything that it was possible for them to do, so that the whole lot of them wouldn't drop like flies…along the entire length of the route… Some times, it was so cold, that the little ones who died became completely hard like little logs… The ground couldn't be dug… They couldn't be buried. They were thrown from the carriage, it was forbidden to descend. She had well seen, Natalie, the complete Civil War…and then it was the filthy rich[435] Kulaks!… She had danced with them…gotten along badly with them…led dozens upon dozens to be shot… And following that came the austerities, still, always, other austerities…two-year, ten-year,

[434] Russian Civil War, 1918-20.
[435] Ironical attribution.

three-year, "five-year"…those torrents of vain jabbering…and now she was a guide… She had learned French, German, and English, all by herself… They recognized her on sight at the "Intourist" office, that most curious collection of herons straight from off of La Boule…these being almost entirely Jewish (ninety-five out of a hundred)… She was discreet, and secretive, was Natalie, and she had a steely character. I liked her very much, with her clever little nose, quite impertinent. I never hid from her, for a single solitary minute, all that I thought… She was supposed to maintain good relations… Physically she was cute, a solid, firm Balt, a blonde, with a musculature like her character, sturdy. I wanted to take her to Paris. I'd have paid her way for that little voyage. The Soviet didn't allow it… She was in no way backwards, she was actually rather emancipated, not [211/"] at all jealous, or petty, and she could understand just about anything… She was obstinate on only one point, miracle of miracles, when it came to the matter of Communism… She became frankly impossible, infernal, when it came to Communism… She would have killed me, then and there, in order to make me arrive at the correct conclusions…a veritable contradiction!… And I would stand down. Her periwinkle-blue eyes would flash…and they were lacerating…

Things came to blows only one time, but terribly, with Natalie… It was on our return from Tsarskoe,[436] the Tsar's last palace… We were in a car at the time…we were proceeding at a good clip…the road there isn't bad… When I happened to make the remark to her…upon reflection…that I didn't find it in very good taste…that tour…in the victims' own home…that exhibition of ghosts…augmented by commentaries, of a thousand facetious remarks… That insouciant, petulant ["/363] enumeration, relentless…of minor foibles…poor taste…ridiculous "Romanov" manias…with reference to their amulets, rosaries, chamber pots… She wouldn't admit to it… She found it perfectly proper, Natalie did. I insisted. Irrespective of anything else, it was there, in those several chambers, from which they all departed as a group, the Romanovs, towards their destiny…to their butchery in the cave… One might have given that some consideration…made some note… But no! This, I found to be in bad taste! Very much worse in terms of bad taste, a hundred times worse than all of the Romanovs put together… A truly very bad blunder be dirty disgusting Jews… It gave me no pleasure whatever to see assassins in the process of joking around like that…in the nursery of their victims… All of a sudden I found myself a tsarist… For they had well been assassinated, mother, father, and five children…never tried, assassinated right and proper,[437] massacred, absolutely without any defense in that Siberian cave…after several transfers! …over the course of months! …with that hemophiliac kid…amongst all those drunken and sadistic guards, and Judeotatar commissars… And then finally the great fun event… One must consider… The intimacy of the deceased…the worst degradations, before being crowned[438] for good…without regard for anyone… Usually assassins don't come around to puke all over their victims' tombs… Revolution?… Of course!… Certainly! Why not?… But bad taste is bad taste… The bad taste of the Jew, the leash upon the neck, it's the massacre of the white man, his torture. All of the great revolutionary saturnalias carry above all the smell of the nigger, in full goatiness, the Jew and the Asiatic…Marat…Kerensky…Béhanzin…the Euphrates…Voodoo…equatorial sorceries…the slaves to the sharks…Santo Domingo[439]…it's the same horror cropping-up… It's all the same sauce in the end…oozing from the same barrel…

[436] Refers to: Tsarskoe Selo.
[437] Idiomatic ironical characterizations, used extensively in this paragraph.
[438] Orig.: "crounir."
[439] Refers to the present Dominican Republic.

"Why?… Why?…" she relanced… She, the slut, didn't want to understand… "The Tsar was without pity…he was! …for his unfortunate people!… He had them killed! …shot! …deported! …thousands upon thousands of innocent people!…"

[F.:] "The Bolsheviks had well paraded him around over the course of weeks, across all of Siberia. He was finally rubbed-out in the cave, with all of those gunshots![440] and smashings with rifle butts!… Thus he paid the price!… Now they want to disturb his peace…let him rest…"

[N.:] "The people must be able to learn! …to see for themselves! …to be able to see with their own eyes, how stupid the tsars were…["/364]bourgeois…narrow-minded…without taste…without grandeur… In what they did with all that money! the Romanovs! with the millions and millions of rubles which they extracted from the poor people… The people's blood! …some amulets!… With the people's blood the bought some amulets!"

[212/][F.:] "That's not even a reason… They've paid… It's over!…"

How insulting she was, the bitch!… I was hoist on my own petard… I can be shot down like thirty-six buffaloes when a chick has me by the head…

"You are all assassins!" I insulted her thusly… "even worse than assassins, you are all a bunch of raping, sacrilegious vampires!… You are so perverted that now you shit all over the cadavers… You no longer possess human features… Why don't you cast your victims in wax? …like at Tussaud's? with the wounds gaping? …and the maggots a-swarming?…"

Ah! but she struck back, terribly. She didn't want to admit to anything…the arrogant little slut…she got going again back in the car… She shouted herself hoarse… "The Tsarina[441] was worse than he! …even worse… A thousand times worse! …cruel I tell you!… A heart of stone!… She! the vampire! …a thousand times worse than the entire Revolution. She never had any consideration for the people!… Never for all of the suffering! of her unfortunate people! Who had come to her in supplication!… Never!… She allowed it all to happen… She herself had never suffered!…"

[F.:] "The Tsarina? …but heights of horror! but tornado of trash! But she had had five children! Don't you know what it's like to have had five children? Once you've had your ass end spread wide open like that! as she had five times in succession, then you can talk!… Then you will have the gut with which to speak! of suffering! of suffering!… Well, diddly-shit!"

One must say that I was furious… It was her fault! I felt like throwing her from the car!… I was no longer able to control myself! due to a feeling of brutality! I had become a real Russian!…

The chauffeur had to slow down…he stopped…he had to intervene…to separate us…it was ruined… She did not want to resume! she was being stubborn…she was at daggers-drawn all the way back to Leningrad. I didn't see her again for two days. I thought that I would never see her again… And then *voilà,* she returned… It was already forgotten!… There were no hard feelings… Seeing her again made me happy. I liked Natalie very much. I shared just one secret with her, a real secret I should say…when I ["/365] spoke to her of revolution… I

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[440] Orig.: "gnières."
[441] Refers to Aleksandra, the wife of Nicholas II.

told her that soon we in France would also have that fine communism…that the necessary Jews were already there…that things were ripening properly…and that she should come to Paris…and that in order for it to be permitted…that she should come to see me accompanied by a Jew…

"Oh! Monsieur Céline, you know…revolution is not like that… In order to make a revolution, two very essential things are necessary… First of all, the people must be dying of hunger…and then it is necessary that they have arms…all of the arms… Without that…nothing doing!… It will above all be necessary to have a war in your country…a very long war…and then the disasters…when we were all dying of hunger…it was only after that…after the Civil War…after the foreign war[442]…after the disasters…that the doubts came…"

She never brought the subject up with me again… She was always on the defensive…in attitude, more or less… Never on her own initiative… I had a high opinion of her… I would gladly have taken her back to Paris. She was the perfect secretary, secretive.

[213/366] As for myself, I have some ideas concerning absolute monarchy, which I have taken from an anarchist whom I knew some time ago, in London, a real anarchist—a Bulgarian—a regular pachyderm by weight. He was a *cumulard*, he held two professions, piano tuner and also a dye-mixer.[443] I listened to him religiously. He was called "Borokrom." I was a slight young man not very attuned to the epoch. I admired him enormously. I was easily taken in.

"I have wasted my life, as you can plainly see, Ferdinand, and as others are always telling me. You see, I have always wanted to be, myself, the King, of an immense and powerful Kingdom… And that all my subjects, all! you understand me, without a single solitary exception, have a total deadly hatred for me! They will have no thoughts other than that…to take my skin…to make me disappear…on Sundays and during the week…the same idea will pop into all their minds… They will incessantly scheme, conspire to end my days… Whenever I leave my magnificent château, in my ceremonial carriage…I will have something like terrible bombs thrown into my face! They will rain down! my friend, there will be a downpour! a flood of the most horrific grenades! …of "incendiary devices" of all calibers… I will not have survived save by some miracle…in effect by some quite subtle agency, by some concurrence of prodigious circumstances… On my royal part I would be even more dastardly if possible than all of my subjects taken together…absolutely without mercy…["/367]without pardon…without pity… I would govern those hateful masses even more hatefully and absolutely by myself! through threats, executions, atrocities, and perpetual hectoring!… From the safety of my redoubtable citadel, I would be devising without respite still more insults, still more punishments, still more atrocities! still more! always more abominable! to appall my odious subjects! Still more means by which to render myself ever more abject, more demonic, more implacable! more unpopular! Thus I will definitely fascinate them. I will never make a single one of those acts of clemency, of favor, of truce which discredit a tyrant more so than would a hundred thousand hangings. As for myself, I will hang only the sensitive, the understanding, the pathetic…Evangelists…do-gooders of all stripes… I will organize enormous competitions for virtuous youths and maidens[444]…in order to have them

[442] "foreign war" could refer either to the warfare against the interventionist Western powers, or to the Polish War, both of which were attaching to the Civil War.
[443] "chimiste-teinturier": possibly either a dye-mixer or a dry-cleaner.
[444] "concours de rosiers et de rosières"

all scourged and then promptly put to death…before the entire populace… I will commit treachery without end, without limit, without respite…save in order to inflict still other vexations upon my subjects…to oppress them, and above all to pillage them, in every sense and fashion. Hate for hate! and without limit! …my royal motto. I would live all alone, encamped upon the revenues of my immense Treasury, protected within my ceremonial carriages… I would have my abominable subjects, agonizing, panting, wary of my least gesture, and always on the lookout, brought under the sufferance of new iniquities, and that throughout the duration of my reign. Never would a single day go by without some ghastly miscarriage of justice, some atrocious royal misdeed…the drawing-and-quartering of an honest man, the scalding of an innocent… Eh! ignoble people! don't you see? forever febrile, delirious with the fragile, fleeting hopes of beating me into a pulp anytime soon, into a bloody *pâté* beneath my magnificent carriage? In this way my reign will have been, I am certain, exceptionally successful, in truth the happiest of all reigns, in all of History—without war, without revolution, without famine, without bankruptcy. Such calamities in fact afflict peoples only when they have been long in advance desired, brought forward, premeditated, thought through, and cooked up by the rumination of the masses…a vicious idleness, the ruination of peoples. As for my super-hateful subjects, they would never have the time to think up such foolishness, such catastrophes! I would be keeping them to well occupied with my inexhaustible inventiveness, my diabolical dirty tricks!… They would be much too impassioned concerning the best, the most dreadful, the most efficient manner, of reducing me into [214/"] clots of blood, into a marmalade of ["/368] viscera. I, their monarch, would have given concordance to all of the hatreds in my Kingdom, I would have centralized, magnetized, fanaticized them unto my own royal person. Here you have the only royal means, Ferdinand, truly to reign! to govern! Ah! Ferdinand! my life could have been so different! a marvelously useful destiny…while at present, as you see, as I speak…I am wasting myself as I am…"

["/369] Doctrine…Natalie was easily drawn into arguments by it… I truly didn't exist at all… She had taken the complete course in "Dialectical Materialism." Like a *curé*[445], she kept all of the questions, all of the answers at her fingertips.

[F.:] "What is it that the capitalists do?"

[N.:] "They exploit poor people, they speculate, they form monopolies!…"

[F.:] "What do they do with their capital?"

[N.:] "They manipulate constantly and always…they form cartels to control raw materials…they create scarcity…"

[F.:] "What do they do with their accumulated wealth? do they sleep in three beds every night?… Do they keep fourteen mistresses?… Do they drive along in eighteen automobiles at the same time?… Do they live in twenty-two houses?… Do they eat seventeen times a day? …only the finest dishes?[446] What do they ultimately do with that entire terrible wad, which they extort from the oppressed, bent-over, moaning people?"

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[445] "*curé*" = the head priest of a parish.

[446] These scenarios would not have been completely far-fetched by the standards of America in the 1990s. By the standards of the 1930s, however, they would have been considered eccentric. Such eccentricity is the author's implication.

Ah! These facetious little remarks did not trouble Natalie.

[N.:] “They indulge all of their capricious desires…”

Suddenly, I saw it all… The advantage then was mine. She was bogged-down, handicapped, when it came to the concept of “caprice”… For her “caprice” was a word… Nothing more! She had never seen anything capricious…or of capitalist capriciousness… She was quite incapable of defining, or of citing for me one good example of caprice… I had her hemmed-in with her [”/370] usage of “caprice”… I enraged her… The day over, towards the end, she asked for a “tip”… I was so intrigued by this that I told her a story about what truly constituted “caprice.” I searched for a good example, one which she would be able to recall thereafter, for when she would be speaking to tourists.

“Here,” I said, “listen to me well, my sweet thing, for I am going to enlighten you. I was quite young at the time, it took place around 1910, in Nice, where for a time I made deliveries for a very famous jeweler, M. Ben Corème…Boulevard Masséna… I had the complete confidence of my employer, Ben Corème, ‘Jeweler to the Smart Set, to Cub Society and the Casino.’ My parents, so poor but so fundamentally honest, had sworn upon their lives that I would never be in the wrong by a single penny…and that I could be trusted with valuables. In fact, I was frequently entrusted—those were not mere words. Mr. Ben Corème immediately put me to the test…and thereafter entrusted only me with his diadems, his most wondrous ensembles, his strings of pearls several yards long… Several times a day I took to the goat-path up the side of Mont Boron, towards the Hillside Mansions, [215/”] overloaded, with jewel boxes chock-a-block full with a desultory assortment of gems, gold platinum, and ‘Riviera pieces’…for perusal and selection by the ‘Beautiful People’…the most notable courtesans of the Era… according to the fancies of a ‘High Life’ clientele, the most extravagant in Europe, of the most whimsical of Clubbers, and of Queens of the Boudoir. In my pockets, secured by safety pins, I carried around in a single day more riches than a Spanish galleon returning from Peru. But I had to hurry, and to run back down the hillside in droll form…in order to get back to the store as quickly as possible. I had one more equally confidential a job—one which Mr. Ben Corème himself often did. I had to remain standing in the back-room of the boutique, behind the little panels, behind the bric-a-brac… But I was never to show myself…never to enter into the boutique! I was the one who monitored the hands of the clients, male and female… That was my job…to espy the least furtive gesture…particularly the furtive gestures… Closed hands!… Not to take my eyes off of closed hands!…ever… And there you have it… Looking back on it, it must have been a delicate matter for a vendor, to observe the hands like that… He can’t do everything… He must, himself, remain smiling. He had to maintain the confident visage above the pedestal-counter…always considerate…always unselfconscious… He didn’t dare to jet an eyeball at people’s hands… That would not be good manners… It was I who was the peeper…the cat… I recognized all of the clients… They didn’t recognize me… I recognized all of the shoplifters. There were some evildoers among the [”/371] Italians and the Slavs…among the women above all…the Russians, the most finely-crested aristocrats…there were some funny ones among them…some striking little scamps!…teasers!… It was their bad habit to make the smaller ensembles disappear… Ah! the “cuffs” were lethal… I was on guard… I saw it coming… Right at the moment… Swish! …when it slid into the muff. ‘Tap-tap-tap!’ I lightly knocked on my door three times… This was understood by Ben Corème… Things always turned out well, there was never a scandal.

“I have no reason to complain, there was some pleasure to be had in my role…some compensation…when the clients were pretty…seated…dresses rustling… I took on a terrible case of the jitters, and I observed their legs. I hypnotized myself… Ah! the curve of the thighs… Ah! how well that made me send myself off… Ah! those divine hands! Ah! how I could swear by all the Queens of the Era that I was cut out for reflection…standing all alone, in the back-room, in the employ of Mr. Corème. I had a fine youth, of erotic fantasies. This did not impede my being honest and having impeccable vigilance… For all of this trust, these mountain-climbing deliveries, this prophylactic cat-eyeing, as well as the management of the boutique (being the opener and the closer, along with the shop boy), I was paid fifty-five francs per month… Along with my board, I was doing very well—except for the shoes, in which I was wanting…because of Mont Boron…the terrible stones of those slopes…which tore up all of my shoes… They wouldn’t last fifteen days, my shoes, however much I coddled them… Mr. Ben Corème understood, and it was he who ultimately had me go to get resoled.

“Among our clientele we had one marvelous dignitary, not a thief like the rest, but to the contrary, a true spendthrift, the Tsar’s own uncle, Grand Duke Nicolas Nikolaievich. He is easy to remember, if only on account of his height…he was at least two meters tall. It was precisely he, this giant, who lost the War[447] and the Russian Army. Eh! I could already have told him back in 1910 that he was going to lose everything… He never knew what he wanted… One afternoon, just like that, he came into the [216/”] boutique…it was necessary for him to stoop in order to clear the door-frame, but he was in a hurry. He banged his head… He was not happy… He sat down. He was of two minds…

“‘Tell me, Ben Corème,’ he said, ‘I would like a present for a lady. I need a bracelet.’

“The objects were quickly brought to him…entire trays full…they were worth several fortunes… There was nothing fake at Corème’s. The Great Nicolas looked…and he looked… He fumbled with them…he scrutinized them… He was unable to decide… He stood back up, all two meters of him… He started to leave… ‘*Au revoir!*’ Bang!… He hit his head on the top of the doorway… This made him recoil back into the store… He showed himself back in… He once again took his head in his hands. He had a headache…

“‘Ah! here, Corème, give me the whole lot of them!…’

“Then, by the handful, he snatched all of the bracelets off the table… He filled-up his overcoat…filled his pockets full…

“‘There!’…he said…‘Now show me the cigarette cases!’ The entire selection was passed before his eyes… He remained stupefied for a moment…all of the cases in gold…the diamond ‘inlays’…then he opened them all up…he neatly re-closed them…he amused himself by making them click… Click!…Clack!…Click!…Clack!…Click!… Then he showed irritation… He grabbed up the entire assortment…two…three dozen… He forced them all into his pockets on top of the bracelets… He got up… He headed towards the door… ‘Sire! Sire! look out! your head!…’ Ben Corème leapt forward… The Grand Duke bowed forward…with a smile…he passed through… But there, in the doorway, he changed his mind…he turned about…a brusque half-turn… He went to reenter the boutique… Bap! …he gave himself another whack with the door-frame! He took his head in both hands… He staggered back…

[447] Refers to WWI, with the collapse of the Tsarist regime, and the Bolsheviks’ concessions at Brest-Litovsk, transpiring therein.

"'Corème! Corème!… You will send your bill to St. Petersburg! to my nephew…he will make the choice himself there…himself! …there! That would be better!… That would be much better!…'

"There you have a capricious occurrence!… Natalie!… There you have an authentic capricious occurrence! …or, if not, I don't know of any… Natalie, you must remember, that good example of a capricious occurrence …"

Poor Nicholas Nikolaievich, capricious occurrence concerning his memory continue still…

Due to circumstances, his grand Palace on the Neva has become, since '18, "The Institute for the Brain," for the Study of Psychical Phenomena.

That was fortuitous, though unfortunate.

"You see how life occurs humorously…and how small the world is, even for the great Nicholas Nikolaievich, who really didn't have much of a head at all…"

This made Natalie laugh…this little story, but moderately, as she believed that I was going to start up again, as at Tsarskoe Selo…to repay me with a fit… She found that I was sneaky.

[217/373] In the end it is necessary only to repeat these three words: time marches on…that is sufficient for everything…

Nothing escapes time…save for a few faint echoes…more and more faint…more and more infrequent… Of what importance are they?…

Some letters have come to me from Russia…from Natalie…I never reply to letters… A long silence…and then one last message…

"Dear Monsieur Céline,

"Do not think me dead, or missing… I was very ill for several months and I was not able to write you. That is past! I have recovered, though I am not as strong as I was beforehand… Winter is over, and it is Spring in our country, with the sunshine for which I had been waiting…with so much impatience. But I still feel weak and a little sad. You have not written… Have you forgotten me?… We now have visitors from your country in Leningrad and we expect more for the June Festival. Will you also be coming here some day?… That would be wonderful. I very much want to hear from you and I am giving you the address of my domicile.

"My best sentiments,

"Natalie"

And then that's that…

Very softly, everything becomes phantoms…everything…[”/374] everything…Yubelblat and Borokrom…the Grandmother…Natalie…completely like Elizabeth…the other Empress…like Nikolai Nikolaevich, who found it so difficult to decide…like Borodin…like Jacob Schiff…who was so rich and powerful…like the entire “Intelligence Service”…and the “Brain Institute”…like my shoes on Mount Boron…each one passes away into a phantom…booo!…boooo! They are to be seen in the heath… Which is so well-made for them… They are happier, much happier, in the wind…in the shadows of the shadows…wooo…woooo…dancing in circles… I no longer want to go anywhere… Ships are full of phantoms…whether towards Ireland…or towards Russia… I distrust phantoms… They are everywhere… I no longer want to travel…it’s too dangerous… I want to stay here in order to see…to see everything… I want to become a ghost here, in my cubby-hole…in my lair… I will go like this to everyone… Hoo! roo!… Hoo!…roo!…They will wither from fear… They bullshat me enough during the time when I was alive… This time it will be my turn…

And as for the ballet?… It was ready… I was happy enough with it… Always concerning ghosts… I sent it to Leningrad… And then that’s that!… Circumstances…unfortunate…too bad!… I am going to read you the beginning of a long *divertimento*…a trifle! All of it?… I would bore you… Is an epic production even possible?…even a thinkable proposition?… No!… Just a little leap between death and existence…exactly our speed…this which dances precisely between death and existence…this is entertaining…it takes you away!… Do you follow me?… A little illumination and it is agreed… The Dream takes us away… But the Music?… Ah! Therein lies all of my agony… I fall back to earth completely entangled!… Music!…the wings of Dance! Without music [218/”] everything crumbles and crawls… Music the structure of the Dream!… I am once more in good form… Should you happen to hear, by chance, amongst your acquaintances…of a rather precarious musician…who only wants to do well…please make a little sign… I beg of you… I will offer him terms…between death and existence…of an easy situation… Surely we can come to an understanding…

[”/375]

VAN BAGADEN

Grand Ballet Mime with a few words[448]

These events take place in Antwerp, around 1830. The interior of an immense warehouse is represented on the stage. A large cast of porters, dock-hands, and duty-assessors, who are doing business, making side-deals, making transfers, unwrapping and opening boxes…packages…fabrics…silk…cotton…grain…all manner of cargo… They are coming…they are going from one dock-head to another… At the very end of the warehouse, between partitions…loose merchandise is piled high, oh-so high… Tea…coffee…spices…draperies…*campèche*…woods…bamboo…sugar cane… In the general animation which prevails, in the great hustle and bustle, a group of fair working girls stands out…graceful…mischievous…utterly!… They pass by…they return…flighty…chattering…coquettish…among the gangs of roustabouts, grunts, and drudges…coming and going… The perfumed girls!… They take up and pour the various perfumes…from bottles…having a thousand subtleties…perfumes from Arabia…the

[448] Those “few words” would be the nondescript background chatter of the workers, not dialogue among the principal players.

Orient…the East Indies… Greatly afraid of being jostled…with their precious vials…little cries of emotion! …of fright! …frills! First of all, to sniff the essences of the vials…delights! Little ecstasies!… They argue over the perfumes…the arrangement of the bottles…always chirping…always hectic… The "cigar girls" other coquettes occupy the opposite corner...also wasting a lot of time in a schedule of horsing around…going, coming…jabbering…prattling… This entire little world evolves amidst the "work gangs" of longshoremen…coming and going around the ships… A slow procession of "strong men," charged with breaking out the really heavy loads…enormous bales…tree trunks…some porters are teasing the perfume girls…pinching the cigar girls…in the passageway…plunging into barrels full of "carrots"… A great hullabaloo…arguments…dances…groups… The hustle and bustle…of the enormous hangar…humming with activity…with work…with disputes. One also hears the scuttlebutt of the great port…the klaxons…the calls…the songs of the men in the work gangs…the songs of the laborers…in toting their burdens…etc….and then other music…crank-organs…of street musicians… A nigger suddenly pops up…he leaps from the wharf right into the hangar…a savage little interlude…he disappears as suddenly as he came, that nigger…with a leap!…

It will be noticeable from the beginning that one of the perfume girls appears more graceful, more playful than any of the others…more conscious of her appearance than the others…as smartly-dressed as possible…the prima ballerina…Mitje. In a corner, in an angle of the warehouse is a redoubt… The audience sees the interior of this cabin: the Ship-owner's Office…separated by a giant curtain from the general crowd of the vast warehouse. In this redoubt, is the ship-owner Van Bagaden! He can no longer move from his armchair…he can scarcely move… He no longer ever leaves his armchair, and that small room… It is there where he lives, swears, cusses, annoys, sleeps, menaces, eats, spits phlegm, and keeps all of his gold…the gold which comes to him on [219/"] a hundred boats… The Ship-owner of all the seas of the world!… Thus we see Van Bagaden, tyrant of seas and navigators, in his den. He wears a big black turban upon his head, to protect him from drafts… He is wrapped in thick woolens. Only his head emerges from all of these swaddlings… He does not cease to swear, cuss, and vituperate his clerk, the unhappy Peter… This latter, always at hand, and perched high upon his accountant's ["/377] stool, never ceases to align figures...to add them up…in enormous registers… The entire desk is encumbered by these monstrous registers… The ancient Van Bagaden, the enraged, the menacing, the leather mummy, the damned! Peter, in his opinion, is never going fast enough…in his accounting… Van Bagaden slaps the floor, with his thick cane… He fidgets in his armchair… He is incessant… Peter jumps at each tap of the cane… The sound of an uproar, the hubbub of the hangar… Van Bagaden is exasperated… His workers are amusing themselves rather than working!… He hears the young girls, the laughter of the working girls, the joyous clamor. He is no longer in control! He is too old!… All of the little hoodlums are teasing him! escaping from him! He can no longer make them obey! Damn!… He tries to uproot himself from his armchair!… He falls back down… And each time that he beats the floor in anger…with his terrible cane…the young working girls and the boys from the work gangs, all of the working people, far from feeling pity, mock him, and sing slogans! to the cadence! …of the cane!… The despair of old Van Bagaden, defied! …ridiculed!… (The mice are dancing, the old cat can no longer move…) The young perfume girls, mischievous, go to cast a glance behind the curtain…and then flee from it, bounding…above all the coquettish Mitje, the most vivacious, the most mischievous…of all of that impudent swarm… Peter, the faithful accountant, is moored to his enormous registers with a chain…and is further attached to his stool by a leg iron… Peter is the terrible old Van Bagaden's object of abuse… Peter leaps in terror, along with his

stool…each time the old man's cane strikes the floor. Then he recommences once again with his additions…

A captain, returned from a long voyage, enters the hangar, plows through and cuts across the groups… He has come to alert old Bagaden…

He whispers a few words into his ear… Old Bagaden beats…and beats again…the floor with all his might… Peter leaps Bagaden gives Peter a little key… Peter undoes the padlocks of his impediments… He can descend from his stool… He departs the warehouse with the captain…

There is a great deal of interest within the hangar… Great emotion… Much jabbering… Comments… Waiting…

In a moment Peter returns, dragging behind himself a heavy net, captive within which is an enormous mass…a prodigious confection of pearls…a mighty string…a fantastic piece of jewelry…made completely of pearls…each one as big as an orange… ["/378] Peter refuses any assistance in dragging this magnificent burden to the feet of his master Van Bagaden… The dance is interrupted… The entire crowd within the hangar…sailors, workers, working girls…comments admiringly on the arrival of this new treasure. Van Bagaden does not bat an eyelash. He has his armchair moved over just a little… He has the very deep coffer located just behind him opened up to Peter. With a great deal of caution, Peter encloses the extraordinary jewel, within that little cavern…then climbs back onto his stool, and resets the chain around his ankle…he sets the padlocks, returns the little key to Van Bagaden, and resumes his additions… Work resumes all around… A moment passes…and then another [220/"] captain returns…more news is whispered into the ear of old Van Bagaden… The exact same routine is repeated. This time Peter returns bearing boxes and bags…of yet more jewels, gold coins…precious stones…rubies…giant emeralds… All of which is again secured under triple lock, with the same ceremony, behind the aged Van Bagaden…

By the dock…from far away…just now, the echoes of a martial fanfare reach us…a fanfare which approaches…and passes by. It can be seen passing before the great entryway…wide open… In the background…soldiers…townsmen…sailors…in full binge… Cheerful lads…drunks…a mob full of effervescence…joyous…rambunctious… Enormous fluttering flags pass by…above the crowd… Banners which are left to the imagination…and then a disproportionately minuscule "Saint" in a sedan chair carried on high with poles…and then immense cardboard giants…carried along by the crowd…having a good time!… Old Bagaden, fixed into his redoubt…annoyed…enraged…by all of this new *bacchanale*, this racket…which is surging past!…

What a madness for self-diversion possesses everyone!… Van Bagaden is not amused!… The joy evokes horror in him, the great *farandole* more than anything else!… He rises a little in his armchair, at the cost of some effort! …what suffering! …what agony!… Finally he can see a little… Horrors! all of his puppets are in a delirium… He hurriedly sends Peter forth…towards that new crowd!… That insulting *sarabande*!… "Put them back to work, immediately…bring order! to all of those scoundrels!… Here! Peter! take my cane! …beat! …pound all of those cads for me!… They shall obey me!"…

But presently the festivities mount…engulf…submerge the entire wharf…the entire space!…echoes are everywhere!…

Poor Peter, completely distraught, sets out with his stick all alone, against that entire mob…against all of that joy, that madness…that immense *farandole*……….

THE END

The author of the translation obviously wishes to remain anonymous. We respect that. We salute the man who took upon himself this daunting task. At the same time, the author —we believe — and and we (the first to publish the "pamphlets" on Internet) agree that there could be room for improvement, that a translation is hardly definitive. Certainly, critics will examine this text and judge it wanting. This we accept readily. But one thing should be first established : someone, 69 years after its publication in French, dared to issue a full translation of *Bagatelles* in English. And due to the atmosphere of censorship, he (or she) decided no to disclose his (ou her) name. The shame is on the censors.
This is basically the case for the only translation ever published, the one in Italian, soon on the net. (The German one is botched and worthless).
In any case, the reader with a sharp eye is advised to refer to the French original, available on the AAARGH website, and soon on the MORULA website, at
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http://vho/org/aaargh/fran/livres4/bagat.pdf

http://litek.ws/aaargh/fran/livres4/bagat.pdf

http://morula.net (en construction)

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